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RE · P U B L I C A T I O N

OF THE

London, Edinburgh, North British, and Westminster

QUARTERLY REVIEWS.

No. CCLXXIII.

THE

LONDON QUARTERLY

R E V I E W .

N^o. CLXXVII.—JULY, 1851.

AMERICAN EDITION—Vol. XXXVI. No. I.

NEW YORK:

LEONARD SCOTT & CO., 79 FULTON STREET, ENTRANCE 54 GOLD ST.

FETRIDGE & Co., CROSBY & NICHOLS, and REDDING & Co., Boston;

LITTLE & Co., Albany; J. R. POLLOCK, and W. B. ZIEBER, Philadelphia; N. HICKMAN, Baltimore; JOHN RUSSELL, Charleston;

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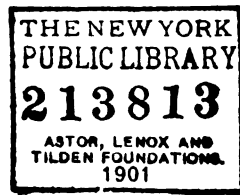
THE
LONDON QUARTERLY REVIEW.

VOLUME LXXXIX.

JULY—OCTOBER, 1851.

NEW YORK
AMERICAN EDITION
LIBRARY

NEW YORK:
PUBLISHED BY LEONARD SCOTT & CO.,
79 FULTON STREET, CORNER OF GOLD.
1851.



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PUBLIC LIBRARY
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THE
LONDON QUARTERLY REVIEW.

No. CLXXVII.

FOR JULY, 1851.

- ART I.—1. *Transactions of the Horticultural Society of London.* 7 vols. 1812—1851.
 2. *The Cottager's Calendar of Garden Operations.* By Joseph Paxton. 1849.
 3. *The Gardener's Chronicle and Agricultural Gazette.* (Weekly.) Edited by Professor Lindley. 10 vols. 1841—1851.
 4. *The Cottage Gardener.* (Weekly.) Conducted by George W. Johnson, Esq. 5 vols. 1848—1851.
 5. *The Miscellaneous Writings of John Evelyn, Esq.* Now first collected by William Upcott. 1925.
 6. *Phytologia; or the Philosophy of Agriculture and Gardening.* By Erasmus Darwin, M.D.
 7. *An Introduction to Physiological and Systematical Botany.* By Sir James Edward Smith. 1825.
 8. *An Introduction to the Natural System of Botany.* By John Lindley. 1830.

'I NEVER had any other desire so strong and so like to covetousness as that one which I have had always—that I might be master at last of a small house and large garden, with very moderate conveniences joyned to them, and there dedicate the remainder of my life only to the culture of them and study of Nature—

*And there, with no design beyond my wall,
 Whole and entire to live,
 In no inactive ease and no unglorious poverty.'*

Cowley's wish is, like Pope's Universal Prayer, adapted to all sorts and conditions of men. How many hundred thousand times, in each of the nearly two hundred years since the *Epistle to John Evelyn, Esq.*, was written, has the same ardent longing been breathed by lips that pant to inhale the fresh breeze of the country, instead of the smoke-laden air

of the town! *Give me but a garden!* is the aspiration sighed forth, with more or less of hope, in cities and in solitudes, by children and by their grandsires. From Punch's indication of the season when to rake mignonette-box with silver fork, pass to Leichhardt's sketch of a persevering brother in Australian exploration:—

'Mr. Phillips is rather singular in his habits; he erects his tent generally at a distance from the rest, under a shady tree or in a green bower of shrubs, where he makes himself as comfortable as the place will allow, by spreading branches and grass under his couch, and covering his tent with them, to keep it shady and cool, and even planting lilies in blossom (*crinum*) before his tent, to enjoy their sight during the short time of our stay.'—*Overland Expedition to Port Essington.* p. 227.

All this industry repeated night after night, by a weary footsore man, merely in the hope to have something like a shred of garden to look at on waking in the morning! Would there be a more touching expression of the 'hortulan' passion which, whether latent or in full action, remains, like hope, ineradicable from the human breast?—Is it a natural consequence, too, that those who cannot taste the actual fruition of a garden, should take the greater delight in reading about one. But the enjoyment next below actual possession seems to be derived from writing on the topic.

'Had I not observed,' says Sir Thomas Browne, 'that purblind men have discoursed well of sight, and some, without issue, excellently of generation, I, that was never master of any considerable garden, had not attempted this subject. But the earth is the garden of nature, and each fruitful country a Paradise.'—*Garden of Cyrus.*

All the world are φίλοι, as John Ray expresses it in his 'D. D. D. Fautoribus et Amicis.' The most highly esteemed favour which the early missionaries at Tahiti could confer on the king and queen was to furnish them each, on state occasions, with a specimen of that splendid novelty the sun-flower, to be worn in their dusky bosoms. The men of St. Kilda, who went to pay their duty to their lord (MacLeod) in the far southern island of Skye, could hardly proceed on their journey when approaching Dunvegan Castle, because (said they) *the trees*—such beautiful things had never been seen even in their dreams!—*the trees kept pulling them back*. Be grateful, then, you who live in country-houses, in a temperate clime; and endeavour to enjoy your Eden truly, by fencing off every unhallowed intrusion, and by the remembrance that for you and yours there grows in the midst a tree of evil as well as a tree of good!

Among the possessors of gardens there are favoured mortals who have ample means, well-stored knowledge, and intelligent industry; to whom their multitudinous band of gardeners look up for guidance, as the army regards the Duke. Such persons are horticultural lighthouses, shining on high. The gratification they derive from their pursuits must be very great indeed; but they cannot be a numerous body. They do not need any *cicerone* to point out the specialities of garden literature. Nor do they—and they do not wish to—monopolize the learning and the pleasures of horticulture. On the contrary, they are fountain-heads of patronage, patterns of successful practice, centres of dissemination and distribution. Without them, and even in spite of them, gardening would still be somewhat—but by no means what it actually is. To name any single individual, male or female—for some of the ladies are horticultural giantesses, even *Fellows*—would be invidious to the rest of this select *advanced guard*. But there is a second class, who are much to be envied, and that because they have what Dr. Watts, in his *Logic*, calls a 'learned,' instead of a 'vulgar idea' of the hobby which they ride so pleasantly. Perhaps, indeed, none derive so great an amount of enjoyment from a garden as those of the every-gentleman-his-own-gardener sort. They are spared an immense number of known nuisances, and revel in a multitude of unknown delights. To be told by the men in early spring that there is *nothing* in the garden, neither for 'missis' nor for 'cook;' and then to come in with a charming bunch of Russian violets, fragrant coltsfoot, daphne, erica carnea, wall-flowers, polyanthus, &c. &c. for the *cara sposa*, and a punnet of the sweetest, greenest sprouts, and the plumpest, whitest seekale, for the emissary

of him who *did not* send meat;—to insert *manu propria* a bark-bound bud on a little branch, and after many months or years to gather therefrom a great handful of flowers or a heaping dish of fruit;—to be able to say, 'With the sun shining in this manner, I cannot go on reading and writing, unless you lash me to my chair—give me the baskets—I will go and cut the vegetables for dinner;'—to dine with a puffy specimen of humanity, who has his pits and his pineries, and his gangs of people at nobody knows what wages, and to taste what he sets before you, and send him better next day—you keeping only the man, the boy, and *yourself*;—to see the look of thankfulness in a neighbour's eyes, when, driving to inquire after his convalescent wife or his sinking child, you produce some horticultural dainty, which will be enjoyed and relished 'because it comes unexpected—and *they* have nothing of the kind *just now*;'—to attack a standard rose with a head like a *plica polonica*, and leave it as orderly as a little schoolboy's on Saturday afternoon;—to sow an infinity of seeds, and amidst the wilderness of seedlings to discover one which, if it is not, ought to be the best possible variety, the unapproachable exceeeder of perfection—there is no finishing the list of luxuries.

Those delicate gentlefolks who scorn in any way to act as their own head gardener, have to compose their catalogue of 'delightful tasks' in quite a different type. E. G.—To fret for four or five days together, with company under your roof, over a shabby dessert;—at last, to ease your mind about it by telling your Scottish Chief that though the grapes have been tolerable, the peaches have been poor, very different fruit from what *the house* promised when you were last in it; figs ditto; and to be answered by a remark touching the housekeeper's niece, and her tastes—the invisible girl with gooseberry eyes and her hair never out of papers, whom her aunt had your leave to ask down from London for her health. To have to say to Mrs. Uppercrust that Mr. MacForcer shall, for the present, arrange his dessert immediately before its introduction to the dining-room;—and to be told by her, in rejoinder, a story of Mr. Blanco, who wanted extra-fine fruit for some superb affair, and bought in Covent Garden Market a supply which he was told was the best that could be had, as they had just received their usual package from Mr. Blanco's gardener, who spared *no* expense. To obtain, at a reckless cost, the newest thing from Shanghai or the Himalayas, which is propagated with such difficulty that you cannot communicate it to your own sister or brother, and then, next year, to see it in plenty on the other side of the garden palings of several of MacSwill the helper's

most intimate friends. To walk in well-dressed pleasure-grounds, for whose dressing you pay something handsome per annum, and to feel that you cannot do as you like there; reproached, if you cut a bouquet of roses, with having destroyed MacForcer's every chance of the prize for half a hundred dissimilar blooms at the next Horticultural show—if you take the liberty of sending off a dozen pot-plants to a lady friend, nods and winks, and whispered wonder 'how Missis will like it?' If you invade the kitchen garden, and ravage it of a few hampers full of good edibles, to be told that it is not *your* perquisite, and to receive warning. To grudge spending a sixpence on a garden almanack, or an hour in reading it, and then to perceive that the men are grinning while you proceed to utter some long-hatched criticism on their operation.

The ladies and gentlemen who undergo these pains and penalties of ignorance deserve not the slightest commiseration, for garden literature has not only for a long while been copious, but is still receiving that surplus of contributions which it is the delightful duty of the world to pour into a flourishing exchequer.

And yet the organisms, which are the subjects of gardening, are themselves of a very puzzling and ambiguous nature. 'Stones grow' (as in crystallization, stalactites, &c.), said Linnæus; 'vegetables grow and live; animals grow, live, and feel.' But several latter botanists have endeavoured to demonstrate the probability that vegetables also feel. Thus Mr. J. P. Tupper:—

'If *sensation* be imputed to plants, it may with propriety be asked, whether they are furnished with organs similar to those which are the seat of sensation in animals? Perhaps this would not be easily proved by ocular demonstration; nor, indeed, is it necessary that the *sentient* organs of *vegetables* should have the same structure, seeing that all those other parts which they are allowed to possess in common with animals, sensibly differ in their form and character.'

And again—

'It may be asked, in *what particular manner* do *vegetables* feel themselves affected in consequence of any impression which they may receive? Of this I presume it is impossible to form an idea, seeing that their sentient organs are necessarily so different from our own. But although we may not be able to form any precise idea of the particular kind of pleasure or pain of which vegetables may be susceptible, yet we can easily determine which of the two sensations a plant may experience by observing its general appearance under particular circumstances.'—*Essay on the Probability of Sensation in Vegetables*.*

* See also Sir J. E. Smith's Introduction to

Some visionaries, whom we need not follow further, have speculated on the chance which plants have of enjoying; in an 'equal sky,' a future state of existence. But even Dr. Darwin boldly says—'To reason rightly on many vegetable phenomena, we shall find it necessary first to show that vegetables are in reality an inferior order of animals.' He asserts, in words which are at least deserving of attention, that they resemble animals in having absorbent, umbilical, placental, and pulmonary vessels, arteries, glands, organs of reproduction, with muscles, nerves, and brain, or common sensorium; nay adds—

'It is not impossible, if Spallanzani should continue his experiments, that *some beautiful productions might be generated between the vegetable and animal kingdoms, like the eastern fable of the rose and the nightingale*.'—*Phytologia*, p. 119.

Of some plants the seeds are, as far as we can perceive, living animalcules, with *voluntary* motion, till they pitch their tent upon a spot that they think will suit them; they then germinate, and change from animals to algae. Dr. Darwin opines that 'a degree of pleasurable sensation must be supposed from the strongest analogy to attend this activity of their systems.' We have no intention to discuss on this occasion the flirtations, loves, and clandestine marriages of the plants.† But—abstaining from all delicate questions concerning the amatorial sensibility of the anthers and stigma, &c. &c.—there is one kind of consciousness which we need not hesitate to say is distinctly possessed by plants:—*they know what time of year it is*—they do not mistake September for March. In the autumn they know that winter is coming, and they make preparation for it by completing the necessary processes with *unwonted rapidity*. Early peas sown in July behave very differently afterwards from early peas sown in January, in whatever way the horticulturist may treat them. With the same altitude of the sun and length of day, at one season the cabbage forms its heart, the turnip its bulb; at another they both *will*

Botany, p. 3, and Sir W. Scott's *Essay on Landscape Gardening*, Quarterly Review, vol. xxxvii.

* For these see the Botanic Garden, a poem whose fate it is to be for the great part forgotten, and yet to furnish some of our most familiar quotations. The Loves of the Plants want variety, and the employment of Rosicrucian machinery in The Economy of Vegetation challenges a dangerous comparison with the Rape of the Lock. The work was a daring experiment at the time; and the critic ought to bear in mind a sentence from the author's Apology:—'Extravagant theories, in those parts of philosophy where our knowledge is yet imperfect, are not without their use, as they encourage the execution of laborious experiments, or the investigation of ingenious deductions, to confirm or refute them.'

run up to seed, as every gardener knows to his plague. There is a degree of superstitious mystery about the most lucky time for sowing cabbage-seed. We have been informed, as a matter of faith, and a grand arcanum, that the only propitious day in the year for Early Yorks is the 19th of July. The old gardeners are given to planning their operations according as the moon is waning or waxing. But of this at least we feel certain; either plants have a sort of innate consciousness of season, or they are set in action by influences quite inappreciable by our senses. It is true we can stimulate them and partially deceive them by forcing—but how difficult is it to retard them beyond their appointed times!

The most defective part of Garden Literature is that which relates to the Natural Theology of vegetation—proofs of creative design in the structure, growth, and utilitarian fitness of plants. Paley, in his charming book, has a short chapter on these things, and he gives a sufficient reason why it was not a longer one: 'I think a designed and studied mechanism to be, in general, more evident in animals than in plants; and it is unnecessary to dwell upon a weaker argument, where a stronger is at hand.' He was wise in battling against atheism with the strongest possible weapons, and what he had set his hand to do, to do it with all his might. But we wish some able botanist would ponder his phrase in introducing the little he does say on the other topic:—There are a few observations upon the vegetable kingdom which lie so directly in our way that it would be improper to pass by them without notice.' That—beyond what the Archdeacon took as lying directly in his way—a whole treasury of unappreciated facts remains to be collected, we cannot doubt; that they are less obvious, and not demonstrable, like the articulations of the vertebrate animals, even on the dinner-table—nay, at supper a pleasant lecture may be delivered on the lobster and the crab—explains the delay, but ought, in fact, to be a spur to ambitious students. Still, indications are to be met with here and there—for instance:—

'The bitter, narcotic, and acrid juices of plants are secreted by their glands for the defence of the vegetable from the depredations of insects and of larger animals. Opium is found in the leaf, stalk, and head of the poppy, but not in the seeds. A similar narcotic quality exists in the leaf and stem of the hyoscyamus (henbane), but not in the seeds. An acrid juice exists in husks of walnuts, and in the pellicle or skin of the kernel, but not in the lobes or nutritious part of it. These seem to have been excluded from the seed, lest they might have been injurious to the tender organs of digestion of the embryo plant. Other vegetables possess glands adapted to the secretion of various fluids more or less aromatic,

acid, or astringent. All which deleterious juices seem to have been produced for the protection of the plant against its enemies, as appears by the number of poisonous vegetables which are seen in all our hedge bottoms and commons, as hyoscyamus, cynoglossum, jacobæa, and common nettles, which neither insects nor quadrupeds devour (?), and which are, therefore, of no known use but to themselves, and possess a safer armour in this panoply of poison than the thorns of hollies, briars, and gooseberries.'—*Phytologia*, p. 86.

It is something of this kind of argument which we should like to see better illustrated. A higher purpose might have been supposed than that the wonderful secretions from the glands of many plants were merely to render distasteful, and so secure from injury, things always impassive, and often, if not ephemeral, of but semi-annual duration. But the cap-a-pie armour of the gorse is not potent to save it from being eaten: and as to the panoply of poisons, our own ancient goat—whose progeny would make a very respectable population for a newly discovered group of islands, to the delight of the *Darwin* next touching there, after a few weeks of salt beef and pork—she holds in utter scorn Mrs. Barbauld's kind caution—

'Do not eat the hemlock rank,
Growing on the shady bank!'

but will take you a mouthful of narcotics—tobacco included, if you like—and, looking you full in the face, will despatch them into her first stomach, and then search about for the next high-seasoned vegetable.

It is a pleasure to cull a few miscellaneous examples of what we mean from Sir James Smith:—

'We can but imperfectly account for the green so universal in the herbage of plants; but we may gratefully acknowledge the beneficence of the Creator in clothing the earth with a colour the most pleasing and the least fatiguing to our eyes. We may be dazzled with the brilliancy of a flower-garden, but we repose at leisure on the verdure of a grove or meadow.'—p. 68.

'By an extraordinary provision of nature, in some annual species of *Mesembryanthemum*, natives of sandy deserts in Africa, the seed vessel opens only in rainy weather; otherwise the seeds might, in that country, lie long exposed before they met with sufficient moisture to vegetate.'—p. 221.

'Many curious contrivances of nature serve to bring the anthers and stigmas together. In *Gloriosa* the style is bent, at a right angle from the very base, for this evident purpose. In *Saxifraga* and *Parnassia* the stamens lean one or two at a time over the stigma, retiring after they have shed their pollen, and giving place to others: which wonderful economy is very striking in the garden rue, *Ruta graveolens*, whose stout and

firm filaments cannot be disturbed from the posture in which they may happen to be, and evince a spontaneous movement unaffected by external causes. But of all flowers that of the Barberry-bush is most worthy the attention of a curious physiologist. In this the six stamens, spreading moderately, are sheltered under the concave tips of the petals till some extraneous body, as the feet or trunk of an insect in search of honey, touches the inner part of each filament near the bottom. The irritability of that part is such that the filament immediately contracts there, and consequently strikes its anther, full of pollen, against the stigma. Any other part of the filament may be touched without this effect, provided no concussion be given to the whole.—p. 264.

Two or three years back, a lively writer in a popular journal attempted to start the subject in its columns by the following little *excurrus* on the Crocus:—

‘The Crocus appears to me to furnish an instance of adaptation to a peculiar natural locality, which, as far as I am aware, has not hitherto been noticed in print. Gardeners know that their patches of crocuses rise to the surface in a very few years, so that you cannot rake the beds in which they grow without dragging them from their places. In old, neglected gardens, about farm-houses or untenanted mansions, the corms, or, in popular language, the bulbs, will probably be quite exposed, without a sprinkling of mould over them. Now, this exposure is not necessary for the health of the plant, but the contrary. It will thrive better at the depth of at least three inches. There must, therefore, be some other final cause, if any, for this gradual uprising, by the annual formation of a new corm above that of the previous spring.

‘Having occasion some years ago to pass through Switzerland by the route of the Simplon, I observed a little below the village that bears that name, and of course on the Italian side of the descent, a large tract covered with crocuses. It was in the middle of May, but they were not yet in bloom. Although to this day quite ignorant of their size, colour, or species, I have often regretted that I did not dig up some to bring home with me. It would have been so easy; only a little pleasurable trouble. But regrets are unavailing, except as warnings to avoid, so far as depends upon ourselves, all future causes of regret.

‘Spring creeps very slowly up the sides of the mountains even with a southern aspect. They had not long been uncovered from the snow, which a little higher up was thawing from day to day. The spot occupied by the crocuses was a swampy hollow of considerable extent, but I observed none on the drier hillocks around it. The swampiness was caused, not by one of those little burns so innumerable and so beautiful in mountainous countries, but by the trickling down of the water from the line of melting snow, which brought with it, from the hill-side, a small but perceptible deposit of mud. This thin layer is of course annually repeated, and a stationary bulb would in a few years be buried

beyond the power of vegetation. I cannot think it fanciful to believe that the upward progress of the corms is designed to enable them to keep pace with the gradual elevation of the soil in which they are rooted.

‘The narcissus, which grows wild in the south of Europe, in marshes that are from time to time inundated, also rises, though more slowly than the crocus. The garden hyacinth likewise moves upwards. The tulip and the meadow saffron (*colchicum autumnale*) appear to have the faculty of accommodating themselves at once to the most suitable depth of soil, forming an entirely new bulb above or below the old one, which is left a hollow shell; as if its whole substance had been transferred, like the honey that bees will remove from the comb in a bell glass to the hive beneath. A curious essay might be written on the locomotion of plants, by any one who chose to avail himself of the information which our great horticultural and botanical institutions render available to the industrious. Were it not for the power of rising to the surface, my unt known crocus of the Simplon would in a few years certainly be overwhelmed by the annual top-dressing; and the species affecting such situations would become extinct, for the crocus rarely seeds.’ [This, *pace tanti viri*, is a slip—some species form seed freely, others scarcely ever.] ‘As it is, those in the Alps may have risen yards. Some of our native orchids, by the yearly decay of one of their two bulbs, and the formation of a fresh one on the opposite side, proceed onwards at not a slow rate. The strawberry puts on seven-leagued boots in comparison, and frequently escapes from the rich man’s garden to refresh the way-side traveller. How many years would it take a new seedling strawberry to travel by runners from London to the Land’s End? The raspberry mines its way to a fresh station, by a subterranean, mole-like process, blind but not unguided, and then rises unexpectedly to the light of day. The elaterium, or squirting cucumber, is furnished with a fire-engine for the dispersion of its seeds; the touch-me-not balsam scatters them like an exploded shell. Even the humblest of the race, the champignon, and many other fungi, start from a centre and travel outwards in circles, imitating, in their lowly way, the progress of sound and light.

‘If it be asked—Why should the Supreme Being bestow this care on the preservation of a useless, unseen Crocus, that vegetates amidst perhaps inaccessible hill tops, where there is scarcely an insect to sip its sweets, much less a human eye to admire its beauty?—we in return demand—Is it for your own merits, cavalier, for your usefulness, your services to mankind, that you have been created, supported, and spared so long by the mercy of a benevolent God?’

The topic excited some little interest for the time amongst the readers of the Gardener’s Chronicle, but the thesis still awaits the deliberate handling of a master.

At the present epoch, when the horticultural societies and the great nurserymen have their active agents surveying the world ‘from

China to Peru,' the amateur gardener can hardly get on with satisfaction to himself, especially amongst his flowers, without acquiring some knowledge of botanical arrangement; and therefore at this point of our discourse, let us give the beginner a caution not to be persuaded into the belief that the Linnæan system is altogether obsolete and good for nothing. Dr. Lindley in his Preface speaks of

'that method of investigating the productions of the vegetable kingdom which, under the name of the Natural System, has gradually displaced more popular classifications:—well adapted indeed to captivate the superficial inquirer, but exercising so baneful an influence upon botany, as to have rendered it doubtful whether it even deserved a place among the sciences.'

With all deference to the Doctor, we might rejoinder that, if the Natural system were permitted entirely to extinguish the Linnæan, botany would soon deserve a place among the *mysteries* instead of the sciences. The 'superficial inquirer' is the very person who wants a clear and frank-minded guide that will show him what he wants, instead of letting him lose himself in a boggy maze where he can find no firm footing. It is, doubtless, convenient to be able to send a box of plants to be named by a practised adept in the Natural System; but it is more independent to be able to do it one's self on the Linnæan. The Natural System, as a *mode of identifying plants*, puts us in mind of the *curiosa Latinitas* of the prescriptions of our medical men; it is an excellent contrivance for fencing off the profane vulgar. The apprentice *shall* be bound for seven long years, or he shall not be admitted into the craft at all. But middle-aged people begin to estimate the comparative lengths of life and of art; and if they set out on any fresh scientific journey, or perhaps mere excursion, they wish to find themselves on a smooth turnpike, with low hedges, over which they can have a pleasant view of the country, not in a tangled labyrinth, wherein, after running about for half the day, they end by having seen just nothing at all. In truth that the merits of the Linnæan system are great, will appear even from the words of Dr. Lindley himself in the very same Preface:—

'Linnæus, in 1731, invented a system depending on variations in the sexual organs. This method has enjoyed a degree of celebrity which has rarely fallen to the lot of human contrivances, chiefly on account of its clearness and simplicity; and in its day it undoubtedly effected its full proportion of good.'

He adds indeed—but we can by no means adopt the mere theory announced—

'Linnæus probably intended it as a mere substitute for the Natural System, for which he found the world in his day unprepared, to be relinquished as soon as the principles of the latter could be settled; as seems obvious from his writings, in which he calls the Natural System *primum et ultimum in botanicis desideratum*. He could scarcely have expected that his artificial method should exist when the science had made sufficient progress to enable botanists to revert to the principles of natural arrangement, the temporary abandonment of which had been solely caused by the difficulty of defining its groups. This difficulty no longer exists.'

The difficulty of definition may be surmounted—but the difficulty of remembering those definitions, so as to use them as a botanical alphabet, is sorely increased. We defy any amateur—who must be content to have either a 'superficial' knowledge of botany, or none at all—we defy him, stout-hearted though he may be, not to feel depressed on glancing through Dr. Lindley's *Analysis of the Orders*—only 262 of them in the edition of 1830—and they being the *alphabet of one Class* of the Natural System! On meeting with any plant which presents to his eye a decidedly novel aspect, he will be hard pressed to know to which of the *aceæ*, *-iferæ*, *-ineæ*, *-ideæ*, or other *-æ*, he is to refer it, and will at last fall back on the aid (most patiently and promptly rendered) of the editor of the *Gardener's Chronicle*. But if his unknown specimen be a British native, and he happens to have a copy of the *English Botany* within reach, how happy will he be to dissect his new-found flower, determine its Class and Order, and in five minutes pitch upon the very thing itself!

In the Natural System it is an apparently simple arrangement, but a real cause of confusion, to divide the whole Flora of the world into two Classes only, i. e., I. Vasculares, or flowering plants, and II. Cellulares, or flowerless plants; and then to subdivide Class I. into 262 Orders—with the anatomical and constitutional peculiarities of all of which the student has to make himself familiar before he can begin to enjoy the pleasure of investigating for himself. Of course, these remarks will be understood to apply solely to the use of the Natural System as a *key* and an *index* to botanical knowledge. To the study of vegetable physiology and the natural affinities of plants, it is not merely useful, but necessary. Still it is the *ultimum* rather than the *primum* in botanics. Through Linnæus we know plants more readily; even if through Jussieu we understand them more thoroughly. By the one mode we make their acquaintance; by the other our acquaintance is converted into intimacy. The English student is advised to begin with Sir James Smith's works, and

end with Dr. Lindley's. The Knight should preside over the catalogue, the Professor over the herbarium.

As a specimen of *memoria technica*, nothing easier to carry about with one than the Linnæan Classes, whether we retain his original 24 or consent to reduce them to 22—as the reader will find by the rapidity with which the artificial memory can be refreshed after years of disuse. But fancy—not a Robert Fortune—but a 'superficial' let loose in some undiscovered nursery-ground in the north of China; what a clear account he will give of the things he sees there, if he be allowed to make no use of Linnæus or Sir James, and even do happen to have a Natural System in his pocket! Besides, he may stumble on a plant which may belong to a new Order: what is he to do then? Before he is justified in making a new Order, he must have thoroughly compared his plant with the characters of all the others—not an easy task to execute off-hand.

One very common objection to the Linnæan System—we mean that grounded upon the exceptions and the anomalies which arise in the course of its application—is to our mind a merit; for the fact indicates, beyond mistake, that the plan is an artificial one, for convenience sake, and not an attempt to explain the scheme of creation. And exceptions confirm a rule, in the memory at least. A diandrous grass fixes itself on the attention. No person of common sense would suppose that it is not a grass because it does not happen to grow in the field Triandria. It assists us in remembering the rushes to find the bog-rush, *Scheuchzeria*, and the club-rush, *Scirpus*, in Triandria, instead of with the rest of their friends in Hexandria.

The intending beginner shall himself judge by which method he is likely to make the fastest progress at the outset. We will suppose that he is investigating the not very easy genus *Juncus*, or Rush. He meets with a specimen in flower, and soon determines its Linnæan Class and Order. Referring to the *English Botany* of Smith, he finds at once—

'*Juncus acutus*. Great Sea Rush. *Hexandria Monogynia*. GENERIC CHARACTER.—*Calyx* of 6 leaves, permanent. *Corolla*, none. *Capsule*, superior, of 3 valves, with 1 or 3 cells. *Seeds*, several. *Stigmas* 3. SPECIFIC CHARACTER.—Stem round, naked. Panicle, terminal. General involucre of two spinous leaves. Capsules, roundish, pointed.'

But in the *Natural System* of Lindley he stumbles upon—it must be by guess or chance—

'Order CCXLIV.—JUNCÆ. The Rush tribe.

'DIAGNOSIS.—Hexapetaloidous herbaceous

monocotyledons, with a superior ovary, a half-glumaceous regular perianthium, a pale soft testa, a single style, capsular fruit, and an embryo next the hilum.

'ANOMALIES.—Flowers sometimes scarcely glumaceous.

'ESSENTIAL CHARACTER.—Flowers hermaphrodite or unisexual. *Calyx* and *corolla* forming an inferior, 6-parted, more or less glumaceous perianthium. *Stamens* 6, inserted into the base of the segments; sometimes 3, and then opposite the calyx. *Anthems*, 2 celled. *Ovary*, 1 or 3 celled, 1 or many seeded, or 1-celled and 3-seeded. *Style* 1. *Stigmas*, generally 3, sometimes only 1. *Fruit*, capsular, with 3 valves, which have the dissepiment in their middle; sometimes destitute of valves, and 1-seeded by abortion. *Seeds* with a testa, which is neither black nor crustaceous; *albumen*, firm, fleshy, or cartilaginous; *embryo* within it. *R. Br.* (1810) —*Herbaceous* plants, with fasciated or fibrous roots. *Leaves*, fistular, or flat and channelled, with parallel veins. *Inflorescence*, often more or less capitate. *Flowers*, generally brown or green.'

To take another case, where there can be no difficulty in guessing the Natural Order to which the specimen belongs, the reader is advised to compare the generic and specific characters of the *Malva sylvestris*, or common mallow (*Monadelphia polyandria*), of Sir James Smith, with the diagnosis, anomalies, and essential character of the *Malvaceæ*, or mallow tribe, of the natural system.

These two systems, we repeat, are not inconsistent and antagonistic, like the corpuscular and undulatory theories of light, but may, and ought to be, made mutual to support each other. One is the dictionary, the other the grammar of the science. The Linnæan arrangement is professedly artificial; but it performs much more than it promises. Artificial systems for the discrimination of plants are one thing; and, as Sir James Smith says, 'the philosophy of botanical arrangement, or the study of the natural affinities of plants, is quite another matter. But it would be as idle, while we pursue this last-mentioned subject, so deep and so intricate that its most able cultivators are only learners, to lay aside the continual use of the Linnæan System, as it would be for philologists and logicians to slight the convenience, and indeed necessity, of the alphabet, and to substitute the Chinese character in its stead.

Amidst our old school of Garden Literature the name of Evelyn marks quite an epoch. His *Kalendarium Hortense, or Gardener's Almanack*, set the pattern for a multitude of similar productions, and may even yet be referred to as a useful reminder. His 'plant potatoes in your worst ground' is what we are obliged to come to after all. It is, now the fashion to resuscitate from long forgotten seed

drawers many of his plants that had been shelved for years, as chervil and basil; and attempts are being made to render others more popular, as orache and lamb-lettuce or corn-salad.* Purslane, we hope, will follow in the list of revivals; In Germany it is still in great request for spring soups. Ourselves, long baffled in an attempt to raise a *crop* of skirrets *from seed*, found in him the wrinkle which a host of gardeners had failed to supply: 'March. Sow skirrets in rich, mellow, fresh earth, and moist; and when about a finger long, plant but one single root in a hole, at a foot distance.'—His New Conservatory or Greenhouse was the beginning of a series of results which it would be very long to relate. His translation of the 'Compleat Gardener, by M. de la Quintinye, chief director of all the gardens of the French King,' which, when 'made English,' he believes to be 'first and best of that kind that introduced the use of the Olitorie garden to any purpose,' must have had its effects; as also his 'Acetaria, or Discourse of Sallets'—proving (even although pickles are included in the term†), that a more varied and artistical *sallet* could be served two hundred years back than now, and that our only mode of advancement in this line is to revive old fashions. Where is *our* list of 'sallet-plants reduced to a competent number, not exceeding thirty-five?' We may be inclined to refuse the sow-thistle, so 'exceedingly welcome to the late Morocco ambassador;' but such a thing as a good salad is now never dished in England, if there be truth in the proverb—

'L' insalata non è buon, ne bella,
Ove non è la pimpinella.'

This pimpinella is our common burnet; 'but,' says Evelyn, 'a fresh sprig in wine recommends it to us as its most genuine element'—which may well account for its being 'of so cheering and exhilarating a quality.' 'Sampier,' too, is cruelly neglected:—

'Not only pickled, but crude and cold, when young and tender (and such as we may cultivate and have in our kitchen-gardens almost the year round), it is, in my opinion, for its aromatic and other excellent virtues and effects against the spleen, cleansing the passages, sharpening appetite, &c., so far preferable to most of our hotter

* The French call them *salade de prêtre*, from their being generally eaten in Lent.—Evelyn. They certainly deserve a place among the penitential herbs: The stomach that has admitted them is apt to cry *peccavi*.

† *Melon*.—The abortive and after-fruit of melons, being pickled as cucumber, make an excellent *sallet*. *Potato*.—The small green fruit (when about the size of the wild cherry) being pickled, is an agreeable *sallet*.

herbs and *sallet* ingredients that I have often wondered it has not been long since propagated in the potagers, as it is in France, from whence I have frequently received the seeds, which have prospered better and more kindly with me than what comes from our own coasts. It does not indeed pickle so well, as being of a more tender stalk and leaf, but, in all other respects, for composing *sallets* it has nothing like it.'

We are all acquainted with

'One that gathers samphire.'

half-way down the face of Dover cliff; but how many of our readers know the taste of the produce of that 'dreadful trade'? The samphire business now-a-days must be a small concern. One or two species of glasswort are sold and pickled in Norfolk by the style and title of samphire, but are as false a substitution as was the fair maid who listed 'under the name of Richard Carr.' The pickled *Salicornias* taste of nothing but the vinegar and the spices, and altogether differ from that classic umbellifer the *Crithmum maritimum*.

Were it not unfair to disturb the repose of so good a man, one would almost wish to raise the ghost of Evelyn to solve a great difficulty of modern times—what is the mode of dressing *sallet*? Family quarrels have arisen on the subject; the salad bowl may yet lead to divorces *à mensé*. With us, an early recollection is simple lettuce shred tolerably fine, just moistened all over with vinegar, and dusted with sugar; a preparation to be tried by those hitherto ignorant of it. A mode that has been dogmatically insisted on, as the only orthodox one, is to wipe each leaf of lettuce (which is alone admissible) dry; then to bring the oil in contact with every part of the surface, finishing with the least dash of vinegar and sprinkle of salt. This would be the order of the day—*pure and simple*. A favourite Parisian top-dressing is to place a little flock of fresh-water cray-fish on the summit of the verdant mass; an appropriate garnish for fish salads, and, with us, imitable by shrimps and prawns when crayfish are not. The azure and blue flowers of borage, and the orange and brown ones of nasturtium, are grateful to two senses at least; but it is not easy to have them fresh on a London side-board. Faded, they are as bad as the flowers out of Madam's last summer's bonnet. Dr. Kitchener's cooked salad, strewn over with a stratum of uncooked, deserves a serious and unprejudicial consideration. Tarragon vinegar, or anything else which must predominate, we hold to be heretical. Salad is good society; whatever is obtrusive must be excluded. Therefore we think that the quality of the oil is not criticised with sufficient strictness; if it

has the least twang, it predominates over everything, and you continue to taste it after it should have been long forgotten.

At this juncture our readers will thank us for producing (by permission courteously granted) a "Receipt for a Winter Salad," written many years ago at Castle Howard by the late Mr. Sydney Smith. He so rarely (after school-days) used his admirable talent for versification, that this specimen of it would be valued, even although the Prescription were not—what it certainly is—in itself an excellent one:—

'Two large potatoes, passed through kitchen sieve,
Unwonted softness to the salad give,
Of mordent mustard add a single spoon—
Distrust the condiment which bites so soon;
But deem it not, thou man of herbs, a fault
To add a double quantity of salt,
Three times the spoon with oil of Lucca crown,
And once with vinegar procured from town.
True flavour needs it, and your poet begs
The pounded yellow of two well-boiled eggs.
Let onion atoms lurk within the bowl,
And, scarce suspected, animate the whole;
And lastly, on the flavoured compound toss
A magic teaspoon of anchovy sauce.
Then, though green turtle fail, though venison's tough,
And ham and turkey are not boiled enough,
Serenely full, the Epicure may say—
Fate cannot harm me—I have dined to-day!'

To return to Mr. Evelyn—while he gave a helping hand to rational improvement, the amiable senior cautiously avoided horticultural quackeries:—

'March.—Sow stock gilly-flowers in the full of the moon, to produce double flowers. In the meantime, let gentlemen and ladies who are curious trust little by mangonismo,* insuccations, or medicine, to alter the species, or indeed the forms and shapes of flowers considerably, that is, to render that double which nature produces but single,' &c.—*Kalendarium*.

Evelyn moreover is valuable by helping us to mark the introduction of several of our cultivated vegetables. Of 'Artichaux,' he tells us (*Acetaria*): "Tis not very long since this noble thistle came first into Italy, improv'd to this magnitude by culture, and so rare in England that they were commonly sold for crowns a piece; but what Carthage yearly spent in them—as Pliny computes the sum—amounted to *sestertia sena millium*—30,000*l.* sterling. Note that of the *Spanish cardon*—a wild and smaller artichok, with sharp-pointed leaves and lesser head—the stalks being blanched and tender, are serv'd up à la poiverade (that

* 'Mangonizo, to polish, paint, and trim up a thing to make it sell better.'—*Ainsworth*.

is, with oyl, pepper, &c.), as the French term is.' Of 'Pompey's beloved dish, so highly celebrated by old Cato,' he says: 'Tis scarce an hundred years since we first had Cabbages out of Holland; Sir Anthony Ashley, of Wiburgh St. Giles, in Dorsetshire (ancestor of the Earls of Shaftesbury), being—as I am told—the first who planted them in England.' Of the melon he bids us 'Note, that this fruit was very rarely cultivated in England, so as to bring it to maturity, till Sir George Gardner came out of Spain; I myself remembering when an ordinary melon would have been sold for *five or six shillings*.' Spinach was 'by original a Spaniard.' Tarragon also 'of Spanish extraction;' and 'the caul-flower (anciently unknown) from Aleppo.'

Some of our garden esculents are of high antiquity; asparagus was a favourite vegetable with Cato, and onions are inscrutable. Others are quite modern upstarts. Sea-kale is one of these—by the present mode of producing it. And a truly British dish it is. On many parts of the south coast the inhabitants, from time immemorial, have been in the habit of searching for it in the spring where it grows spontaneously, and cutting off the young and tender leaves and stalks, as yet unexpanded and in a blanched state close to the crown of the root. Evelyn, confounding it with 'the broccoli from Naples, perhaps the *halmerida* of Pliny'—[or *Athenæus* rather]—'*capitata marina et florida*, mentions that 'our sea-keele, the ancient *crambe*, and growing on our coast, are very delicate.' But its cultivation is a recent practice. Mr. Curtis, in his *Directions for Cultivating the Crambe maritima or Sea-kale* (1799), tells us,—

'Mr. William Jones of Chelsea, saw bundles of it, in a cultivated state, exposed for sale in Chichester market, in the year 1753. I learn from different persons that attempts have been made at various times to introduce it to the London markets, but ineffectually. A few years since I renewed the attempt myself, and though it was not attended with all the success I could have wished, I flatter myself it has been the means of making the plant so generally known that in future the markets of the first city in the world will be duly supplied with this most desirable article.'

Rhubarb affords the latest instance of the intrusion and establishment of strange herbage in our kitchen gardens. Mr. Cuthill, the well-known horticulturist of Camberwell, with a praiseworthy feeling of respect for a senior brother of the craft, records in his *Practical Instructions for the Cultivation of the Potato*, &c. &c., (1850), that—

• Mr. Joseph Myatt, of Deptford, a most benevo-

lent man now upwards of seventy years of age, was the first to cultivate Rhubarb on a large scale. It is now nearly forty years since he sent his two sons to the Borough market with *five bunches—of which they could only sell three*. The next time they took ten bunches, all of which were sold. *Coming events cast their shadow before*, and from the small but increased sale Mr. Myatt judged that Rhubarb would become a favourite. He therefore determined to increase its cultivation, and year after year added to his stock. For his first dozen roots he was indebted to his friend Mr. Oldacre, gardener to Sir Joseph Banks. They consisted of a kind imported from Russia, finer and much earlier than the puny variety cultivated by the Brentwood growers for Covent Garden. Mr. Myatt had to contend against many prejudices; but time, that universal leveller, overcame and broke down every barrier, and rhubarb is now no longer called *physic*.

The foot-stalks of the physic-plant are now regarded as a necessary rather than a luxury in culinary management. The most frugal table can display its rhubarb pudding or tart, in season. The dainty has been published at a different rate from the pine-apple—another bit of a *parvenu* amongst the respectable fruit families. In a copy of the *Hortus Medicus Amstelodamus*, now by favour at hand, on the plate *Ananas* is entered the following MS. note by P. Collinson—the eminent F.R.S.:—‘S^r Mathew Decker first brought the Ananas or Pine Apple into England to his Garden at Richmond, where I saw them about the year 1712.’ In the Horticultural Transactions, vol. i. (p. 150), we read:—

‘Lady Mary Wortley Montagu, on her journey to Constantinople, in the year 1716, remarks the circumstance of pine-apples being served up in the desert at the Electoral table at Hanover as a thing she had never before seen or heard of. Had pines been then grown in England, her ladyship could not have been ignorant of the fact.’

It would be almost presumptuous in us to offer any attestation of the great value of these Transactions of the Horticultural Society of London. To mention merely a few of many remarkable elderly papers—the ‘Account of a new Strawberry, with a coloured Figure, by Michael Keens [N.B. not *Keen*], Gardener of Isleworth;’ ‘An Account of Two Varieties of Cherry, raised at Downton Castle;’ ‘Notes relative to the first Appearance of the Aphis Lanigera or Apple-Tree Insect in this Country,’ &c., &c., are now important portions of horticultural history.

Of the multitudes who pass through Covent-garden Market six days out of seven, the great majority certainly are unaware of the time and trouble that many common esculents have cost the gardener. Perpend, for example, the

almost twelvemonth’s occupation of his soil by the best varieties of broccoli—which the vulgar are constantly confounding with cauliflowers.

‘When the bright bull ascending first adorns
The Spring’s fair forehead with his golden horns,
Italian seeds with parsimonious hand
The watchful gardener scatters o’er his land;
Quick moves the rake, with iron teeth divides
The yielding glebe, the living treasure hides;
O’er the smooth soil, with horrent thorns beset,
Swells in the breeze the undulating net;
Bright shells and feathers dance on twisting
strings,
And the scared finch retreats on rapid wings.

‘But when three leaves the young aspirer
shoots,
To other soils transplant the shortened roots;
There in wide ranks thy verdant realms divide,
Parting each opening file a martial stride.

‘When leads the Spring amid her budding
groves
The laughing Graces and the quivered Loves,
Again the Bull shall shake his radiant hair
O’er the rich product of his early care;
With hanging lip and longing eye shall move,
And Envy dwell in yon blue fields above.

‘Oft in each month, poetic Tighe! be thine
To dish green broccoli with savoury chine:
Oft down thy tuneful throat be thine to cram
The snow-white cauliflower with fowl and ham!
Nor envy thou, with such rich viands blest,
The pye of Perigord, or swallow’s nest.’—*Phytologia*, p. 560.

The knowing Doctor shows his taste in lauding the *green* broccoli, despised as they are by cooks because they do not dish so prettily as the white. We wish we had space either for verse or prose that might let the reader into the secret of growing sea-kale without the expense of pots and forcing, and of better flavour than with those aids; but the *carte* of our course of vegetables must be limited. Otherwise there were no less temptation to enlarge on leeks and cabbols; ‘hot,’ says Evelyn, ‘and of virtue prolific; since Latona, the mother of Apollo, long’d after them.’ He adds—‘the Welch, who eat them much, are observed to be very fruitful.’ It is not, however, recorded that Ancient Pistol became the parent of a family of Revolvers in consequence of his compulsory feast during ‘the Gallia wars.’

For these, and a host of other things, we must refer to Loudon’s *Encyclopædia of Gardening*—a most useful compendium—if we may call so bulky a book a *compendium*, which, however, it truly is. But for a weekly supply of varied information the *Gardener’s Chronicle* takes the lead. Dr. Lindley’s name is a sufficient guarantee for its merits—but, if more be asked for, observe the free use made of it by

second-shop publications. An amusing and sometimes a valuable portion of the paper is the 'Home Correspondence':—a sort of committee of the whole house of readers, with the editor in the chair. Experiences, hopes, discoveries, crotchets, are herein detailed and discussed—the more modest *virtuosi* adopting such veils as X. Y. Z. or P. Q. R. (They are all above L. S. D.) Curious pseudonyms are sometimes concocted;—one lynx-eyed fellow calls himself Argo, disturbing the memory of the lady who signed Ignorance and the Bill of a certain veteran patriot for the better regulation of Omnib^{us};*—but these are welcome plums, to save us from eating too much plain pudding. There is always enough of solid matter, a sufficiency of *pièces de résistance*, to ballast the trifle and the bonbon crackers.

As to the *Cottage Gardener*, its contents are more suitable for a double-coach-housed 'cottage of gentility'—than for that usually tenanted by the labourer. But the only fault in this is, that an unnecessarily humble title has been assumed. The genuine cottager would hardly spend 3d. per week upon garden literature, whatever he might on seeds and plants; and his landlord or his rector will probably have given or lent him Paxton's Calendar, or some other of the many useful elementary books that are to be had. It is desirable that the labourer should take an interest in, and see, the higher operations of the art; he will perform the lower ones all the better for the apprenticeship. Though he be likely never to have a vinery and a pinery of his own to attend to, an initiation into their mysteries will help him to treat his children with a plateful of early radishes, and his wife with a dish of outdoor grapes; and if she has the self-denial to turn them into money, instead of eating them, she will esteem him and them none the less for that. We have observed in the gardens of those labourers whose opportunities are above the average of their class, most pleasing evidence of the knowledge they have thus acquired. Just as a course of mathematics at Cambridge would make a man all the more valuable as an accountant or a clerk, so, to the horticultural graduate, digging is his dynamics, planting his statics, forced cucumbers and kidney-beans his theory of heat and light—Chinese Nymphæas and American Victorias with their hotwater apparatus and the fountain are his hydrostatics—and the beds of seedlings, perhaps, may be his differential calculus, when he finds how differently they turn out from what he had calculated on!

The amateur who, happening to have a

* The same patriarch who, when some graceless Tories laughed at a statement of his, said, 'honourable members in white waistcoats might be as merry as they chose, but he was speaking *seriatim*.'

sufficiency of land attached to his residence, chooses himself to take the command of two or three labourers, instead of employing a trained professional at a high salary—(wages might be offensive)—is of compulsion the most assiduous student of garden literature. His practice will be adapted to various ends, according as utility or ornament is the object the more desirable in his state of affairs. But his horticulture is mostly of the composite order; he cultivates a garden of all-work. As the celebrated cobbler 'lived in a stall—that served him for parlour and kitchen and all,' so the independent manager arranges a plot of ground so as to comprise the conveniences of orchard, kitchen-garden, shrubbery, parterre, and terrace. And a capital school it is for the men and boys who are wise enough to look after instruction while working in it. How well, too, an avenue of standard perpetual roses harmonises with the line of a feathery asparagus bed! How little there is to displease in a rectangular strawberry-ground enclosed in a frame-work of brilliant low-growing flowers, with an outer fillet of box, having openings left, like the gates of a Roman camp, for the approach of the workmen and the fruit-gatherers! What pleasant strolls may be taken in a wilderness of apple, bullock, cherry, plum, filbert, and medlar-trees, with an underwood of the periwinkles great and small, honesty, and primroses, and with one path at least skirting the edge of the fish-pond, from which a pike for dinner may always be had! His visitors enjoy the combination as much as himself. He asks a city friend which he will have put into his carriage—a basket of flowers or a hamper of vegetables;—and the answer is 'Both!' To make it perfect in its way, all the spare decoration he can afford to bestow upon it should tend to make it a *winter garden*.

Winter gardening has hitherto been but imperfectly worked up in England. The poet Wordsworth made this a particular study, and we regret that he has died without writing fully on it—unless indeed his MS. papers may contain such a lucubration. He used to speak with great contempt of the sums spent on conservatories, and the neglect of the English winter-garden proper. The rose garden has been so assiduously enriched in France, and the dahlia-border here, *because*, at the seasons when those flowers make their brightest display, it is the fashion for the aristocracy to be resident in their country mansions (so called a *manendo* we suppose): Christmas has an equal claim on their presence at the family home—and that claim is, we all know, usually complied with. If only for the ladies' sake, then, a bright and cheerful winter-garden ought to be within an easy trip of the draw

ing-room at every 'place' deserving such a title—nay, it ought decidedly to be within view of the breakfast-room windows.

The vast amount of money lavished on conservatories does not bring an adequate return to any but Clan MacForcer. The most expensive ones we have seen are so far from the house that they can really add very little to the luxury either of exulting proprietor or applauding guests. We admit the comfort in severe weather of such an additional *saloon*—when the arrangement justifies that designation, and when care and judgment regulate the resort to it;—but we have little more to say in the laudatory line—and a good deal *per contra*. It is the *open air* that must stimulate the languid appetite, raise the depressed spirits, and colour the faded cheek with newly-oxygenised blood. Were the Crystal Palace to be kept up in spite of rather strong pledges, and, as some prophesy, to present us by and bye with a wilderness of walks meandering through bowers of exotic bloom, it would be the most insalubrious promenade in London; the rarer and choicer the Flora, the less entitled to rivet your admiration, young ladies! On a sultry summer's day, fairly divided between heavy showers and scorching sunshine, you have seen a bottle of claret—or the decanter to which it ought *not* to have been transferred—or a caraffe of water from the deep well—brought into your dear papa's comfortable dining-room; before it stood long on the table, the bright glass was dim, and soon down trickled the dew drops, running races which should reach the bottom first; well, permit us paternal reviewers to whisper that after half an hour's walk through the frosty air *you* are the cool claret-bottle, or the caraffe of spring water, when you enter the seductive orchid-house. The dew does not run off your encasing integuments, but it *saturates* them. You might almost as wisely take a walk on the floor of the aquarium as here. If you doubt our word, go and stand before the nearest kitchen-fire, and see how you will reek and steam. What would your mamma say—what would Sir ——— or Dr. ———, who has taken such pains with you, think, if you were to spend two or three hours in the laundry during the height of the engagement on a washing-day! As you happen to have lungs and a skin, it matters not what you are looking at, as long as the atmosphere is the same—whether at the brightest of flowers or the most prismatic of soap-bubbles. No indoor promenade should tell more forcibly on the hygrometer, or indicate the dew point with greater suddenness, than a common sitting-room. But in *this* arid climate, even the camellia casts off its blossom-buds. It diminishes its own lovely offspring, and rejects

them with as decided a scorn, as if it had discovered that it was producing a crop of Hygieian pills instead of pure ornaments for innocent beauties. The climate of the orange, not that of a camellia, *may* do for a winter-garden. If ever our admirable Palace of Glass becomes a showy, steamy, suffocating Jardin d'Hiver, it will be a capital thing for the apothecaries; such a vigorous crop of colds, coughs, and consumptions will be raised that it will be the Walk, if not the Dance of Death, to frequent it. If all tales be true, we may anticipate *the Canter*;—but seriously, we hope never to see a comparative bill of mortality of those who take Hyde Park exercise in whatever shape within doors, and those who take it without.

November and December are not winter, either astronomically or horticulturally speaking, though they are popularly considered as an integral part of the dreary season. They often display on their damp and chilly bosom many a 'last pale blossom of the expiring year,' which we cannot calculate on as likely to be useful to us. The winter for which our garden *sub Jove frigido* is designed is the time from the solstice, St. Thomas's Day, till the moment when—if we may be pardoned for recurring to heathenish phrase—Phœbus takes the Ram by the horns, as a slight exercise for his arms previous to his tougher encounter with the Bull. After the solstice the sun is indeed getting up stairs, but *acris Hyems* grasps the reins tightly, and will generally insist on driving through the stage laid out for him. To lengthen and to strengthen are the respective performances of the daylight and the cold. The nearer we get to the conclusion of the real winter, the more is a garden felt to be an actual necessary of life.

We go to work, therefore, at once, and will fancy—or why not sketch from familiar reality?—a most 'capable' situation. A horseshoe of saddle-back hills encloses a sufficient concavity open to the full south. Of course the tops and upper slopes of the rising ground belong to the park. The summits are crowned with noble Scotch firs, genuine Highlanders—not Yankee imposters, which so much more abound, but true descendants from the glorious forests of Bræmar—and they have now put on those lovely glaucous hues at the tips of their branches which you do not see in spring or summer. Beneath them is a thicket of gorse, fast coming into bloom. We descend the heights, which are covered with velvety grass: nothing but sheep could make the turf so cushiony; and here we have some Dorset ewes hard at work preparing early lamb. Here and there are a few solitary cedars of Lebanon and weeping birch-trees, the

latter to look like gigantic ostrich-feathers on hoar-frosty mornings; for we do not wish to forget that it is winter, but to enjoy its beauties and its blessings. 'O, all ye works of the Lord, bless ye the Lord: praise him, and magnify him for ever. O ye *winter* and summer, bless ye the Lord: praise him, and magnify him for ever.' Is it not brilliant? The almost level rays of the sun are shot into a reverberating amphitheatre, whence they cannot escape; it is a whispering gallery for the flirtations of the sunbeams. And here is the wicket in the park paling by which we enter the sanctum from without. We are now under a thicket of laurels, and emerge again on well-kept turf, with plenty of gravel walks to go hither and thither in the bright mornings after rainy nights. But even at the edge of the laurels we have flowers:—colt's-foot of two kinds, the scentless white, and the heliotrope-scented, and the *pink* buds of that little bright blue flower which, as some people wrongly call it Forget-me-not, might rightly be named Here-I-am-again. We descend this second shoulder of our Alpine heights, and the scene, as is right, becomes ever more genial. *Hardy* evergreens only are admissible within the boundaries of our enclosure. Everything here must carry a cheerful face under adverse circumstances. Any plant, or man, can be full of bravery in the hey-day of summer and good fortune. Our search is for whatever will make a goodly show, and even bear blossoms, in spite of the insults of the north wind and the disdainful looks of the sun. The cypress is a magnificent ornament to the gardens of the south of Europe; it is respectable in the south of England; shabby-genteel higher up the island; in the north, miserable and poverty-struck. Of course local circumstances, and especially peculiar skill and care, can modify the average effects of latitude—even within a dozen miles of Edinburgh we have lately admired some noble specimens; but wherever, in spite of a fair trial of sedulous attention, the cypress sinks below the standard of respectability, there is no wisdom in continuing the fight against Nature—the idea is to be manfully dropped. We have too often groaned over the aspect of cypresses that looked as if their owner were taking care of them against an apprehended scarcity of birch-brooms.

England, rich as she is, is annually acquiring fresh evergreen wealth. The most hopeful of these novelties come from Japan and the north of China; and it is remarkable how admirably the productions of those regions thrive in our own climate. A great loss to our winter scenery is the non-hardiness of the *Ceratonia Siliqua*, or St. John's bread. Its masses of almost black evergreen foliage would

tell well against the bright hues of our hill sides; and its depth of tint is so colourless as to harmonise well with any adjoining object. But to pine for what cannot be ours is weakness. The *illex* are some compensation; but how they, like fig-trees that *do* bear fruit in the open air, hug the sea-shore! Near the sea, even hoary cork-trees may be grown in England. *Aucubas* are useful, but, from their peculiar spottiness, they do not mix well with other evergreens; they must be either solitary, or in clumps by themselves. The *yew* is invaluable, both in a formal and in a picturesque garden; a hedge of it may be reared into perfection within four or five years, and there is, after all, no such hedge; but when clipped it is shorn of one of its great beauties as a decorative *plant*—its exquisitely semi-transparent pink berries. Otherwise, it affords, though with less breadth, the dark relieving mass which the *Ceratonia* would furnish so much more boldly. The good old varieties of holly ought to be held in reverential esteem. Certain long lanes in the North Riding, bordered with hollies and yews, are among the most beautiful bits of winter scenery that dwell on our recollection. Mr. Wordsworth's own grounds at Rydal, though within narrow limits, justified the beautiful lines—

—'Those native plants,
The Holly and the Yew, endear the hours
Of Winter, and protect that pleasant place
Imagination—not permitted here
To waste her powers, as in the Worldling's mind,
On fickle pleasures, and superfluous cares,
And trivial ostentation—is left free
And puissant to range the solemn walks,
Of Time and Nature.'

A garden of evergreens, with the shades nicely graduated, particularly when the distance harmonises well, may be arranged to have the ideal character of one of Martin's or Danby's imaginative landscapes.

Observe that arbutus, fruit, flowers, and foliage, all courting approval at once; the dwarf clumps of *laurustinus* sparkling in the breeze; and the rosemary, fragrant dew of the sea:—'that's for remembrance—pray you, love, remember.' We gathered twigs of that, and of the bitter rue yonder, when little — died. 'There's rue for you, and here's some for me.' Pardon the mention of the circumstance, but life and death equally come to mind in a winter garden.—'You may wear *your* rue with a difference.'—And here we are gay; is not this beautiful? a large bed of *Erica carnea* covered thrice thickly with rosy blossoms! The next bed is now fading, the season is so forward; this mass of Christmas roses and green-flowered hellebore, fringed with what men call *winter aconite*, but gods, *the new year's gift*.

This neat mosaic of bright colours is a bit of legerdemain. You have snowdrops, hepaticas, Van Thol tulips, hyacinths, crocuses, vernal squills, and a few other pretty things, all bedded on a carpet of brightest moss, and inclosed in a border of green rosettes—themselves the *Pride of London* in days of yore. The assemblage is small, select, and brilliant. Some of the coterie are slightly forced, and so plunged with their pots; and at dusk, a light wooden frame, like a Brobdignagian dish-cover, is placed over all to keep out mischief.

The next thing to display is our darling pet—the work of our own hands. In some spots among the neighbouring woods, on a black moory soil, the self-sown primroses sport into great variety of colour; hardly two are to be found alike. They pass from bright sulphur, through sad-coloured neutral tints, to orange, lilac, and vivid crimson. It was easy to have a bed filled with the proper soil, and at our leisure to search for specimens, trowel in hand, and transfer them to their final site. The mixture of a few choice plants inveigled out of cottage gardens, adds brilliancy by their more decided hues; but the best effect is obtained when the primroses are taken quite at random. There is even now (January) a pretty show, and has been since November; but in spring the green leaves will be hardly visible for the variously clouded colouring with which they are overtopped. In that sunny corner you will find violets in flower, though foliage only is to be seen; the single blue Russian, and the double pink. The patches of pulmonaria, with leaves of mottled green, and flowers changing from pink to blue, are not to be despised; and here is a charming little rarity now coming on, the double pilewort (*Ranunculus ficaria*); it has the usual gold-lacquered petals, with a centre like that of the double anemone. But there are two sorts of double anemones; those like the double pilewort, in which the stamens and pistils are converted into minute petals, and which belong to the *spring* garden—and the Kilkenny anemones, in which the number of true petals is multiplied, the parts of fructification remaining the same. These are a great help to make the winter garden gay. On a mild forenoon the bees will show you how glad they are to find them there. The wood-laurel, the *Pyrus japonica*, and wall-flowers double and single, brown and yellow, are blossoming in abundance. We have accomplished something actual, instead of dreaming about impossibilities. 'Tis done!' cries Thomson; but of the rest of his exclamation not a word can be agreed to—

'dread Winter spreads his latest glooms,
And reigns tremendous o'er the conquer'd year;
How dead the vegetable kingdom lies!

How dumb the tuneful! Horror wide extends
His desolate domain.'

Not so:—nothing more easy than to elicit a smile from the grimmest of the seasons. Both the red-breast and the thrush seem to enjoy the scene, and express their approval in music. The water's edge terminates our walk in this direction. Limited or artificial pieces of water never look brighter and more cheerful than in an open winter. An avenue of standard Portuguese laurels—like those at Trentham, though on a modest scale—conduct us to a flight of stone steps. A glass-door admits us to a conservatory—passage filled on each side with orange-trees, myrtles, cinerarias, Chinese primroses, and so on. Another glass-door is opened, and we are in the house again.

The extreme geographical limit at which horticultural practices have been carried on, is probably marked by Sir Edward Parry's cultivation of mustard and cress, 'sallets good for the scorbutic,' while exploring that most fearful of *cul-de-sacs*, the North-West passage. This was certainly venturing to a high, if not a great latitude in gardening, and deserves to be remembered as one of a thousand instances of the benevolent wisdom habitually exercised by our great sea captains. Parry's ship is the Ultima Thule of kitchen—as well as winter—gardens.

We may therefore be permitted to take a bold flight thence, and alight at once in Iceland. Here we have a country possessing no mere modern civilization, and we may suppose that horticulture has done its utmost, till Mr. Paxton erects a still grander miracle over the region of the Geysers, and that efficient boiler shall serve to grow things unseen before. At present olitory viands are the choicest of luxuries. Even in the middle of summer the inhabitants are exposed to so much snow, frost, and cold, as almost to prevent all cultivation. The vegetarians would have a difficulty in carrying out their dietary here. The Icelanders, at least, are not given to browsing; they are neither long-eared pachyderms nor blatant ruminants. Fish is their staff of life. The main population is ichthyophagous; rye-bread is only brought to the table of the superior class of people. Sir William Hooker says:—

'Many of the houses in the town, as well as (though more rarely) those in the country, have small gardens attached to them, fenced in with high turf walls, and generally kept free from weeds. Cabbages, especially the rutabaga, turnips, and potatoes, with sometimes a few carrots, are attempted, but never arrive at any great degree of perfection. Probably the best garden, both in point of soil and situation, in the town, was that of Mr. Savignac. Here we had, in the month of August, good turnips about the size of

an apple, and potatoes as large as the common Dutch. Radishes and turnip-radishes were very good in July and August. In other gardens, and especially out of the town, vegetation was extremely languid; and even in the month of August, when the cabbages ought to be in their best state, I was in many gardens where a half-crown piece would have covered the whole of the plant, and where potatoes and turnips came to nothing.—*Tour in Iceland*, p. 25.

These difficulties would seem enough to baffle the most expert Fairservice that Dreepdally ever sent out. Yet, in spite of all this, to show the force of imagination, there is extant a native work of renown, entitled, *Georgics of Iceland*!—‘a fine poem,’—attesteth the reporter! As to the realities, Sir William’s account is confirmed by a traveller of 1834:—

‘Radishes and turnip-radishes, mustard and cress, seemed to thrive, and were looking pretty well in the governor’s garden; but he bestowed much care and labour on his little piece of ground, and often took great pleasure in pointing out to me the healthy vigour of three or four plants of the mountain-ash, which (after I forget how many years’ growth) had attained to the height of about four feet, and in the possession of which he prided himself not a little, assuring me that they were in fact the only plants that deserved the name of trees within many miles around Reikiavik. The gardens I am speaking of had apparently abundance of good soil, and were all in a sheltered situation, facing the southwest; and yet, one knows not why, under such favourable circumstances, everything in them appeared to be languishing. I do not recollect that we saw a cabbage-head at all in any part of our future journey; and yet when we were at Reikiavik, the weather in August was comparatively mild (Fahrenheit’s thermometer fluctuating in the daytime from 49° to 63°), and nothing approaching to frost occurred during the short nights. If then there be not some other circumstance adverse to the growth of a far more hardy and vigorous vegetation, I should be disposed to ascribe the want of success to mismanagement.’—*Barrow’s Visit to Iceland*, p. 106.

There is the rub—which we would try to settle one way or another, were we converted to Whiggery and honoured by some comfortable commissionership in the icy regions. A dinner without good vegetables is an imperfect affair; still they do their best to fill the hiatus:—

‘The governor sat at the end of the table, and the Danish Prince on his right hand. The dinner was remarkably well served up, and there was a display of vegetables, poor enough, it must be admitted, but such as is seldom met with at a dinner-table in Reikiavik, and they were all the produce of the governor’s garden.’—*Ibid.*, p. 313.

Therefore there were no side-dishes com-

posed of the native vegetable productions which are occasionally prepared for food, such as angelica and scurvy-grass, besides the two or three kinds of edible Fuci. A taste of the Lichen Islandicus should have been offered to the illustrious and erudite strangers, and also a sample of the *Sol*, the *Fucus palmatus* of Linnæus, which (according to *Hooker*, p. 37) is eaten, ‘either raw, with fish and butter, or boiled down in milk to a thick consistency, as is more common with people of property, who mix with it, if it can be afforded, a little flour of rye.’ The dandelion, too, is among the native plants of the island, and would stop a gap, either as a salad or a spinach: we ourselves have eaten it with relish, in spite of the rebellion of the cook and some Cassandric prediction of her betters.

Contrast this sad instance of gardening under difficulties—heat being the grand desideratum—the ‘watered gardens’ of the East, where everything is unmanageably luxuriant, and coolness is the point of perfection for one’s dream of bliss:—

‘A garden enclosed is my sister, my spouse; a spring shut up, a fountain sealed. Thy plants are an orchard of pomegranates, with pleasant fruits; camphire, with spikenard. Spikenard and saffron; calamus and cinnamon, with all trees of frankincense; myrrh and aloes, with all the chief spices. A fountain of gardens, a well of living waters, and streams from Lebanon.’

We learn from Mr. Kinglake, the most brilliant, and, nevertheless, we suspect, about the most accurate of recent tour-sketchers, that these scenes remain unchanged since the day of the Wise King—

‘This *Holy Damascus*, this *Earthly Paradise* of the prophet, so fair to his eyes that he dared not trust himself to tarry in her blissful shades—she is a city of hidden palaces, of copses, and gardens, and fountains, and bubbling streams. The juice of her life is the gushing and ice-cold torrent that tumbles from the snowy sides of Anti-Lebanon. Close along on the river’s edge, through seven sweet miles of rustling boughs and deepest shade, the city spreads out her whole length: as a man falls flat, face forward on the brook, that he may drink and drink again, so Damascus, thirsting for ever, lies down with her lips to the stream, and clings to its rushing waters.

‘Wild as the nighest woodland of a deserted home in England, but without its sweet sadness, is the sumptuous garden of Damascus. Forest-trees tall and stately enough, if you could see their lofty crests, yet lead a tussling life of it below, with their branches struggling against strong numbers of wild bushes and wilful shrubs. The shade upon the earth is black as night. High, high above your head, and on every side all down to the ground, the thicket is hemmed

in and choked up by the interlacing boughs that droop with the weight of roses, and load the slow air with their damask breath. The rose-trees which I saw were all of the kind we call *damask*; they grow to an immense height and size. There are no other flowers. Here and there, there are patches of ground made clear from the cover, and these are either carelessly planted with some common and useful vegetable, or else are left free to the wayward ways of nature, and bear rank weeds, moist-looking and cool to your eyes, and freshening the sense with their earthy and bitter fragrance. There is a lane opened through the thicket, so broad in some places that you can pass along side by side—in some so narrow (the shrubs are for ever encroaching) that you ought, if you can, to go on the first and hold back the bough of the rose-tree. And through this wilderness there tumbles a loud rushing stream, which is halted at last in the lowest corner of the garden, and then tossed up in a fountain by the side of the simple alcove. This is all. Never for an instant will the people of *Damascus* attempt to separate the idea of bliss from these wild gardens and rushing waters.'—*Eschen*, pp. 392–398.

Our panorama might be endless—beating the American monsters into nothingness; but we must hurry on, still eastward, and will next take a peep at China. We quote from the very interesting little volume of Mr. Fortune, one of the horticultural missionaries already alluded to, and, without doubt, among the most intelligent of his class:—

'The gardens of the mandarins in the city of Ning-po are very pretty; they contain a choice selection of the ornamental trees and shrubs of China, and generally a considerable number of dwarf trees. Many of the latter are really curious examples of the patience and ingenuity of this people. Some are only a few inches high, and yet seem hoary with age. Not only are they trained to represent old trees in miniature, but some are made to resemble the fashionable pagodas of the country, and others different kinds of animals, amongst which the deer seems to be the favourite. Junipers are generally chosen for the latter purpose, as they can be more readily bent into the desired form; the eyes and tongue are added afterwards—and the representation altogether is really good. When I was travelling on the hills of Hong-kong, a few days after my first arrival, I met with a most curious dwarf *Lycopodium*, which I dug up and carried down to Messrs. Dent's garden. *Hai-yah*! said the old comrade, and was in raptures of delight. All the coolies and servants gathered round the basket to admire this curious little plant. I had not seen them evince so much gratification since I showed them the Old Man Cactus (*Cereus senilis*), which I took out from England, and presented to a Chinese nurseryman at Canton. On asking them why they prized the *Lycopodium* so much, they replied, in Canton-English.—*Oh, he too muchia handsome; he grow only a leete and a leete every year; and suppose he be one hundred year ould, he only so high,—hold-*

ing up their hands an inch or two higher than the plant. This little plant is really very pretty, and often naturally takes the very form of a dwarf tree in miniature, which is doubtless the reason of its being such a favourite with the Chinese.'—*Wanderings in China*, p. 94.

The great point of attraction to a long-tailed gardener visiting London would be the tiny stages of dwarf succulents in miniature pots, which look as if intended to be added to the furniture of a doll's house. It is said, that certain wealthy and kind-hearted persons in China buy up the *koo-shoo*, or dwarf trees, for the sake of liberating them, by planting them in the open ground; but that the national benevolence does not prevent the making of human *koo-shoo*, or monstrous dwarfs (of which the small-footed ladies are a commencing sample), to be exhibited for a horribly-earned profit.

The last kind of garden to which we shall allude is also touched upon by Mr. Fortune:—

'A very considerable portion of the land in the vicinity of Shanghai is occupied by the tombs of the dead. In all directions large conical-shaped mounds meet the eye, overgrown with long grass, and, in some instances planted with shrubs and flowers. The flowers are simple in their kind. No expensive camellias, moutans, or other of the finer ornaments of the garden are chosen for this purpose. At Ningpo wild roses soon spread themselves over the grave, and, when their flowers expand in spring, cover it with a pure sheet of white. At Shanghai a pretty bulbous plant, a species of *Lycoris*, covers it in autumn with masses of brilliant purple. When I first discovered the *Anemone japonica*, it was in full flower amongst the graves round the ramparts. It blooms in November, when other flowers have gone by, and is most appropriate to the resting-places of the dead.'—*Ibid.*, p. 330.

With this beautiful custom prevalent amongst themselves, and with the rumour (if it has ever reached them) of the abominations practised in England, the Chinese may well assail us with contemptuous and insulting epithets. If the horrid means of disposing of the dead, which have been detected among the 'outside red-haired Barbarians' in London and elsewhere, had been found in New Zealand before the introduction of Christianity, and we had been innocent of them, we should reproach them with the foul iniquity as a worse stain on the native character than even cannibalism itself. There yet remains plenty of uncultivated space in Great Britain for gardens for the dead. What are three-fourths of the sepulchral decorations that are seen, but faint shadows of paganism? The urn is sheer nonsense among a people who do not burn their dead and have no ashes to preserve. The

genius of the broken column and the extinguished torch is no emblem of hope. Sarcophagi, in all their varieties, are inconsistent with the restitution of earth to earth. There is a beautiful legend—if in these days we may be pardoned for calling anything in this line a mere *legend*—that on the death of the Virgin, the apostles went after a time to remove the body, and, on opening the tomb where it had been laid, found that it was gone; but in its place appeared in full growth a thick cluster of bright and varied flowers. On this hint be it ours to speak. Let us remove the remains of our friends from the possibility of being a nuisance and a pollution. Let no vault, nor catacomb, nor niche, be permitted to pour forth through its chinks what must shock the sensitiveness of the most ardent affection. Let us lay what is left reverently in the earth—and above the spot let us spread a carpet of living bloom.

‘With fairest flowers,
Whilst summer lasts, and I live here, Fidele,
I’ll sweeten thy sad grave: thou shalt not lack
The flower that’s like thy face, pale primrose; nor
The azur’d hare-bell, like thy veins; no, nor
The leaf of eglantine, whom not to slander,
Out sweeten’d not thy breath.’

Give us, we say, whenever the appointed hour arrives, no other monument than a parterre six feet by two; not hung about with trumpet-dyed wreaths of *éternelles* and fragile amaranths, but planted with humble, homely, low-growing favourites—the aconite and the snow-drop, to mark a resurrection from the death of winter—the violet and the lily of the valley, to join cheerfully in the sweetness of spring—the rose to sympathise with the beauty of summer—and the Japan anemone and the chrysanthemum, to carry a smile into the failing light of autumn. So best may the corruptible body be rendered up to Nature.

The example has been set here and there—and with beautiful success. The precincts of the house of prayer being affectionately adorned and decorously respected, the house itself has been further removed from profanation—has been guarded by the smiling sadness and decent quiet of the little region around it. Let us be thankful—and hope that the good course is to be largely pursued.

ART. II.—1. *The History of the Reformation in Scotland by John Knox.* Edited by David Laing. 2 vols. 8vo. Edinburgh, printed for the Wodrow Society, 1848.

2. *Origines Parochiales Scotiae; the Antiquities, Ecclesiastical and Territorial, of the Parishes of Scotland.* Edited by
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Cosmo Innes, Esq. Printed for the Bannatyne Club. Vol. I., 4to. Edinburgh, 1851.

3. *Inquiry into the Law and Practice in Scottish Peerages; with an Exposition of our Genuine Original Consistorial Law.* By John Riddell, Esq. 2 vols. 8vo. Edinburgh, 1842.

THE Wodrow Society, now deceased, deserved well of Scotland by its editions of Knox and Calderwood. Calderwood might be said to be a new work; but a correct and critical edition of Knox's History was scarcely less a desideratum. The first—printed at London by Vautrollier in 1586-7—was so full of blunders that its suppression by Whitgift is scarcely to be regretted so much as that a few copies got into circulation.* The next (London, 1644), though superintended by David Buchanan, a Scotchman, and an industrious scholar, is still worse; for it abounds in wanton alterations and even additions. As Vautrollier's had offended Elizabeth's High-Church Archbishop, Buchanan's excited the jealousy of the Puritans. It was *their* tampering with it that moved the indignation of Milton:—

‘If the work of any deceased author, though never so famous in his lifetime and even to this day, come to their hands for license to be printed or reprinted; if there be found in his book one sentence of a venturous edge, uttered in the height of zeal—and who knows whether it may not be the dictate of a divine spirit?—yet not suiting with every low decrepit humour of their own; though it were Knox himself, the reformer of a kingdom, that spake it—they will not pardon him their dash. The sense of that great man shall to all posterity be lost, for the fearfulness or the presumptuous rashness of a perfunctory licenser.’—*Areopagitica*.

Such a manipulator as David Buchanan was, however, more dangerous even than a ‘perfunctory licenser.’ A new edition was therefore wanted, not only to furnish accurate readings, and the apparatus of illustration which modern luxury and indolence require, but to restore omissions, cut out interpolations, and place the whole on a firm footing of authority. Mr. Laing has spared no pains upon his task. The first four books may now be perused as John Knox wrote them between the years 1559 and 1566; and the fifth is reduced to its proper grade of authority as a posthumous concoction out of his materials. The reader

* Some of Vautrollier's readings are amusing. For ‘William Guthrie,’ he has ‘within gathered’ (p. 233.) One of the Lollards of Kyle, ‘Adam Reid of Barskimming,’ he transmutes into ‘Adam reade of blaspheming.’ The conspirators of St. Andrews threw the keys into the ‘fowsie’ i.e. fossé, the castle ditch. Vautrollier substitutes *the foule sea*, &c. &c.

is saved all the trouble of referring to contemporary documents by plentiful notes, which he will not criticise severely for occasional overminuteness. Much as Mr. Laing has done, however, he is entitled to still more credit for what he has refrained from doing. With sufficient zeal for his subject, with all its learning, and with an author provocative of opposition in every line, he has not turned aside to meet the hostile multitude nor disfigured his margins with controversy.

Mr. Laing assures us that Knox was 'of all persons the best qualified to undertake the History of the Reformation in Scotland, not only from his access to the various sources of information, and his singular power and skill in narrating events and delineating characters, but also from the circumstance that he himself had no unimportant share in most of the transactions of those times.' (p. xxv.) But in this no doubt sincere opinion we cannot quite concur. Access to information on one side of affairs, Knox undoubtedly had, and he was no mean master of narrative; but in all the highest qualifications of a historian he was utterly wanting. His was not the calm philosophic nature to balance counsels, to admit faults in his own party or merits in the other. The vehemence of his abuse, his hearty calling of names, destroys all trust in his fairness. It was not even an object with him to assume the virtue. Again, he did not know, or he despised, the tricks of composition. His book is inconsecutive, almost fragmentary—altogether without method. He says himself that he was regardless of times and seasons—meaning that he was not studious to state events in their right order; but he was also very indifferent as to the correctness of his quotations, and this even in the case of documents which he professed to give in full. Such ascertained licences must greatly lessen the reader's general confidence:—we are haunted by suspicion even amidst his often highly animated sketches of men and of transactions. It is not as a history, in short, that the book is valuable. It is as the outpouring of the mind of one who was a chief mover and main actor in the greatest of the revolutions that a nation can undergo. It is not every great man that is born to act history and to write it. The very qualities that fitted Knox for his mission, disqualified him for setting forth to posterity the events he directed.

We cannot wonder at the ferocity of Roman Catholics against him: he earned it well at their hands; but we have always thought the vulgar censure of his violence by Protestants, ignorant and unjust. We lament as much as most the destruction of venerable churches, and the total annihilation of that goodly fabric of a hierarchy, to our mind the most legitimate

as well as the most seemly dress that our common Christianity can wear; but we cannot place these mischiefs in comparison with the benefit which the Great Change conferred on Scotland; and if the circumstances of the country make it probable that the only alternative was a total demolition or entire restoration, down go the pride of St. Andrews and the beauty of Melrose—let not only Prior and Abbot but even Dean and Bishop perish—rather than society stand there as it stood before the Reformation.

Knox and his coadjutors were no destroyers of churches, as we have endeavoured to show in a former number.* With paramount objects in view—compelled to speak to the passions, and in the frenzy of a strife more deadly than war—we must not marvel that they could not always restrain what Knox himself calls 'the rascal multitude' from the work of pillage and demolition. But we should be honest. The real enemies of ancient buildings in Scotland—whether pre-Christian relic, church, or castle—from Arthur's Oven to Kinloss and Kildrummy—have been the successive lairds of later 'improving' times. To make a 'dike' or fill a drain, or at best to erect a staring abomination of a new mansion-house, the grey ancestral tower was triumphantly blown down with gunpowder. The mean barn built as a Kirk by the 'heritors' was supplied with its lintels and cornerstones from the mouldings of the little chapel where their forefathers worshipped. It is but fifty years since an Edinburgh architect employed to repair the nave of the cathedral at Brechin, still used as a parish church, begged earnestly for leave to remove 'that useless old tower' which darkened a window. Reader! it is the Round Tower of Brechin, of mysterious antiquity—the connecting link of Irish and Scotch history! We believe Scotland was indebted to Lord Panmure and the late eccentric Laird of Skene for averting that disgrace.

There was no dandling into life of the Scotch Reformation, no basking in the sunshine of princely favour. The speculative tenets condemned by the Reformers were calculated to be popular, appealing to the feelings and imagination. They were upheld by an ancient hierarchy which still numbered among its servants men of sound theological learning, armed with all the weapons of the schools. Above all, they had the support of a Court which dressed by that of France, and was not indisposed to have used the argument of Charles IX. with the heretics. Against such a defensive array mere demonstration of the doctrinal errors of Romanism would have been ineffectual—in fact, unheard. But every

* See Q. R., vol. LXXXV.

man listened when the new preachers denounced the lazy friars of the next convent, the vices of the proud sensual prelates, the whole body of the clergy living in open violation of the vows of their order. Burgher and yeoman pricked up their ears when they were told—'These are the men who revel on the tithes, the produce of your toil, who make rich out of your forced purchase of indulgences and dispensations, who tax your marriages, your christenings, all the rites you consider needful for salvation; suck you like leeches while in health, and beset your deathbeds to extort donations; who strip orphans and widows bare, rather than the Church should go without their burial dues; who live a life of riot and luxury; who debauch your wives, and take your daughters for concubines!' Those were the topics that effectively stirred the popular mind. Knox himself continually mixes and confounds the doctrines of the Church and the practice of the churchmen. Describing the effect of Patrick Hamilton's martyrdom, he says,—

'And so within short space many began to call in doubt that which before they held for a certain verity; insomuch that the University of St. Andrews and St. Leonard's College, principally by the labours of Mr. Gawin Logy, and the novices of the Abbey by the superior (Wynrame), began to smell somewhat of the verity and to espy the vanity of the received superstitions. Yea, within few years after, began both black and grey friars publicly to preach against the pride and idle life of bishops, and against the abuses of the whole ecclesiastical estate.'—Knox, p. 36.

On the other hand, we find some of the first agitators of Reform by no means prepared to overturn the ancient faith. One of the keenest preachers against the clerical irregularities was Friar William Airth, a bold man, after Knox's own heart, who dwells with much delight upon his sermons, and, lamenting that he remained a papist, observes, 'But so it pleased God to open up the mouth of Balaam's own ass, to cry out against the vicious lives of the clergy of that age.' Airth was preaching at St. Andrew's before all the doctor's and masters of the University. The 'theme' of his sermon was—'Veritie is the strongest of all things.' His discourse was of 'cursing'—the dread excommunication of the Church—

'how, if it was rightly used, it was the most fearful thing upon the face of the earth, for it was the very separation of man from God. But now,' said he, 'the avarice of priests and the ignorance of their office has caused it altogether to be vilipended. For the priest, whose duty and office it is to pray for the people, stands up on Sunday, and cries,—"One has lost a spurtill [a porridge-stick]; there is a flail stolen from

beyond the burne; the goodwife has lost a horn-spoon. God's malison and mine I give to them that knows of this gear and restores it not!"'

To show how the people mocked their cursings, he told a 'merry tale' of some gossips over their Sunday drink, who asked in jest, 'What servant will serve a man best on least expenses?' and solved the riddle thus:—'Know ye not how the bishops and their officials serve us husbandmen? Will not they give us a letter of cursing for a plack, to last for a year, to curse all that look over our dyke? and that keeps our corn better nor the sleeping boy that will have *three shillings of fee, a shirt, and a pair of shoon in the year.*' Again, the friar—having, as Knox reports, 'declared what diligence the ancients took to try true miracles from false'—proceeds thus:—

'Now the greediness of priests not only receives false miracles, but also they cherish and fee knaves for that purpose, that their chapels may be the better renowned, and their offerings may be augmented. And thereupon are many chapels founded; as that Our Lady were mightier and that she took more pleasure in one place than another; as of late Our Lady of Carsegrange has hopped from one green hillock to another. But, honest men of Saint Andrews! if ye love your wives and your daughters, hold them at home, or else send them in honest company: for if ye knew what miracles were shown there, ye would neither thank God nor our Lady!'

'Thus' (adds Knox) 'he merrily taunted their trysts of whoredom and adultery. Another 'bourd' in a sermon on the Abbot of Unreason could not be transferred to any modern page. 'But here follows,' says Knox, 'the most merry of all.' During the imprisonment of Sandie Furrour, Sir John Dingwall, 'according to the charity of churchmen, entertained his wife. For the which cause, at his returning, he spake more liberally of priests than they could bear, and so was he denounced to be accused of heresy and called to his answer to St. Andrews.' The man 'understood nothing of religion,' and met the charges against him with an onslaught on his judges. The first article was that he despised the Mass. His answer, 'I hear mo masses in eight days than three bishops there sitting say in a year.' Accused, secondly, of contempt of Sacraments: 'The priests,' quoth he, 'are the most common contemnors of Sacraments, and especially of matrimony;' and 'that he witnessed by any of the priests there present, and named the men's wives with whom they had meddled'—but especially Dingwall, who had seven years together abused his own wife and consumed his substance; adding,

'For God's sake, will ye take wives of your own, that I and others whose wives ye have abused may be revenged upon you?' Then the 'old Bishop of Aberdeen, thinking to justify himself before the people, said—*Carl, thou shalt not know my wife.* Alexander answered—*My lord, ye are too old; but with the grace of God I will drink with your daughter ere I depart.* And thereat was smiling of the best, and loud laughter of some; for the Bishop had a daughter married with Andrew Balfour in that same town.' (pp. 36—44).

As we may not have another opportunity, let us here give a fair specimen of Knox's narrative, which, partly from the uncouth spelling—for the language is almost English—is not known in England so much as it deserves. We could not select a more characteristic passage than the picture of the tumult at Edinburgh on St. Giles's day 1558:—

'Yet would not the priests and friars cease to have that great solemnity and manifest abomination which they accustomedly had upon Saint Giles's day;—to wit, they would have that idol borne, and therefore was all preparation necessary duly made. A marmoset idol was borrowed from the Gray friars (a silver piece of James Carmichael was laid in pledge). It was fixed with iron nails upon a barrow called their *ferfour*. There assembled priests, friars, canons, and rotten papists with tabours and trumpets, banners and bagpipes; and who was there to lead the ring but the Queen regent herself with all her shavelings for honour of that feast? West about goes it, and comes down the High-street and down to the Canon-cross. The Queen Regent died that day in Sandie Carpetyne's house, betwixt the Bows, and so, when the idol returned back again, she left it and passed into her dinner. The hearts of the Brethren were wondrously inflamed, and seeing such abomination so maintained, were decreed to be revenged. They were divided into several companies, whereof not one knew of another. There were some temporisers that day, who fearing the chance to be done as it fell, laboured to stay the Brethren. But that could not be; for immediately after that the Queen was entered in the lodging, some of those that were of the enterprise drew nigh to the idol, as willing to help to bear him; and, getting the *ferfour* upon their shoulders, began to shudder, thinking that thereby the idol should have fallen. But that was provided and prevented by the iron rails, as we have said; and so began one to cry, *Down with the idol! down with it!* and so without delay it was pulled down. Some brag made the Priests patrons at the first, but when they saw the feebleness of their God—for one took him by the heels, and dashing his head to the causeway, left Dagon without head or hands, and said, "Fie upon thee, thou young Saint Giles, thy father would have tarried four such!"—this considered, we say, the Priests and Friars fled faster than they did at Pinkie Cleuch.

There might have been seen so sudden a fray as seldom has been seen among that sort of men within this realm; for down goes the cross; off goes the surplice; round caps corner with the crowns. The Grey friars gaped; the Black friars blew; the Priests panted; for such a sudden fray came never among the generation of Antichrist within this realm before. By chance there lay upon a stair a merry Englishman, and seeing the discomfiture to be without blood, thought he would add some merriness to the matter, and so cried he over a stair, "Fy upon you, whoresons, why have you broken order? Down the street ye passed in array and with great mirth. Why flee ye, villains, now, without order? Turn and strike every one a stroke for the honour of his God! Fy, cowards, fy! ye shall never be judged worthy of your wages again!" But exhortations were then unprofitable, for after that Bel had broken his neck there was no comfort to his confused army.

'The Queen regent laid up this amongst her other mementos, till that she might have seen the time proper to have revenged it. Search was made for the doers, but none could be apprehended; for the Brethren assembled themselves in such sort, in companies, singing psalms and praising God, that the proudest of the enemies were astonished.'—p. 259.

Many excellent persons, with a high estimate of the importance of an Episcopal Church, and proportional regret for the result of the Scotch Reformation, are ready to abandon the whole body of regular clergy as indefensible. They give up monk and friar, and would entrench themselves for the defence of the 'working parsons'—the secular parochial clergy with its due gradations up to the mitred successors of the Apostles. But they do not see how the matter stood. The religious houses had swallowed up the parish livings. In the course of four centuries the monks had engrossed not only the patronage of almost all the churches—they were not only legally the rectors of them, but they monopolised the vicarage dues in most cases also; and the duties, such as they were, were discharged by an outlying brother of the dominant convent, or by a poor vicar pensioner ground down to the lowest amount of maintenance and a station quite degraded. By this it came to pass that the body of rural clergy was in whole districts non-existing, in the rest inefficient and contemptible.*

* On this subject the reader will find very copious details in the *Origines Parochiales Scotiæ*—a work named in our present list, but which we hope to review in detail when completed. We cannot adopt some of the editor's genealogical views—but, apart from them, the unwearied industry of his research and clear arrangement of its often novel fruits well justify the late Lord Jeffrey's patronage—for the cost of the printing, &c., was that veteran critic's last contribution to the Bannatyne Club. We are glad that they have allowed extra copies to be struck

How the dignitaries and heads of the seculars filled their high station it may still be not impossible to ascertain. Any candid inquirer will of course discard mere assertions and stories, except where real evidence from some unsuspected quarter corroborates or fills them up.

Some time before the breaking out of the storm several eminent churchmen were labouring for the improvement of the lives and learning of the body. They did not see the full extent of the evil, nor suspect with what a speedy and complete retribution it was to be visited; but in their own spheres a few, both regular and secular, were anxious to raise the standard and to remove the scandal. Foremost among these were Robert Reid, Bishop of Orkney and Abbot of two northern monasteries, known as the founder of libraries, the introducer of foreign schoolmasters and gardeners, the restorer of the buildings as well as of the discipline of the cloister—and Alexander Myln, Abbot of Cambuskenneth, and first President of the College of Justice instituted by James V., in imitation of the law courts of France—a rare union of the man of business and man of letters, the lawyer and reformer of learning. These and some others perceived the importance of providing better arms for resisting the new doctrines of England and Germany, and they devoted their revenues and exerted their influence for the restoration of letters. But the morals of the great ecclesiastics were beyond their reach and aim. An attempt at reformation there would have stirred up an opposition too formidable for so small a minority to cope with.

The writings of some whom they employed in the work of education give us a very pleasing impression of these reforming Churchmen, and, at the same time, carry more conviction than all the exaggerations of their enemies, of the absolute decay of instruction among the lower clergy—*literarum studium oblitteratum penitus* (Richardini exegesis, Paris, 1530).

One of the chief and most successful of the opponents of Knox was Ninian Wingate, a priest and schoolmaster of Linlithgow, whose main occupation may account for what seems stilted in his style—not objected to, however, in his own time. In his Tractate addressed to the Queen, Pastors, and Nobility (Edin. 1562)—to quote one passage out of many—he thus handles the churchmen:—

‘Your dumb doctrine in exalting ceremonies only, keeping in silence the true word of God necessary to all men’s salvation, and not resisting manifest errors to the world, is known. What

off *pro bono publico*, and would fain see the example followed by all clubs of this sort whenever they are fortunate enough to produce volumes of solid worth.

part of the true religion by your slothful dominion and princely estate is not corrupted or obscured? Have not many, through lack of teaching, in mad ignorance misknown the duty which we all owe to our Lord God, and as in their perfect belief have sorely stammered? Were not the sacraments of Christ Jesus profaned by ignorants and wicked persons, neither able to persuade to godliness by learning nor by living? Of the which number we confess the most part of us of the ecclesiastical estate have been, in our ignorant and inexpert youth, unworthily by you admitted to the ministration thereof. Were ye commanded in vain of God by the mouths of his prophets and apostles to watch attently and continually upon your flock and know diligently the same by face? Or gave the princes of the earth yearly rents (as the disciples in the beginning sold their lands and gave the prices thereof unto the apostles) to the end that every one of you might spend the same upon his dame Dalila and bastard brows? And albeit it chance oft to the infirmity of man that he fall asleep when he should most awake, and be given to pastime when he should most diligently labour—but yet, oh merciful God! what deadly sleep is this that has oppressed you, that in so great uproar, tumult, and terrible clamour, ye wake not forth of your dream? Awake! awake! we say, and put to your hand stoutly to save Peter’s ship.’—Ed. 1835, pp. 5-7.

Since we have introduced Wingate to our readers, we will give also an extract from his address ‘to the Calvinian preachers:’—

‘Ye misknow not the Monastic Life to have stood specially in the renouncing of the world, and pleasures of the body, not only from unlesum [unlawful] whoredom, but from marriage sometime to them lesum, to the intent that they might thereby more easily wait on prayer and godly study; not refusing honest corporal exercise, by example of Saint Paul, to sustentation of their bodies. Yet—notwithstanding in our days the same was abused among many in idleness and wealthy life, and cloaked with glistening ceremonies of garments and such like, more than in true religion—why have ye shorn away in this matter the wheat together with the vetches? Why have ye knocked down the monasteries, and principal policy of this realm, and counselled the rent thereof unjustly to be appropriated to others? O the which monasteries every one by a godly reformation, besides a company to wait on prayer, might have been a college of godly learning, to the support of poor students.’—*Ib.*, p. 110.

George Cone, one of the accomplished scholars from Scotland poured forth from her unendowed colleges to seek fortune and fame on the Continent in the beginning of the seventeenth century—he also a zealous adherent of the old faith—writes in nearly the same strain:—

‘Vulgus autem natura pigrum et iners, nec celestibus rebus idoneum, ut gravem aliis serendi

et metendi necessitatem fugeret, nusquam securius quam in monasteriorum claustris asylum conspiciens, eò tanquam in montem sacrum secedebat. Quamprimum vero ex illa hominum facie quiescam literarum levem aliquam notitiam sibi parasset, hujus aut illius e proceribus adjutus patrocinio, nil minus quam quid sacro-sancti muneris esset cogitabat; sed ventrum replere, æymata dilatare, et sublimiora occupare subcellia. His omnibus accedebat libido impotens, sacra-tioris vitæ morumque lues teterrima. In multorum sacerdotum seditibus acortum publicum; pernoctabant in tabernis viri Deo dicati: nec a sacrilego quorundam luxu tutus erat matronarum honos aut virginalis pudor. Quid plura? Celebris illa populi erga religiosos veneratio in ludibrium conversa: pro mendicantibus manducantes dicti fratres. Et si quæ nova ad irrisiorem vocabula ab otiosis agyrtis excogitari poterant, monasticæ disciplinæ sectatoribus, modo diceriorum sæle et aceto adpersa, nihil fuit pensi, aptabantur.'—*Conæus de duplici statu Religionis. Romæ, 1628, p. 90.*

But we know from even better authority than the contemporary champion of the old faith against the spreading innovations, or the Scotch Romanist of the next generation, what was the state of the secular clergy immediately before the Reformation. The Bishops themselves, at the time when the new doctrines were agitating the minds of men, were almost without exception living in open violation of their ordination vows; and the most cultivated, the most amiable among them, were in this respect not a whit purer than the others.

To their secular accomplishments Sir Ralph Sadler, a shrewd observer, writing in the end of James V.'s reign, bears witness:—

'I see none among the lay nobles that hath any agility of wit, gravity, learning, or experience to take in hand the direction of things: so that the King, as far as I can perceive, is of force driven to use the Bishops and his clergy as his only ministers. They be the men of wit and polity that I see here.'—*Negotiations in Scotland, p. 61.*

It was not for such men 'of wit and polity' that vows of temperance and chastity were to be enforced. They were only too free—

'They have great prerogatives,
And may part aye with their wives
Without divorce or summoning,
Then take another without wedding.'

Such of them as were contented with one woman were esteemed virtuous; nay, ladies of good condition thought it no shame to live as their avowed concubines, and found the sympathy of society not averse to such a departure from the celibacy which the Church pretended to enforce. These things are brought more home to us in the domestic history of a

narrow kingdom:—but the condition of the clergy was not materially different in other countries of Christendom, before the Reformation had produced a change of morals far beyond the widest spread of its doctrines.

The head of the Scotch hierarchy at its most eventful period was David Beaton, Archbishop of St. Andrews, Apostolic Legate and Cardinal—the impersonation of the faults and virtues of his age and order. Of a good gentleman's family, nephew to the reigning Archbishop, he was educated carefully at Paris, where he continued for ten years, attracted the notice and gained the confidence of the Regent Albany, and returned only to fill the highest offices of diplomacy and state. His success in life, his favour at the French court, his paramount influence over successive rulers of his own country, prove his ability better than the encomiums of Archibald Hay, the Principal of his newly endowed college at St. Andrews, whose warning however is remarkable, that the morals of all the churchmen of the kingdom depend upon him—*Ecclesiasticorum omnium in regno Scotiæ mores a te pendent, ut si quid peccent rationem reddas Christo cujus vicem geris in eâ regione.* Beaton was the Wolsey of Scotland. If he dilapidated his benefices to enrich his family, he was also a patron of letters and learned men. He was zealous for the church, and as unscrupulous in the use of means as all the other leading men of that age on both sides of the religious struggle. Undoubtedly, if he had lived, the Reformers would have had a still harder fight for the victory. He was the leader of society and acceptable everywhere. The irregularities of his life were not censured until the shout of the Reformation was heard to call to account 'the dumb dogs of Bishops.' Men looked upon him as the able statesman, the lord of princely revenues, the most powerful person in the kingdom—as anything but the mere ecclesiastic and man of God. The popular indignation against the judge and executioner of Borthwick and Wishart has overborne the sympathy that must have otherwise attended the murder of the Cardinal. He lives in Scotch story as 'the bloody beast,' the profligate sensualist, that Knox has painted him. A recent writer, Mr. Lyon, tells us, 'as to Beaton's mistresses, the number would appear to be immense, if he could trust the peasantry of Forfarshire, who point out half the towers in their county as having been the residences of these ladies.*' This very chari-

* History of St. Andrews, Edin., 1843. Mr. Lyon is a clergyman of the Episcopal Church in Scotland, which he loves well, if not wisely. While he endeavours to palliate the flagrant immorality of the prelates of the time of the Reformation, the real destroyers of the Church, he takes up Spelman's old

table Protestant proceeds to treat the Cardinal's breach of chastity as, at worst, a matter of doubt; and another, bolder still, affirms specifically that 'he was a widower previous to his entering into holy orders.' There is, however, no foundation for the assertion that he was ever married. He lived with a concubine, the daughter of an old baronial house, during the greater part of his life; and she survived him for thirty years. The offspring of that connection were numerous; some of the sons were dignified churchmen—others laymen, who founded families in Fife and Angus. Three of these gentlemen had letters of legitimation under the Great Seal on the 4th November, 1539. For not less than four of their sisters, all taking their father's name, and all in recorded documents setting forth his style and rank as honourable to them, large dowers found matches among the best of the Scotch nobility and gentry. A capital picture of Beaton, unknown to Pinkerton, formerly in the Scots college at Rome, now hangs on the walls of the Roman Catholic College at Blairs in Aberdeenshire. It is in his doctor's bonnet—painted probably before he obtained the cardinal's hat; but the brown hair is slightly silvered, and the whole aspect bespeaks a man past his youth. His broad brow and dark eye, clear northern complexion, and high features, make up on the whole a remarkably handsome face, with an undeniable air of nobility and command, but not without a dash of sensuality.

The chair of the murdered cardinal was filled by John Hamilton, natural son of the first Earl of Arran. Mr. Lang says, his catechism, printed at St. Andrews in 1552, 'exhibits a solitary effort on the part of the Roman Catholic clergy to convey spiritual instruction, and is most creditable to his memory,' p. 124. This Archbishop lived openly with the wife or widow of his kinsman, Hamilton of Stenhouse. That lady, known as 'Lady Stenhouse,' or 'Lady Gilstown,' affected no concealment. Among the goods and chattels inventoried in her testament, confirmed at Edinburgh in 1575, are specified *three grants of legitimation* in favour of as many bastard children by his Grace.

Contemporary with Beaton, and assisting in his efforts to put down the new doctrines, was William Chisholm, Bishop of Dumblane from 1527 till 1564. Knox styles him 'the incestuous Bishop of Dumblane,' p. 63. We know

from a more unprejudiced authority that, 'being a great adversary to the new Reformation, he alienated the episcopal patrimony of this church to a very singular degree, most of which he gave to his nephew, Sir James Chisholm of Cromlix. He likewise gave great portions to James Chisholm of Glassengall, his own natural son, and to his two natural daughters, one of whom was married to Sir James Stirling of Keir, and the other to John Buchanan of that ilk.'—*Bishop Keith's Catalogue of Scotch Bishops*.

Robert Stuart was elected Bishop of Caithness in 1542. He was brother of the Earl of Lennox, Darnley's uncle, and eventually Earl of Lennox himself; and had the bishopric and other church preferment merely as convenient provision for his maintenance. It is doubtful if he ever received ordination; but he did not scruple to concur in consecrating a bishop. He had in early life a natural daughter—married to Robert Auldjo; and after the Reformation he took to wife the profligate and impudent Elizabeth Stewart, the daughter of the Earl of Atholl, who divorced him on the plea of impotency, that she might marry her paramour, Arran, the King's minion.

In those times of brooding revolution the bishopric of Ross was held successively by several men of eminent qualities. David Panter, consecrated in 1546, 'a person,' says Bishop Keith, 'of most polite education and excellent parts,' was one of a family of statesmen and scholars. Knox admits 'the public report of his learning, his honest life, and his fervency and uprightness in religion' (p. 194), though at a later period, when he finds him in the ranks of his opponents, he calls him 'that belly-god,' and says 'he departed eating and drinking, which, together with the rest that thereupon depends, was the pastime of his life.' P. 262. Sir James Balfour styles him a 'notable adulterer,' and Mr. Riddell, in his 'Remarks upon the Peerage Law of Scotland,' unfortunately supports the testimony of Balfour, and further connects the bishop with one of the strangest and darkest stories to be found even in Scotch family history. Buchanan gives the first act of the tragedy. William, the third Lord Chrichtoun, in revenge, it is said, for the debauching of his wife by James III., devoted himself to captivate the King's youngest sister, Margaret, a princess of great beauty, with the temperament of her family, *et consuetudine fratris infamem*. He succeeded in his purpose, and the fruit of that amour was Margaret Chrichtoun, a lady who inherited the passions and misfortunes of her lineage. She was wedded successively to two citizen burghesses of Edinburgh, and thirdly to George Earl of Rothes, by whom she had a large family. She had lovers besides, and among

position, and thinks he has proved that the special vengeance of Heaven lighted on all who were partakers of her spoil, and that it was shown in the violent death of each individual or 'the failure of his male issue.' This last theory, at all events, is a mere dream. Look either to the English or the Scotch Peerage book at the present hour.

them Patrick Panter, Abbot of Cambuskenneth, Secretary of State, the first scholar and diplomatist of his age. It was the brave fashion then in Scotland to give children the name of their real or supposed father, not of him *quem nuptiæ demonstrant*, and, of the offspring of this intercourse between the Royal Countess and the accomplished Abbot, one was David Panter, afterwards Bishop of Ross. He was carefully educated and launched into the world by the Abbot, whom he succeeded in his office of Secretary as well as in his power of wielding that useful diplomatic Latin which the learned Ruddimann so much esteemed. It would have been strange if, come of such a race, he had proved a model of continence. But we may surmise that a MS. authority, quoted by Mr. Riddell, errs in a generation, when it asserts that 'Margaret Chrichtoun was divorced by George Earl of Rothes, because when he is ambassador she had a bairn to Panter Bishop of Ross.' (*Remarks*, p. 183.) Of the divorce itself there is no doubt; but the paramour, it must be hoped, was her old lover the Abbott of Cambuskenneth, whom the chronicler confounds with their son:—Another Bishop of Ross, after a very short interval, was the well-known John Leslie, the faithful servant of Queen Mary and the elegant historian of his country, a person so admirable in all other respects that his breach of his ordination-vows shows both the sad effects of the example of a whole society and the danger of making a law so hard upon human nature that the sympathies of mankind are in favour of breaking it.

Patrick Hepburn became Bishop of Moray in 1535. This was the 'Prelate or prelates' peer,' of whom, while Prior of St. Andrews, Knox relates the 'merry bourd' which we have not ventured to reproduce. He was the son of an Earl of Bothwell before that name had become hateful to Scotland. He held the office of Secretary for some years, and rich benefices in the church. But he is chiefly known as the Bishop who retired to his northern castle-palace of Spynie, and set the Reformation at defiance—in this more honest than most of his contemporaries, who complied with the change of religion that they might continue to hold their benefices and legalize the children of their concubinage. He lived long enough to dilapidate his great Bishopric and to provide for a very large family, whose several legitimations stand on record.

The last of the ante-reformation bishops of Argyll was Robert Montgomery, a son of the first Earl of Eglintoun. He was promoted to the see in 1531, and on the 9th of July, 1543, letters of legitimation under the privy seal were granted in favour of Michael, Robert, and Hugh Montgomerie, 'bastard sons of the

reverend father in Christ Robert Bishop of Argyll."

The Bishop of Galloway of those times was a person of greater notoriety—namely, Alexander Gordon, brother of the fat Earl of Huntley who was smothered in his armour at the field of Corrichie. He was early thrust into several good benefices, and held by turns the Abbacies of Icolmkill, Inchaffray, and Glenluce, the Bishoprics of Caithness and of the Isles, and the Archbishopric of Glasgow. These successively slipped from him, and he was at length content to take the see of Galloway with the airy dignity of Archbishop of Athens. However otherwise unepiscopal, he was not one of Knox's dumb dogs. Calderwood has preserved a sermon preached by him in the High Church of Edinburgh in 1571. He was to admonish the citizens to put up prayers for Queen Mary. Hear the Bishop:—

'She is a lawful magistrate, seeing her father was a lawful king, and her mother likewise an honorable princess, and she born in lawful bed. This for the proof of my argument that she ought to be prayed for. And further, all sinners ought to be prayed for. If we should not pray for sinners, for whom should we pray—seeing that God came not to call the righteous, but sinners to repentance? St. David was a sinner, and so is she; St. David was an adulterer and so is she. St. David committed murder in slaying Uriah for his wife, and so did she. But what is this to the matter? * * * Is not my Lord of Morton on their side? Is not my Lord of Argyll on our side? Nay! brethren, nay! for I confess myself, yea, this foul carcass of mine, to be most vile carrion and altogether given to the lusts of the flesh; yea, I am not ashamed to say the greatest trumper in all Europe, until such time as it pleased God to call upon me and make me one of his chosen vessels upon whom he has poured the spirit of his Evangel; and as candles when lighted are set upon high places, so shall I shew the gifts God hath given me among you.'

This frank prelate was Queen's man or King's man as each party was in power; he joined the Reformation that he might marry Barbara Logie, his mistress, and make his children by her legitimate; but loved the benefices of the old church well enough to transmit them to his sons, two of whom, one after the other, held his bishopric of Galloway, and two others successively got possession of his secularised abbacy of Glenluce.

Of the Bishops of Dunkeld, Gawin Douglas, the high-born scholar and poet, having lived according to what might then be called the licence of his order, died in 1522. George Crichtoun succeeded him, 'a man,' says Archbishop Spottiswoode, 'nobly disposed, and a great housekeeper, but in matters of his calling not very skilled.' It was he who said to

one of his vicars, whom he was persuading to leave his reforming opinions, that 'he thanked God he knew neither the Old nor the New Testament, and yet had prospered well enough all his days.'

The labours of the Spalding Club have made ecclesiastical students well acquainted with the successive prelates in the see of Aberdeen. During the half-century preceding the Reformation it was held by some of the most remarkable men whom Scotland has produced. Bishop William Elphinston was a Churchman after the antique model. He was a lawyer, a statesman, and a courtier of the highest influence and power, yet never sacrificed his diocesan duties to secular cares, nor allowed the fashion of the court to secularise his life and habits. 'With manners and temperance in his own person befitting the primitive ages of Christianity, he threw around his cathedral and palace the taste and splendour that may adorn religion. He found time, amidst the cares of state and the pressure of official duties, to preserve the Christian antiquities of his diocese, and to collect the memories of those old servants of the truth who had run a course similar to his own, to renovate his cathedral service, and to support and foster all good letters.' The breviary of Aberdeen, compiled as well as printed by him, in 1509, when printing was not a commonplace operation, will serve as an enduring memorial of his worth; and his picture, preserved in the college of which he was the munificent founder, perhaps the oldest portrait in Scotland, fixes in our memory the great prelate and minister of state, as the thoughtful, devout, and even ascetic churchman.

Gawin Dunbar, consecrated as Bishop of Aberdeen in 1519, was a lawyer and politician like Elphinston, and, like him, munificent to his church and diocese. As the builder of the bridge across the Dee, which has already seen the downfall of so many modern toy-bridges, and as the careful executor of Elphinston's undertakings, his memory is still held in respect in the stately old city which owes so much to him. He was a zealous assistant of the Cardinal in suppressing heresy, and no more scrupulous as to the means than was customary in that age. His mixture with the crooked politics of that unprincipled court sufficed to secularize him, and, however we may doubt the testimony of Knox concerning 'the old Bishop of Aberdeen,' the impudent allusion of Furrou to his daughter, Mistress Balfour (*supra*, p. 20), plainly pointed to what must have been a common scandal.

In 1546 William Gordon, a son of the noble family of Huntley, was made Bishop of Aberdeen. Bishop Leslie, who was one of his chapter, describes him as 'a prelate of good

living'—marking that his own standard of good life in a bishop was not lofty. The records of the see, in his time, are full of signs of approaching storm. They show us steps made in two directions. There are a few feeble efforts by churchmen to meet the popular clamour for reforming the lives of the clergy—to furnish instruction and especially preaching to the people—to set their house in order. On the other hand, it was felt that the fabric was tottering, and the Lords of the Church rushed eagerly to scatter some of the booty among their families and kindred, and a part to make friends of 'the Mammon of Unrighteousness.' The Registers of Aberdeen are full of charters and leases, contrived for dilapidating the benefices of the see. A still more notable document of Bishop Gordon's incumbency, however, is a really respectful and affectionate address to him by the Dean and Chapter (dated January 5, 1558) urging—

'*Imprimis*, that my Lord Bishop cause the kirkmen within his diocie to reform themselves in all their slanderous manner of living, and to remove their open concubines, as well great as small. *Secundo*, that his Lordship will be so good as to show edificative example—in special in removing and discharging himself of the company of the gentlewoman by whom he is greatly slandered; without the which be done, diverse that are partners say they cannot accept counsel and correction of him which will not correct himself; &c. &c.—*Reg. Aberd.*, lxi.

It is remarkable that Lindsay, in his *Tragedie of the Cardinall*, where he means to rake up every ground of reproach against Beaton, omits all allusion to breaches of chastity. We cannot doubt the cause. The offence was so common that to dwell upon it would have lowered the tone of horror with which the poet wished to surround his subject. Among other results of the superior education of churchmen, and that citizenship of the world which then belonged to them, it had come to pass that great prelates, directing the business of the state, heading factions, often leading them in the field, appeared to be unfrocked, and ceased to be regarded as ecclesiastics. It was not only, however, nor even chiefly, by this entire secularising and violation of their vows that the clergy alienated their flocks. Through several centuries the exactions of the Church had been steadily increasing. Offerings originally voluntary had been converted into dues of which she compelled payment. Money was exacted at all great festivals; a heavy tax was levied on every event from baptism to burial; even afterwards the heavy hand of the priest was there. If the deceased was wealthy the 'quot of his testament' formed a large deduction from the

succession. If poor, still 'the heriot and the umaist cloth,' i. e. the best animal and the richest garment, were taken from his widow and orphans 'for pious uses.'

But of the innumerable evils of a system which forced the people to regard the Church as an extortionate oppressor, perhaps the greatest was the state of the law of marriage. Persons within eight degrees of consanguinity—in other words, who had had a common great great-grandfather, or great-great-grandmother—might not legally wed. But it was not the relation by birth alone that barred marriage. It was forbidden also to parties within eight degrees of affinity—that is, to those whom marriage, or even an illegitimate intimacy, connected within those degrees. The prohibition was farther extended to all coming within the same degrees of each other through *spiritual relation*, or that created by baptism—which affected not only the wide cousinhoods of the *baptisans* and *baptisatus*—but the connexions arising from the relation of godfather and godmother, as such, in regard to each other. The effects of such a tyranny must have been felt doubly in a country so narrow and so distant as Scotland. The Archbishop of St. Andrews, writing in 1554 for the information of the Pope, stated that such was the cousinship among the Scotch families, it was almost impossible to find a match for one of good birth (*honestæ vel generosæ familie*) that should not come within some of the prohibited degrees. The evil of this, says the Archbishop, is that 'men marry on the promise or hope of a dispensation to be procured afterwards, but, tiring of the connexion, either divorce their wives, or at once put them away under pretext of the want of dispensation, and their inability to afford the expense necessary for procuring one.' It was not to be expected that his Grace should dwell on the real hardship of that expense.

Marriage became in fact a temporary contract, or worse, a bargain from which either party might break at pleasure. It was in theory indissoluble; but when both spouses or either tired of the bond, nothing so easy as to find or make an impediment which proved it null from the beginning. If by an uncommon chance the man and woman were not themselves within the forbidden degrees—cousins not more than eight times removed—it was hard if it could not be shown, by such witnesses as were used in the Consistorial Court, that one of the two had had intercourse lawfully or sinfully, or was connected spiritually, with a person related within those degrees to the other party. If *such* proof was not ready, the fickle party had the recourse of suing for a separation on the ground of misconduct subsequent to marriage. The evidence was of the

vilest description, and those consistorial judges satisfied themselves with 'saving the law,' promulgating old brocards of unquestioned principles, and leaving the parties to put in a show of proof that might warrant their application. In their hands the church courts became the common marts for matrimonial jobs. To them appealed the profligate husband—eager to be free to lure some beauty whom he had found he could not buy except by a wedding ring. By their help the courtier, the Angus or Bothwell, threw aside the obstacle that came in the way of an ambitious alliance. But weary wives were as ready in this line as weary husbands. The monstrous state of the law unsexed women; and ladies of good condition, and living in high society, not only sued divorces against their husbands, but impudently set forth their own guilt and shame as the ground of them.

Mr. Riddell, in a chapter of much curious consistorial learning appended to his latest work on Scotch Peerage Law, has commented in detail upon some of the *causes célèbres* that illustrate the procedure and effects of such suits. This eminent legal antiquary, who knows but too well the secret history of families three centuries ago, says 'nothing can be conceived more loose and depraved than the state of society in Scotland before the Reformation:' but he might safely have added, *and for long afterwards*—for reformation of national manners is no sudden thing, and the mischievous machinery of the courts of the old Officials was freshly revived in the courts of the venerable 'Superintendents' and the more formal judicature of the 'Commissaries.'

The evil pervaded all classes, but the highest ranks are most prominent in the *records* of shame.

The alliance of James IV. with the daughter of Henry VII. seemed made under the happiest auspices, to give peace and union to the two kingdoms; and so at length it came to pass, but not as men devised. Margaret Tudor was married at thirteen. Her progress into Scotland and her reception by the gay and gallant James had more of chivalrous and romantic splendour than usually attends royal spousals. While the King lived, though he was not altogether uxorious, Margaret never attracted scandal. She had borne him three sons (two died infants) and was about again to become a mother when widowed by the fatal field of Flodden. She was then not twenty-four. In less than a year after the King's death—in little more than three months after the birth of their son Alexander—she married Angus, a handsome boy. Margaret was fair and buxom, and might almost have been called beautiful if we did not find from even the rude portraits of that age that her countenance was

devoid of delicacy and feminine expression. She was covetous of power and of money, like her brother and her father, and not without talent for business. But—true sister of Henry VIII.—all considerations of policy were thrown to the wind under the influence of passion. She had sacrificed her sway in Scotland, as guardian of her son, to gratify her sudden love of Angus; and when she was tired of him, she threw away the support of England and her brother by her open amour with the Regent John Duke of Albany. It is said they meditated marriage, though Albany, like herself, was already married. But that proceeding was too tedious. Who next occupied her affections after the Regent's estrangement and absence, we do not learn; but in 1524 she became desperately smitten with young Henry Stuart of Avondale, and resolved at all hazards to marry him. Angus for some time opposed her desire for a divorce, but at length yielded, and furnished the requisite evidence of his having 'been pre-contracted to a gentlewoman (a daughter of Traquair) who bore a child to him before he married the Queen; and so, by reason of the pre-contract, he could not be her lawful husband.' The sentence of nullity was pronounced by the Cardinal Bishop of Ancona on the 11th of March, 1527; and we are not surprised to learn that the Queen's agents at Rome *pingues expectant propinas, ita quod omnes non possunt contentari cum 600 duobus*.* The Queen lost no time, and on the 2nd day of April she gave her hand to Henry Stuart, afterwards Lord Methven, whom she tired of almost as soon as she had done of Angus. They lived on for some time unhappily enough. Henry VIII. was much scandalised by his sister's licentious use of matrimony! But Margaret had no weak scruples. She determined to be free to marry a fourth time, and for this object had recourse once more to the Church courts. She was able to prove that Methven was cousin, eight degrees removed, to her second husband Angus; and upon the plea that this constituted an affinity between her and Methven, she demanded to have her third marriage set aside. The Official, either yielding to the imperious woman, or satisfied of the fact that they were within the forbidden degrees, pronounced a decree annulling that marriage, which is found written and registered in the extant volume of the record of his court. Her son, the young James V., however, stayed its promulgation, and prevented the additional disgrace to his family. Margaret died three years afterwards.

Upon these divorces Mr. Riddell raises some curious speculation. We find that Angus

married again as well as Queen Margaret. It may be convenient to suppose that 'the gentlewoman who bore a child' was dead, but that is not known, and is not to be presumed merely from the fact of his new marriage. The same machinery used before might serve him again. He might show that some unexpected cousinship existed between him and the 'gentlewoman,' or that he had had at some still earlier date a criminal intercourse with some third party *sib* to 'the gentlewoman.' Such evidence was to be had for the buying, and then 'the pre-contract' *disappeared*.

'Granting this solution,' says Mr. Riddell, 'in what a strange predicament Angus and the parties would have been, though doubtless not incapable of being rescued from it by the devices and venality of lawyers. His marriage with the Queen would then have turned out to be lawful, and after proper procedure still valid and binding—which at the same time—the Earl surviving the Princess—would have respectively annulled those they latterly contracted. How all classes must have been more or less contaminated by such example of the upper! But a still more material reflection suggests itself from this and the general unhinged condition of individuals,—what a number of bastards there must have been!'—*Riddell*, p. 474.

Janet Betoun, the Lady Buccleuch of the Lay of the Last Minstrel, has an unfortunate pre-eminence in those cases where law was made to pander to passion. She was the eldest daughter of Sir John Betoun, of Creich, a branch of the respectable family of Balfour, in Fife, which was brought into more than its due place by having given successive archbishops to St. Andrews and Glasgow. She was first married to Sir James Creichton of Cranston-Riddell, and was entered in the dower lands as but recently his widow in 1539. She must have married Simon Preston, the young laird of Craigmillar, soon afterwards, for in 1543 we find her suing a divorce against him in the court of St. Andrews. There was no relationship to vitiate the bond. The lady alleged no misconduct of her husband. As the ground of her suit she blushed not to set forth that before their marriage she had had sinful intercourse with Walter Scott of Buccleuch, and that Buccleuch and Preston were within the prohibited degrees;—*ante pre-tensum matrimonium inter Jonetam et Simonem contractum, honorabilis vir Walterus Scott de Bulcluycht carnaliter cognovit dictam Jonetam; quicquid Simon et Joneta in tertio et quarto gradibus consanguinitatis sibi mutuo attinent, et sic prefati Simon et Joneta in eisdem affinitatis gradibus*. On that allegation, and proof of the cousinship being of course furnished, the Official declared the marriage null—*dantes utriquealibi in Domino*

* Original letter to Albany, in the Archives du Royaume at Paris.

nubendi facultatem. The motive of the suit became manifest then, if it were not so before; and on the 2nd of December, 1544, Janet was wedded to her old paramour Buccleuch. She was by no means disgraced or slighted for these incidents of her life, and only suffered scandal from her reputed taste for the black art. She lived respectably with her third husband, a stout and hardy borderer, fit mate for such a partner, till his death in the night foray—

‘When startled burghers fled afar
The furies of the Border war;
When the streets of high Dunedin
Saw lances gleam and falchions redden,
And heard the slogan’s deadly yell—
Then the chief of Branksome fell.’

After his death (in 1552) the Lady of Branksome, though not, as the Minstrel feigns, the mother of the young chief—who was of a former marriage—was, nevertheless, allowed to rule the household and the estates of Buccleuch, and even rode at the head of ‘the rough clan.’ She was in favour and correspondence too with the Queen Dowager, Mary of Guise. In the mean time she was seeking consolation in her widowhood, and, though not wedded in face of Church, she allowed the privileges of a husband to a dangerous man, who afterwards became too celebrated. She was proved to be ‘quietly married or handfast’ to James Earl of Bothwell in 1559.

When Bothwell’s subsequent adventures bring him more prominently on the stage, the dark heroine of Branksome is again somewhat strangely mixed up with his fortunes. He had married, as is well known, the Lady Jean Gordon in 1565. It would seem the ‘handfasting’ with Dame Janet was not considered an impediment to that match, nor was even worthy to be pleaded when Mary and Bothwell wished to set it aside; for when the grand-daughter of Margaret Tudor had resolved at all hazards to espouse Bothwell herself, other means were sought for removing the obstacle of an existing wife. His Countess, certainly collusively, though also perhaps of her own free will, sued a divorce on the ground of his adultery with a servant—and she obtained it ‘with but small show of resistance.’ At the same time, the Earl was plaintiff in a similar suit against her; and procured a decree annulling their marriage on the ground of their being *sib* within the fourth degree. The lady’s suit was before the new, legal, Commissary Court—the jurisdiction and grounds of action both chosen to please the Reformed party: the Earl’s, founding on the canonical nullity, was in a hastily constituted ecclesiastical Court—to suit the views of those

of the old faith; and that Court did its work expeditiously, for the proceedings commenced on the 5th, and decree of nullity was pronounced on the 7th of May, 1567.*

At the time of Darnley’s murder and the other crowded events of Mary’s tragedy, the Lady of Buccleuch—thrice, perhaps four times a widow—ought to have been well past the turmoils of young blood; yet in the popular belief she was still associated with her former lover, Bothwell. Mr. Riddell says she was charged with administering magic philtres to the Queen, with a view to secure her Majesty’s love to him—a very curious termination for a life like Dame Janet’s. It is not necessary to maintain of the Lady of Branksome that—

‘She wrought not by forbidden spell;’

but perhaps the learned author has no other authority for the strange tale than one which may bear a different construction—the well-known placard exhibited in the streets of Edinburgh, accusing of Darnley’s end, Bothwell, black Mr. John Spens, ‘who was principal deviser of the murder, and the Quene assenting thairto throw the persuasion of the Erle Bothwell and the witchcraft of Lady Buccleuch.’ If it were allowed to speculate on such narrow grounds, it would seem more reasonable to attribute the dealings of the lady, the paramour of Bothwell, to jealousy of a formidable rival, than to a wish of securing for him the affection of the young and beautiful Queen.

A few other cases will show that the machinery of the Church court could be set in motion for others than crowned heads. George, first Earl of Rothes, after living for twenty years with his wife, wished to change. But their eldest son was already married to a daughter of the house of St. Clair, and that family was thus concerned for the legitimacy of the Rothes children. The parties went to work in business-like form, named arbiters, and bound themselves to abide by their award. It was settled that Rothes should take a divorce,

* Lady Jean Gordon, a daughter of Huntly, and a zealous Romanist, some years after her divorce from Bothwell married the Protestant Earl of Sutherland, and again upon his death Sir Alexander Ogilvie, of the knightly house of Boyne. She had a numerous family by Sutherland, and, notwithstanding her third marriage, and her steadiness to her religion—then out of fashion—continued both to enjoy the dowry of Bothwell, and to manage most vigorously the affairs of the Sutherland Earldom, till her death, at the age of eighty-four. A picture of her, at Dunrobin, preserves the high *manly* features of her race and country, and an expression not to be mistaken of resolution and sense. She is dressed in a sort of cowl, with a rosary and cross in her hand. The collar, like a man’s shirt-collar of the present day, adds to the masculine character of the portrait.

or rather a declaration of nullity of his marriage, on the ground of his countess and himself being within the forbidden degrees. But, to take off the consequent illegitimacy, he was to depose judicially that he did not know of the *sib-ness* till after the birth of all his children.

Another striking enough case did not come into the Commissary Court till after the Reformation—but the facts had taken place at the period we are considering. Thomas Ogilvie of Craig married Jannet Fraser of Lovat openly in face of the Church, and they lived together, and had 'diverse bairns.' Then, somewhat tiring of the first wife, he chose to add a second, Beatrix Chisholm. The banns were proclaimed in the parish church of Glenlyon, where Jannet Fraser dwelt, and she offered no opposition—'by manifest collusion.' In this way Ogilvie, who had two mansion-houses on his estate, had also for some time two wives openly entertained by him, the one Jannet, dwelling in the 'Over Craig,' the other, Beatrix, in the 'West or Nether Craig.' The suit to put an end to this bigamous display was by the Fiscal or public prosecutor, and not raised by either of the ladies. Both must have been quite well aware of the circumstances all along. But it probably now suited both that the first wife should be set wholly aside; and that which they saw their neighbours do under colour of law, they chose in the highlands of Perthshire to manage without the expense of the Consistorial Court.

The legitimation of irregular offspring by the subsequent marriage of the parents, never very conducive to morality, was set about in Scotland, as in some countries on the Continent, with remarkable ceremony. Mr. Riddell quotes a case where parties were married 'in the face of holy kirk,' in the chapel of Broomhill, 'they holding their natural son, called Claud Hamilton, under *spousal cloth* between them.' This spousal cloth, *pallium*, is explained by Furetière:—

'Ce drap qu'on étend sur ceux qui se marient; d'où vient qu'on dit *mettre les enfans sous le Poile*, de la cérémonie qui se fait pour légitimer les enfans naturels par un subséquent mariage en les mettant sous ce Poile.'

The custom of the 'cair-cloth,' or 'the cloak,' is still retained for the same purpose among the common people in some districts of Scotland.

We have no room for more of these curious though often revolting cases. Mr. Riddell's book is rich in them, and, forming as it does a very valuable authority for the peerage and consistorial lawyer, deserves also to be carefully

perused by every student of history and manners.

Though proceedings in an expensive judicature were necessarily for the most part had by people of some wealth, it would be easy to show that the upper classes had no monopoly of vice. The records of all the Church courts immediately after the Reformation furnish a loathsome picture of the dissoluteness of the lowest. For instance in articles presented against Adam Bothwell, Bishop of Orkney, in the General Assembly of 1570, he is charged, among other delicts, 'with leaving the flock destitute without shepherd, whereby not only ignorance is increased, but also most abundantly all vice and horrible crimes are there committed, as the number of six hundred persons convicted of incest, adultery, and fornication in Zetland beareth witness.' Far from contradicting that character of the morals of his remote islands, the Bishop's reply was limited to denying that he had *abandoned absolutely the preaching of the word*.

The effect of the Reformation upon the manners of the clergy, whether of the old faith or of the new, was of course signal and immediate. Of its influence upon the people—of the astounding inroad and wide spread of new superstitions—of the slow disappearance of the *general* immorality which we have faintly described—it is our design to treat in an early number.

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- ART. III.—1. *Notes on North America—Agricultural, Economical, and Social.*—By James F. W. Johnston, M.A., F.R.S. 2 vols. post 8vo. Edinburgh. 1851.
2. *Lettres sur l'Amérique.* Par X. Marmier. 2 vols. 12mo. Paris. 1851.
3. *Travels in America.* A Lecture delivered by the Earl of Carlisle before the Leeds Mechanics' Institution and Literary Society. Tenth edition. 1851.
4. *A Glimpse of the Great Western Republic.* By Lieut.-Colonel Arthur Cunynghame, author of 'An Aide-de-camp's Recollections of Service in China.' 8vo. 1851.

BESIDES quoting freely from the concise practical volumes of Mr. Johnston, and availing ourselves, now and then, of those by the acute and observant, but diffuse and rather sentimental M. Marmier, as well as of Lord Carlisle's graphic Lecture, and the shrewd although rapid *Glimpse* of Colonel Cunynghame, we mean also on this occasion to make considerable use of the latest columns of the American press. Already, fresh as these title-pages are, such supplementary information is

indispensable. Indeed, so extensive are the changes which the agency of man is continually effecting in the Western World, that there is little exaggeration in the statement made by one of our authors—that, 'a book might be written every six months by the same traveller periodically revisiting the same scenes, and yet possess in a high degree the charm of novelty.'

Professor Johnston's expedition was not one of mere spontaneous curiosity. He was invited to deliver a course of lectures before the great meeting of the New York Agricultural Society at Syracuse. And in New Brunswick a more arduous task awaited his arrival; for, as soon as his acceptance of the New York call became known, he had been requested by the Governor and House of Assembly to examine that province, with a view of preparing a Report upon its agricultural capabilities. These missions he successfully accomplished, and afterwards visited our other North American provinces, as well as the Eastern and part of the Southern States of the Union, returning to this country, after an active six months' tour, in April 1850. We have now to thank him for a narrative of great and varied instruction. His views are calm, and remarkably unprejudiced; though a Liberal, his book shows but traces of the bigotry of partizan-ship.

One of the first subjects he enters upon—and he often recurs to it—is the discontent prevailing in our American provinces, and the desire, openly expressed by many, for annexation to the States—a topic which has now assumed the very gravest importance from the announced intention of Government to withdraw her Majesty's troops from the Canadas, and thus resign them to their own wishes and resources.* There has lately been such a confusion of political parties, and there always is such a variety of interests, both moral and material, in our Canadian provinces, that it is all but impossible to arrive at a correct conclusion as to their actual condition. At this moment we dare say very few of our readers can tell how it happened that a majority of Upper Canadian members, of British blood, and many of them British born, went with the French members in the case of the portentous Indemnity Bill. How came those who had been unanimous, not a few of them gallantly active, in opposing the rebellion, to be

found voting with those who had all favoured, many of them participated in it? Mr. Johnston put this question to a friend of his—one of these British members—and his explanation was to the following effect:—For a long series of years Upper Canada was under the dominating rule of what was called the Family Compact, by which home-born Canadians and a certain number of high officials divided all posts and patronage among themselves, and did everything in their power to keep the British-born from participating in the sweets of place. The few British who gained access to the Assembly, therefore, were naturally driven into opposition, and after the union of the Provinces, made common cause with the French opposition to the Tory Government, till at length the numbers of the latter party exceeded those returned by the Family Compact. As a natural result the Tories were ousted, and the present mixed Government went in. In short, still fresh from the struggle, and embarrassed by their ill-assorted alliance with the French members, the British-born allowed party to triumph over principle, and voted for the *Indemnity Bill*. It may be very true that many of them 'never believed or intended that any one who had aided or promoted the rebellion should be compensated; but there must have been others not quite so shortsighted, and whose only excuse is their awkward position. Nevertheless, but for the incredible weakness of the Government at home, we should have had no serious fear. Under any circumstances that could well have been anticipated, we should have felt confidence that matters would right themselves, and that the whole British party, whether home or provincial born, would ere long stand side by side again on all great questions. The Indemnity Bill was a most unhappy measure—if only from the discord and discontent it occasioned among the loyalists—so that many of the old Tories have been heard loudest in the cries for 'annexation.' But time would probably have healed the mischief thus inflicted: and so far as this immediate irritation went, we should have been of good hope for the provinces.

It must be allowed, however, that the folly of the Home Government is not the only source of our apprehensions now. The local irritation has produced a brood of erroneous conceptions of sufficiently dangerous character, and which even with the wisest management it might have been difficult to clear away from the minds of the provincials. The most alarming of these is, that, beholding the rapid progress of certain portions of the States, they suppose there must be something in the constitution of the Union more favourable than their own to the development of a coun-

* See Correspondence relating to the Civil List of Canada (Blue Book, April, 1851) pp. 9-13—Despatch from Lord Grey, dated March 14—in which he informs Lord Elgin that, in consequence of the pleasant state of our relations with the government at Washington, it is considered needless to maintain any British force in our Provinces, except 'the garrisons of two or three fortified posts—probably only Quebec and Kingston.'

try's resources. That this is a total delusion, Mr. Johnston believes, and, we think, proves. When compared with the *whole* Union, our provinces exhibit an even more rapid rate of advance. It is only the north-western States and New York that outstrip the Canadas; but then these adjoin our territory—the sight of their progress is ever before the provincials—this partial superiority is thought to be universal, and the genuine British spirit of grumbling is freely indulged in. In fact, continues Mr. Johnston, the energy of the Canadians is as great and as well-directed as *any of the States* can show; even as to canals, the former, in proportion to the population, will yield in no point to the latter. The true reason of the envied advance of New York and the north-western States is simply this:—It is through them that the flood of emigration has been and is now pouring into the New World; and as long as this goes on, the men and money of Europe must cause them to distance all competitors. But let our provinces look forward—nay, let them even look keenly into the present, and they will discern that the balance is already quivering ere it turn in their favour. Can they not read the sure destiny of their St. Lawrence? That mighty river is the natural outlet of the immense lake districts; and, as these are fast peopling, signs of future argosies are appearing on its waters. The Erie Canal is no longer adequate for the traffic streaming along it; and all the expense that the Americans ever can bestow upon it, will never make it keep pace with the wants of the inland States. Let, then, our fellow-subjects take heart, and be patient; for if their progress at present be more moderate than their immediate neighbours', it is due to no fault of theirs or ours, but simply to a necessity of nature; and the more rapidly the north-western States advance, the more certainly will the tide of commerce and emigration soon pour its golden flood down the noble valley of the St. Lawrence. So argues the Durham Professor.

In manners and sympathies a marked difference exists between our Provinces and the States; even between Upper Canada and Western New York, which are contiguous and in constant intercourse, this difference is quite apparent, and would no doubt, under any circumstances short of continued madness at headquarters, long continue. 'One feels,' says Mr. Johnston, 'the *de trop*—the tendency to exaggerate—among the men of the one side, obtruding itself sometimes offensively, especially in the newer States of the Union, and among the newer people. An opposite tendency attracts constant notice along the Canadian borders. Both Mr. Johnston and M. Marmier—men as diverse in cast of thought as they are in the country of their birth and

their career in life—unite in considering this diversity of temperament as the chief real source of the disaffection in our colonies. Let us hear the French traveller. He has looked at both sides of the picture—has examined both the Provinces and the States: on Lower Canada naturally he has bestowed peculiar care:—

'How is it,' says he, 'that this fine country is not more peopled? How is it that it does not attract those masses of emigrants who unceasingly direct their course to the United States, where already it is not so easy a matter to obtain employment or to purchase land? These are questions which I have often considered without being able fully to resolve them. Often enough have we all been told that no one understands the art of reclaiming land like the American. He is the father of the puffing system [*père du puff*]. It is by *puff*, presented under all forms—in newspapers, in books, on steel, spread throughout every region by agents, officious and official—that he has turned the heads of our brave peasants of Alsace, and of thousands of families in Germany; it is by *puff* that he induces them to quit their paternal parishes for the sake of traversing ocean to till the fields of a distant continent; it is by *puff*, the most active and the most deafening, that he is now peopling the plains of California, until he find some other speculation to trumpet forth by its flourishes. The Canadians as yet know nothing of this dazzling charlatanism. They have not learned to proclaim each morning in their journals, and to repeat incessantly to all comers, that theirs is the country without parallel, the asylum of liberty, the temple of fortune, the Eldorado so celebrated by the voyagers of old. On their part the Americans covet Canada, but they take good care not to sing its praises until it has passed into their hands. Whatever they may now say against it, however, we shall soon see opened from one point to another the lines of communication of which these same Americans are so proud—roads to bind together the villages, canals to unite the great rivers, railways to transport goods and travellers from north to south. From the nature of the soil and the cheapness of materials, railways can be here constructed as cheaply as in the United States. The one which already reaches St. Hyacinth, and which is to be prolonged to Portland, costs only half a million of francs per league, while in France it would cost double the sum. For myself it gives me pleasure to believe in the future of Canada. I see there a fertile soil which, sooner or later, cannot fail to attract colonies of labourers, and on this soil already an honest people amidst whom it is a comfort to sojourn.'

It will be observed that in the following sentences M. Marmier states of the Lower Canadians precisely what Mr. Johnston has asserted of the inhabitants of the Upper Province:—

'If they have preserved the virtues of their

French nature, they have also kept its defects. Mobile and impressionable, they are prompt to enthusiasm, and not less so to despair. They could not see the fortune of their Republican neighbours without envying it; and they thought that if they did but enter the Union, they would immediately open for themselves a road paved with dollars. Hence those everlasting dissertations by a dozen of journals, and those meetings where the same theme is reproduced with inexhaustible emphasis. Very many, however, of those who declaim on this subject do not believe that it is realizable, and use it only as a means of agitation. Who in truth can believe that England will consent not only to dispossess herself of Canada, but to give up this vast country to her maritime rival? Some say that Canada brings in nothing to England—nay, that she is even a source of considerable expense. Were this true, and could we consent to value the dependencies of a great empire merely by the number of crowns they pay into its treasury, it would remain not less true that Canada contributes to enrich the commerce of Great Britain, and is every year becoming a more important point of colonization. Again, even supposing that Britain had not the slightest pecuniary interest in the preservation of that country, she must continue bound to hold by it from a sentiment of national pride; she must feel that she could not abandon it without branding herself with the stamp of feebleness in the face of the whole world, and without levelling a serious blow at her whole imperial system. Lastly, if, in spite of all these considerations, she were to welcome complaisantly the addresses of the Annexationists, there would remain some financial questions which could not fail to be rather embarrassing: one of these being the debt of nearly a million and a half sterling, contracted by Canada; another, all the money that England has expended on the fortress of Quebec, &c., &c., &c., and the repayment of which she would most certainly insist on. Are the United States so much in love with Canada as to take her with all her debts? I hardly think so. And if, while accepting her share of the expenses of the Federal government, Canada found herself, moreover, burdened with a private debt of two millions sterling, I do not think her divorce from England, and her union to the American Republic, would set her much at ease.

‘Those who cry out for annexation use all the arguments which form the stock in trade of revolutionists in all regions—dilapidation of the public funds, bad conduct of officials, neglect of the misery of the people, necessity for a thorough reform in the administration of affairs. There are indeed savings to be effected in the budget of Canada, and considerable reforms to be accomplished in its legislation, which presents a singular mixture of old French customs with portions of the code of England: but in order to effect these objects it is absolutely necessary to have recourse to the republican authority of the United States? Can they not be accomplished gradually by the will of the people through the votes of its Parliament?’

After some discussion of the union of the Provinces, especially the offence it had given

the French party by its anticipated effect on their power in parliament, M. Marmier warns his friends that this is but a secondary danger.

‘In Annexation, on the contrary, I see the rapid and radical annihilation of all the remains of French nationality. Whatever resistance the Canadians might offer to the influence of the United States, their primitive manners must be absorbed in the flood of mercantile habits, their language effaced before another. They would become Americans. They would drown themselves in the industrial whirlpool of America, as the waters of their St. Lawrence amid the waves of the ocean. Their religion, against which England has never even lifted a finger, will be turned into derision, harassed, assailed by all those inventors of new doctrines, by all those passionate declaimers who thunder against papal idolatry in the American meetings—by all those sects which, under uncountable names, swarm and multiply in the States. But the Catholic religion is in Canada the keystone of nationality. Without it, adieu to the last vestige which the France of other ages has left in this distant country.’

Mr. Johnston arrives at a similar conclusion. The first movement was made by the French Romanists of the Lower Province, the second by the disgusted Conservatives of Upper Canada.

‘But,’ says he, ‘to neither of these classes would any special good flow from a union with the States. The Roman Catholic body, as a whole, would acquire more power in Congress, and with a view to this end the Romanists in the States may sympathise with and encourage their brethren in Canada to bring about the annexation; but in the Province itself they would certainly dispossess themselves of the position they occupy as the church of Canada East, and they would very much endanger the large landed possessions by which they are at present enriched. Then, as to the Conservative minority in Upper Canada, they would be driven still further from office. As was the case in the States when Jefferson came into power, the democratic element would increase in strength after the change; and a party which, under British rule, did not know how to yield for a time to the overwhelming force of a popular majority constitutionally obtained, would be obliged to take up a new political position very considerably in advance of its past professions, or be content to surrender all hope of materially influencing for the future the affairs of the new State.’

Thus, in the Canadas, party animosities and the superior progress of the nearest States are the chief internal sources of danger; but in the valuable province of New Brunswick—according to Professor Johnston—the timber, or ‘lumber,’ trade, has been the great fountain of evil. At first there was an apparently inexhaustible resource in its boundless forests. The cutting of the trees, the haulage and

floating of them down the rivers, gave healthy employment to many men; the raising food for these men called agricultural industry into play; the export of the timber employed many vessels and enriched many merchants. But the cutting went on most lavishly, even at low prices; while every year carried the scene of the woodman's labours further up the main rivers and into more remote creeks and tributaries,—adding, of course, to the labour of procuring the logs, and their cost when brought to the place of shipping. Despite of the gradual overstocking of the home market, the colonists went on felling trees and building saw-mills, till the general embarrassment became sufficiently alarming. Just at this juncture, in pursuance of our new policy, the Timber Duties Bill of 1846 was passed. This at once brought matters to a climax: countless families were ruined, and the cry of discontent has never since gone down.

Out of the immediate evil the Professor anticipates an ultimate good for New Brunswick. It was, he says, an acknowledged effect of the lumber-trade that, so long as it constituted the leading industry of that province, it overshadowed and lowered the social rank of every other. The lumberer, fond as the Indian of the free air and untrammelled existence of the forest, receiving ample wages, living on the finest flour, and enjoying long seasons of holiday, looked down upon the agricultural drudge who toiled the year long on his few acres with little beyond a comfortable maintenance to show on the credit side. The young and adventurous among the province-born were tempted into what was considered a higher and more manly, as well as a more remunerative line of life; and many of the hardest immigrants followed their example. A great proportion of the farmers themselves were seduced by the occasionally splendid profits of lumbering—as a lucky hit in a mining country makes crowds of miners; and thus not only was the rising generation largely demoralized by the habits of the woods, but agriculture was neglected, and the farmers very generally involved in difficulties.

The result of all this had been an extensive emigration to the States, both of farmers and lumberers—many of the former leaving their lands to their creditors without even the form of a sale. Bad as this is, it may, in Mr. Johnston's opinion, have afforded the Province its best chance of returning to a healthy, cheerful, energetic, and prosperous condition. All, he says, that is now required, is that '*the farmers mind their own business.*'

We can by no means adopt the agricultural Professor's evident coldness as to the timber industry of these regions. It seemed right to state fully the conclusions he arrived at as re-

spects New Brunswick; but we must suggest to him that that is only a part of the question. Even in New Brunswick, it would appear from a late petition of the Legislative Council and Assembly of the Province to the House of Lords that, notwithstanding the severe effects of the Act of 1846, the timber trade had reformed; and to a considerable extent recovered itself. The Act, 'based on the principles of free trade, placed foreign and colonial wood in the British market upon an equality, *taking into consideration the difference of distance and consequently of freight.*' But the British Government have, in the present Session of Parliament, proclaimed their purpose to carry the war against the Colonial wood-interest much further—in short to make such a new reduction in the duties as would leave no margin whatever for the difference of distance and freight between our American ports and the ports of the Baltic. A similar petition, moreover, has been addressed to the House of Lords by the Council of the Quebec Board of Trade; which shows that exactly the same alarm has been excited in *Canada*. Are we really determined to complete the alienation of British North America?

In consequence, no doubt, of this widespread discontent, so closely connected, first and last, with the influence of the anti-colonialists in our Home Government, a bill has lately been presented in Congress, declaring the expediency of obtaining by peaceable means the annexation of our Provinces. A formidable symptom of 'pleasant relations!' Yet, in the face of it, we cannot quite overlook the elements of discord and disunion now at work in the Great Republic itself. We have all read enough of the rivalry and antagonism between the States of the South and North, especially in regard to the tariff and slavery questions. Even Mr. Calhoun is said to have been of opinion that the time had arrived when the Confederacy was strong enough to bear dividing into two—and that the interests of the Northern and Southern States were become sufficiently diverse to require it. Since the passing of the Fugitive Slave Bill, the animosity has been doubled. The spectacle of men, women, and children, who had settled in the Free States as an asylum, dragged away from among them by their pursuing owners, has greatly excited the New Englanders. We read lately in the newspapers of a slave recaptured after five years' freedom; and another case of a female far advanced in pregnancy, whose offspring of course would become the property of her captor. Ten years ago, Lord Carlisle says, there were people who made it the business of their lives to superintend the passage of the runaway slaves through the Free States, and about a thousand negroes

yearly thus made their way into Canada. Colonel Cunynghame does not surprise us by stating that the exertions for the escape of slaves have been largely stimulated by the Fugitive Bill; and that the influx of Black immigrants of loose habits into the Provinces was producing every day more and more annoyance to our magistracy and police.

It is true that the hearts of both ends of the Union are still very proud of belonging to a great country so rapidly growing—far too proud to forego this boast without some most serious motive; yet it seems impossible to doubt that the question of slavery will ultimately tear asunder the Confederacy. Such a dissolution, Mr. Johnston tells us, was a topic discussed everywhere in the States. Clingman and his followers had already 'brought it up' in Congress as a thing to be expected, were California admitted (as she has been), and other Free State measures adopted; and it will doubtless occur as soon as the States of this class obtain a decided superiority in the Legislature. Of late years their party has been greatly increased by the new Free States that have sprung up in the West. It is alleged that the main impulse to the war with Mexico was given by the desire of the Southerners to regain their equality, by capturing and erecting into slaveholding States the immense territory of Texas—which they have accomplished. It is notorious that the violent opposition to the incorporation of California arose from the anxiety of the South to exclude from Congress, and of the North to admit, the deputies of this great *Free State*.* Indeed this question of Slavery or No Slavery lies at the bottom of some of the most vital political moves of the day. It is to rivet their superiority, or at least to form themselves into a powerful dominion,

* If the leading journal of California expresses the sentiments of the new State, the danger from its admission into the Union is not so imminent as the Southern States suppose; and the resplendent peroration of the following extract ought, as the writer intends, to *soothe* them:—'For the last fifteen years,' says the *Alta California*, 'in our Northern States there has existed a class, many of them of pure minds and honest desires, but at the same time men whose ideas encompassed but a small space, who in every possible manner have warred against the institution of slavery among their Southern brethren. The action at the North necessarily caused a re-action at the South; and during the stormy times that attended the ushering in to our bright constellation of a sister star sparkling with golden radiance, fanatics of the North and South were busy hurling their revengeful meteors at us, at the constellation of which we were a part, and at the glorious sun, our blessed Union, around which we all revolve. But the "fair young form with flashing gems" shining around her brow has taken her seat among the starry sisterhood; and her presence, free, untrammelled, and *unprejudiced*, must have a soothing effect upon the passions of her separated sisters.'

that the Southern States steadily, though cautiously, agitate for the occupation of Cuba;* it is to secure the triumph of the Free system that the North longs for the annexation of Canada. It is not a little due to this opposition of interests that the indolent Dons still hold possession of the Queen of the Antilles; and after the California debate, it is beyond all question that the voice of the South would be vehemently raised against any attempt to annex the British Provinces.

Although, in theory, the federal compact is a voluntary union of sovereign States, which may be dissolved whenever even one of them thinks its interest will be promoted by the separation; yet, when an emergency arrives, the majority, if large, may be expected to resist such a separation by force of arms. Such, at least, is the common impulse of mankind in like circumstances; and such in fact was the avowed expectation of many even in the Northern States whom Mr. Johnston heard speak upon the subject. 'It amused me,' he says, 'to hear men in one breath talk of annexing Canada and Nova Scotia, and threaten vengeance against the traitor States which should break up the integrity of the Union!' Will there be an armed struggle between the North and South? And if so, may not the exigencies of such a contest demand a Dictator instead of a President—nay, gradually rear up a royalty in the chosen domain of democracy? This is peculiarly probable with respect to the Southern States, both from the naturally aristocratic feelings of the people, and from the greater peril of their position—exposed alike to hostility without and treachery within—to the hatred, open or disguised, of White and Black. Will there be that horror of horrors, a servile war? Profiting by the strife of rival States, will the Negroes battle their way to freedom and establish an African Government amid the sons of Japhet? Never, in our day, unless aided by the Northerners; and dare the New Englanders fight with such a poisoned arrow? Would it be possible for enlightened and pious advocates of the coloured race to abet them in a warfare which, whatever the other results, must deepen and indefinitely prolong their barbarism?

But serious as are the perils menacing the Confederacy in Eastern America, it has become a matter of grave doubt with many in

* Peradventure the grand sable *Empire* itself is not exempt from danger. 'If Hayti gets into a collision with the United States,' says an American paper, in reference to a recent and perhaps still pending disagreement, 'it will be a serious matter for Faustin, as there are several old scores that will be wiped out at the same time.' The inhabitants of a country are not always of immediate value to a conqueror; but the slave gentry of the Southern States would find a mint of money in St. Domingo.

the States whether the danger of disunion is not now greater on the coasts of the Pacific. Will California and Oregon submit to have their laws made for them so far off as Washington? Will they consent to pay import-duties at these remote spots, not merely for the maintenance of a Federal Government, but for the protection of manufactures in New England? These and other similar questions cannot be long staved off. In a few years, when the Anglo-Saxon population on the Pacific shall have increased, and become somewhat consolidated, a tariff based upon principles not very different from those of Free Trade is an almost inevitable consequence. Among them free trade should find its surest home; if they repudiate it, it will indeed go a-begging on the face of the earth. It is agriculture in old States, or infant manufactures in new ones, which ever repel the alluring phantasm of so-called Reciprocity; and the encouragement of one or both of these interests is felt to be a necessity in every country of the globe. California is the only exception. In it neither agriculture nor manufacture, nor both combined, can claim to be the staple concern. The land there, as everywhere else, is a *raw material*; but it is gold, not grain, that they manufacture out of it. So circumstanced—separated from the other States by interest not less than by distance and the barriers of nature—growing with the rapidity of the gourd and the strength of the oak, California can well stand alone. She will not pay dear for leading-strings, when she can walk in the path of empire with the stride of a giant.

The abrogation of our navigation laws has exposed our mercantile marine to a competition which at present they seem unable to make head against. Foremost are the Americans, who have beat us hollow in the carrying trade with China, who are running us hard on every other line, and who boast they will speedily supplant us generally, and win from Old England the sceptre of the seas. The excitement on this point is extreme in all the ports of the Union. Mr. Johnston's book bears witness to it; the American papers are full of it; and the interest in the struggle between the two great rivals is as strong, and the *Io Pæans* for the coming triumph as loud, at San Francisco as at New York. Let us gather the spirit of the Californian press on this subject. The writer of an article entitled 'San Francisco's Future' says:—

'What city can ever arise on the western coast of North America to rival her? Certainly none now having even a nucleus of population and business. There is not a point from Puget's Sound to Cape St. Lucas—we might say to Panamá—which possesses the possibility of ever

becoming a rival. . . . Realejo and Panamá can neither be made rivals to us by all the rail-roads or all the ship-cannals that have ever entered the imagination of the most speculative, because of their tropical and unhealthy position. What results? Why, that San Francisco must be the great entrepot of the immense ocean, whither most of its countless keels will tend. The time is coming, too, when it will become the greatest whaling port in the world. With all the fine ports and great cities of Asia it is to have intercourse, and none other can interfere. Men cannot make seaports. Heaven has done this for us; and our beautiful bay cannot, by all the combinations of earth, be despoiled of her position and destiny. We have the population. The Americanized Saxon blood will do it.'

Here is part of an editorial *jubilate* on the sailing of four huge steamers from San Francisco on the 15th of March last:—

'Four ocean-steamers, laden with passengers and treasure! Three years ago, and no steamer had ever puffed her way up or down our coast, or on our rivers; and now we may almost challenge any of the Atlantic cities to exhibit such a spectacle as we shall witness here to-morrow. If we progress in steam navigation *during the year to come* as we have for the year past, we shall have lines of steamers established from San Francisco to the islands of the Pacific, to China, to our whole northern and southern coasts direct, and perhaps to Liverpool.'

Now for their views on 'Commercial Supremacy':—

'In every sea where England had for nearly two hundred years been supreme, she now finds a hardy, bold, and shrewd competitor in the Yankee, who brings his own commodities in his own ships, and offers them at a successful price by the side of hers. The commerce of India aggrandised in turn the Venetians, the Portuguese, and the Dutch. England took it from them; and will soon be ready to hand it over to us. For here, on the Pacific coast, the Waterloo of Trade is to be fought. We must beat our great competitor with our home products, and coin with those she produces herself. If she chooses to break down our own markets with too great a supply of her manufactured goods, we will use them to undersell her on her own choice preserves in Mexico and South America. We cannot escape our destiny if we would. It will be a struggle of intense interest; but of the result there can be no question. The Yankee, with his clipper ships—his steamers—his enterprise, his skill, his unceasing activity—will defeat his rival; and after establishing a successful trade with all his neighbours on the coast, he will then see open before him that great *Oriental trade* which has contributed so much to the proud commercial supremacy of Britain.'

The news from California (besides the usual catalogue of destructive fires) shows that the country is still in a most disorderly state. The executive is too weak for the lawless bands

with which it has to deal; and the increase of crime is attributed partly to the influx of escaped convicts from our Australian colonies. That the people are horror-struck by the frequency of robberies and assassinations is evidenced by the fact that Lynch-law has been established in several districts. Among the victims of this summary jurisprudence the case of an Englishman has excited a newspaper controversy—it being alleged by some (probably private friends, however) that he would not have been so treated but for the prejudice against him as a native of the Old Country. The mines continue very productive; but the operations are impeded by the Indian tribes, who have of late taken every opportunity to massacre detached parties. Several bodies of the State troops and of volunteers had moved upon the scene of these violences. Conferences had been opened with the Indians; but attacks were still occurring, and we expect that the next mails will bring bloody tidings from the foot-hills of the Sierra Nevada. If the Californian volunteers once get into warfare, the Indians will meet with no mercy; there will be *razzias* as complete as any made by the 'moving columns' of Bugeaud or Changarnier. The hunters of the Far West, and indeed the whole frontiersmen of the States, care as little for the life of a Redskin as for that of a buffalo. And to all appearance the time is not far distant when the aborigines of America will have vanished, like a heaven-doomed race, from the face of the earth. What a theme for reflection is this annihilation of races!—an annihilation to which the archæology of almost every land bears witness. Over the corpses of his predecessors the Anglo-Saxon is now striding forward; and the death-bell is ringing for the old denizens of the Australian and American worlds.

Not even excepting the wild, demoralising life of the gold-seeker, the greatest social evil at present afflicting the Californians is the scarcity of females. Those persons are wrong who see in the relation of the sexes in the United States only an imitation of French gallantry. It is the natural result of this scarcity. For two hundred years a tide of emigration, chiefly male, has been flowing from Europe to America; and in the three years 1847, 1848, 1849, an excess of no less than 142,000 men thus entered the States, bringing in as many extra competitors for the hands of the native-born women. As these emigrants spread themselves over the land, the unmarried females among them are picked up before they have proceeded far from the sea-board; and thus the scarcity increases the farther westward we go; and the value at which they are estimated by the men and by themselves

risks, till, in the Far West, they attain a famine price—and there we have the paradise of women. The same cause has operated in the opposite way among ourselves. The thousands of our native youth who emigrate, never to return, leave behind a superfluity of the other sex. And thus, as in the time of Medea, if a woman has not wherewithal to buy a husband—beauty, fortune, connexions—she must wear out her unsought affections in an unvalued and perhaps laborious life. *Utrum horum?**

Not to mention weightier matters deeply influencing national morals—if the American ladies turn up their noses at the general submissiveness (*servility* they call it) of their sisters of England, we think it would not be difficult to point out frailties, perhaps less amiable, among themselves. Their freedom from parental restraint borders too closely on rebellion; and their greater self-reliance and absence of reserve exposes them, especially in large cities, to dangers from which our women are comparatively exempt. Moreover 'spoilt beauties,' or non-beauties, are more common, in proportion to the female population, than with us; and sought after, courted, and indulged as they are, this is not to be wondered at. But it is of material importance in the choice of a wife. Not merely do the rude and simple-hearted trappers of the Far West prefer a Taos girl, or other of Spanish stock, to the delicate and over-nice fair ones of the States, but, as Mr. Johnston reports, the very Yankees in the St. Lawrence districts hold a somewhat similar opinion. 'I'll go over to Canada for a wife, when I marry,' said a young south-shore farmer to his friend. 'When I come home at night she'll have a nice blazing fire on, and a clean kitchen, and a comfortable supper for me: but if I marry a New-Yorker, it'll be, when I come home, John, go down to the well for some water; or, John, go and bring some logs to put on the fire, to boil the kettle. No, no; a Canadian woman's the wife for me.'

This greater influence of the female sex will not be without good fruits for the humbler orders throughout America, if it bar out one frightful abuse which prevails among the working classes in this country. 'It has been com-

* The decennial census of the population of Glasgow, just published, shows that the females exceed the males in that city by more than *sixteen thousand*. In Edinburgh, the excess of females in the Old Town is $7\frac{1}{2}$ per cent.; in the New there are actually 154 women for every 100 men! In Limerick the disproportion is still more extraordinary, there being only 16,000 men to 28,000 women, or nearly two females to each male. We have taken these cases at random; but they are important, as showing the actual ratio in the two great cities of Scotland, as well as in a principal seaport town of Ireland.

puted (says Mr. Johnston) that, among those whose earnings are from 10s. to 15s. weekly, at least one-half is spent by the man upon objects (tobacco, spirits, &c.) in which the other members of the family have no share. Among artisans earning from 20s. to 30s. weekly, it is said that at least one-third of the amount is in many cases thus selfishly devoted.' American society may consent to many inconveniences, if it can save itself from the spread among its skilled labourers of such habits as these.

In the face of this dearth and high estimation of the female sex, behold a strange contrast springing up within the Republican borders. The Mormons, amidst the Christianity of the Far West, are reproducing the polygamy of the East. Nay, worse—far worse; for no man in the world surpasses the Mussulman in the jealousy with which he regards the honour of his women, but little of such a feeling is to be found among the promiscuous hive of the Mormonites. Their 'exhorters,' professing the most pious adhesion to the doctrines of the Gospel, claim liberties which justified Luther in giving to kindred sinners of old their priestly name of 'fathers.' Yet the sect is fast increasing; and it is mortifying to learn that most numerous accessions are daily made to it from this country. From Liverpool alone the known Mormon emigrants have amounted to about 15,000; and they have, on the whole, been superior to, and better provided than, the other classes of emigrants. 'Under the name of Latter-Day Saints,' says Mr. Johnston, 'the delusions of the system are hidden from the masses by the emissaries who have been dispatched into various countries to recruit their numbers among the ignorant and devoutly-inclined lovers of novelty. Who can tell what two centuries may do in the way of giving an historical position to this rising heresy?'

Their practices excited uncontrollable disgust wherever they first congregated; and even 'universal toleration' could not shield them from its effects. Ohio, Missouri, Illinois, wild as they are, would have nothing to do with them; and after various struggles and combats, their chief, Joe Smith, and some of his profligate 'saints,' were killed 'right off' by the incensed populace of the last-named State. The rest then betook themselves 'right off,' and after traversing the wide prairies, the deserts of the Far West, and the Rocky Mountains, they finally pitched their tents near the Great Salt Lake in Oregon. Here they increase and multiply, in the midst of a vast champaign, running north and south for hundreds of miles, isolated by sandy deserts or the briny lake, separated from the elder States by the Rocky Mountains, from California by the Sierra Nevada; and here they are building

their Cities of the Plain. Their position—an entrepôt, midway on the overland route to California—must of itself ensure importance. Already they have a place on the map, and are striving after higher honours. They form the nucleus of the new dominion of Utah, this year erected into an independent territory of the Great Republic, 'and placed by the President under the orders of Governor Young, Chief of this Sect.'—(*Cunynghame*, p. 134.) This Utah, all reporters agree, is likely, in the very next session of Congress, to be elevated to the dignity of a sovereign State. 'So rapidly (says Mr. Johnston) has persecution helped on this offspring of ignorance, and tended to give a permanent establishment, and a bright future, to a system not simply of pure invention, but of blasphemous impiety and fully the most insane.' The strange sight will soon be seen of Mormon deputies at Washington, shaming Christendom with their retinue of women. What will the proud fair of the Western States say then? Unless the wild Missourians remember their old grudge, and intercept the polygamous cavalcade by their favourite tar-and-feathers, there is no help for it. Each State can make what social laws it chooses, and these laws must be tolerated throughout the rest of the Union; so that the Utah deputies may parade their harem through the streets of Washington, 'none daring to make them afraid;' and may recover a runaway wife (if they think it worth while), by means of the public authorities, in the same way as if she were a fugitive slave.

To return to our own provinces—Mr. Johnston's remarks upon the present condition of the descendants of the original French settlers in Lower Canada and New Brunswick, though scattered over different parts of his work, are worth collating from their clearness and discrimination. In language, habits, feelings, and religion, they are little changed since the day when Wolf won Quebec—except that, according to all calm witnesses, time has softened the animosity of the vanquished to their conquerors. Inhabiting a pre-eminently healthy country, where there is not an ague even among the forests and marshes, and possessed of that cheerful *insouciance* so favourable to the vital functions, they marry early and multiply rapidly. At Kamouraska Mr. Johnston stopped to get a fresh horse and carriage, and on starting (doubtless knowing a Frenchman's foible), expressed to the new *cocher* his admiration of his pretty young wife, and inquired her age. 'One-and-twenty.' 'And how long have you been married?' 'Six years—and she was a widow when I married her.' Fourteen and fifteen is a common age for the marriage of females, and eighteen for males, on the shores of the St. Lawrence. And the women con-

tinue prolific to a comparatively advanced period of life. 'My driver,' says Mr. Johnston in another place, 'was one of fourteen children—was himself the father of fourteen, and assured me that from eight to sixteen was the usual number of the farmers' families. He even named one or two women who had brought their husbands five-and-twenty, and threatened *le vingt-sixième pour le prêtre!* [This alludes to the allotment of a twenty-sixth part of the produce of the land to the priests.] I expressed my surprise at these large families. 'Oui, Monsieur,' said he, 'vous avez raison. Nous sommes terribles pour les enfants.' The result is, there are added to this fertile population *four* persons for every *one* added to that of England.

Lower Canada presents perplexing diversities; and among these are the various modes of holding land. The country is laid out in townships and seignories—the tenure in the former being by *soccage* (i. e., free, by grant or purchase from the Crown)—in the latter, *en fief* from the seigneurs. These free and feudal settlements intermingle, yet differ totally from each other in religion, habits, systems of agriculture, style of houses, and partially also in their laws—almost everything being British in the townships and French in the seignories. The lands held in feudal tenure were almost all granted before our conquest, and amount to about nine million acres; those in *soccage* extend to about seven million acres, only half of which have now been granted off. The remainder of the province is known as the Waste Lands of the Crown—all liable to be granted either in feudal or *soccage* tenure at the pleasure of the sovereign. The population of the townships is still small in proportion to that of the whole province, but is rapidly increasing; and, though hitherto with little success, every inducement is held out for the gradual conversion of the feudal into the *soccage* tenure. It is a remarkable thing to find feudalism still existing, and on a large scale, in the middle of the nineteenth century, and in the liberty-loving regions of the New World. England respected it when she conquered Canada; and, after all, it is not even now without its advantages. It is favourable to the reclaiming of the country, and makes it easy for the poor and the young to establish themselves in life. All that a young *habitant* has to do is to go to his seigneur and ask his permission (which is never refused) to settle on some portion of unoccupied land, and thenceforward a small annual rent is all that is required of him, and he becomes the legitimate possessor of the ground he farms. In Canada feudalism has lost all its repulsive features.

'Though seigneurs exist there,' says M. Marmier, 'they have neither serfs nor vassals. The seigneur transmits his titles and rights to his eldest son. He has a reserved seat in the church; the priest presents him with the holy water, and recommends him and his family to the prayers of the faithful, according to the old customs of France. But his annual rents, remaining at the same rate as in the seventeenth century, are of little value. He indeed gathers also a fee (one-twelfth of the price) upon each sale or exchange of land within his seignory; and this becomes considerable when the land is cultivated and houses have been erected upon it. These dues, however, the seigneurs are reducing, out of respect to the altered circumstances of the times. Thus the Seminary of St. Sulpice, which is seigneur of the Isle Montreal, and whose original right would now produce a revenue quite enormous, has successively lowered its rate of charge, and is every day making new concessions. Nevertheless, as this reduction is not compulsory, and as some seigneurs have declined to grant it, much dissatisfaction is arising, and the demagogues are demanding the total overthrow of the seignorial edifice. Their clamours have already resounded more than once within the walls of Parliament. Certainly they will not succeed, at least not soon, in accomplishing their act of demolition, for they could not, in common justice, despoil the seigneurs of their rights without giving them an indemnity,—and that would be no small affair. But it is probable that, in next session, the Ministry will bring in a bill for establishing a regular tariff of dues on the succession to property.'

Few travellers make any mention of these seigneurs. Several of them, we believe, are now the sole representatives of once eminent families of French noblesse. The most are understood to have no such heraldic claims. In a pamphlet published a good many years ago, the Right Hon. Sir George Rose, formerly our minister at Washington, gave some curious details as to their *titles*—which seem to have been largely manufactured out of the *regimental nicknames* of the bold dragoons sent out as settlers by Louis Quatorze, and accompanied, under his paternal orders, by help-mates collected from off the streets of Paris by his lieutenant of police. The present titularies—whether real old nobles, or only *Marquesses de Rouge-Bec*, *Barons de L'Isle d'Amour*, and so forth—seem to be almost invisible. We find in the books before us but one distinct notice of them, namely, where M. Marmier speaks of '*deux aristocratiques habitations*' at St. Hyacinthe on the Samaska.

'This village,' he says, 'is the chief place of a seignory *twenty-three leagues in extent*, belonging to an agreeable young man who has travelled much in Europe, and brought back with him a liberal mind and varied information. I could

have believed myself in a *salon* of Paris, from the aspect of the works of art with which he has surrounded himself. But what resembles in nothing our dear country is the prospect which spreads out beneath his windows—the rustic banks of the Samaaka, the immense silent plain, dotted with sombre woods cut only on one side by the faint blue heights of Bellœil, and spreading away to the north like a shoreless sea. M. de S—— has for neighbour a proprietor wealthy and well informed, at whose house I spent a pleasant evening, listening to two children fresh and rosy as two strawberries of the woods, who sang, to the accompaniment of the piano, Canadian melodies and the simple wild songs of the forest.’

By a Royal ordonnance of 1745 houses were forbidden to be erected on farms of less extent than one acre and a half in front and forty in depth; but, though Canada had been ours long before the Revolution, its principles as to division of property have been in practice very largely adopted among the French population. The right of primogeniture is no longer binding; and in many cases, instead of leaving the home-farm to the eldest, the family of sons parcel it among themselves. Four sons will divide a possession of two arpents in front, and thirty or forty backwards, into four long stripes of half an arpent broad in front, and thirty or forty in length. Thus the evils attendant upon the original bad shape of the farms become manifold increased; the *morcellement* proceeds, in some localities, as rapidly as in so many districts of France and Belgium; and the poverty of the people advances in proportion. It is the exact counterpart of the subdivision into long stripes which has led to such woful results among the subtenantry in Ireland—a similar Celtic population.

Such a subdivision, followed by the building of houses along the roadside upon each lot, has great effect in adding to the apparent populousness. Continuous rows of houses, separated by one or two intervening fields, accompany you for miles of journey. In fact, wherever the country is fully settled, this is the case—unless the traveller happens to turn up a cross-road, when a couple of miles *may* occasionally be passed without meeting with a farmer’s house. This peculiar arrangement of the farms—adopted at first to concentrate the resources of the young colony, and to provide against the attacks of the Indians—has been adhered to, no doubt, from that love of society for which the French population are remarkable, alike in Canada, Nova Scotia, and New Brunswick. But such a system is very adverse to agricultural improvement. ‘The amount of labour, both for men and horses,’ says Mr. Johnston, ‘is much increased by placing the centre of operations and the home

of the labourers and stock at the extremity of these stripes; and the difficulty is greater in properly superintending the farm. Separated more widely from each other, too, they might possibly gossip less and labour more.’

In many places the outward resemblance of this people to our poorer Irish is very striking. The broken panes in the windows are stuffed with old hats, and the clothes of the peasantry often in tatters. The smart French character of not a few modern houses, whitened over with quicklime, suggests a growing aversion to live in the old Celtic filth;—even these more inviting abodes, however, are within anything but clean and comfortable—according to our notions; and then, what is Irish enough, the new taste for this kind of display too often leads the farmer to spend upon a dwelling what he must raise by a mortgage upon his acres—in the upshot losing both house and land, and compelled to begin the world anew in a log-house. Though comparatively uneducated, they are ready-witted; and in morals, all writers assign them a high place. Robbery and violence are unknown among them—even theft is almost unheard of. They are modest and simple-hearted; and owing probably to the practice of early marriages, the sexual license, too prevalent in France, is here altogether absent. They are an easy, gay, good-natured race. They never seek employment abroad so long as they have a barrel of flour in the house; and when hired they are not to be depended upon as servants. A trifle will take them away from their work—and so many church-holidays interfere with it—for they are all zealous Roman Catholics—that British settlers rarely retain them unless when no other *helps* are to be had, or when they are willing to bind themselves to regular attendance, despite of their Saints’ days.

These are not men able to cope with the sturdy Anglo-Saxon in the great battle of life; and wherever the two races are intermingled the French go to the wall. At Belledune, for instance, the present settlers are Ayrshire men, though all this coast was not long since extensively occupied by the French. These canny Scots have their wits about them wherever ‘Johnny Crapaud’ happens to possess good or easily improvable land. His thoughtlessness and improvidence give them too many opportunities of buying him out; and the *habitans* are fast retiring to the interior.

‘With all this,’ says Mr. Johnston, ‘the French are the most cheerful people in this country; and one cannot mix with them without feeling that their easy contentment may possibly be more productive of positive worldly happiness than the restless, discontented, striving, burning energy of their neighbours.’

Mr. Johnston, like most other travellers in the United States, was struck with the gravity and decorum with which public discussions are there usually carried on, and the complete apparent self-possession of the speakers. Our insular nervousness is a thing unknown to the American republican. Acknowledging no higher rank than his own, and naturally thinking his own opinion the right one, he expresses his sentiments with a confident frankness, which among us is only the result of long training. Partly also, says Mr. Johnston, it is to be attributed to the undisciplined and uncontrolled way in which children are brought up; and he gives the following little anecdote in illustration:—

‘A friend of mine had a boy of twelve or thirteen years employed in his office to run messages. This boy several times brought me notes, and while waiting for an answer, he would walk first to one table and examine the books and papers, then to another and do the same; and, finally, to the mirror and arrange his hair in the coolest manner imaginable. I was amused with this for one or two visits. At last I said to him that in my country we did not approve of little errand-boys taking such liberties and showing so much conceit when they came into a gentleman’s rooms; and I requested that when he came in future he would sit down quietly till I wrote an answer. The boy was amazed, but was very respectful ever after. His master told me nothing had ever mortified him so much, and at the same time done him so much good; but, when I asked why he had never set the boy right himself, he gave me no reply. On telling the matter to an American lady of my acquaintance, however, she asked me immediately—“Were you not afraid to speak to the boy in that way? That boy may be President of the United States yet.” “And what then?” “Why, he might do you a great deal of harm.” It was now my turn to look amazed. It is not a persuasion that it is best for the boy which restrains reproof, but a fear that it may be worse for the reprover. This fear of one another, I was assured by various persons, amounts often to a species of tyranny throughout this Union.’

This mode of training the young is one of the most important of the social and domestic traits by which the United States are distinguished from our own homes, and from most, if not all, of our colonies. What would even the ancient republics of Greece and Rome have thought of such a ‘running wild’ of children? How would Cato or Cicero have stood aghast at the following anecdote, narrated to Mr. Johnston by a friend?—

‘A settler of many years at Dalhousie, a shoemaker by trade, had saved 500*l.* in money, and had five or six boys growing up, when he took it into his head to go off to Wisconsin. Six months after his departure, a small vessel from Quebec

entered the harbour of Dalhousie, and, when evening came on, a depressed-looking man in shabby clothing landed and walked up to my house. I was surprised to recognise my old neighbour the shoemaker. “You are surprised,” he said; “but though I was a fool to go away, I have had courage enough to come back. When I had got to Wisconsin, my boys—who had been good boys here—began to neglect their work and disregard me. I durst not correct them, sir, or I should have been mobbed. They soon learned this, and my authority was gone. My heart was sore—my money was melting away—my children were a sorrow instead of a comfort to me, and talked of starting for themselves. I sold off and came down to Canada. “Now, my boys,” says I, “I have got you under the British flag again, and we’ll have no more rebellion.” So I kept my boys in hand—but we didn’t get on—as we used to do—and at last I determined to come back to Dalhousie. What’s the world to me, sir, if my boys are to be a vexation to me? But I haven’t a penny of money; and our clothing is so scanty that I am ashamed to bring them all ashore in daylight.’

The independence of behaviour produced by the doctrine of perfect individual equality shows itself sometimes in very amusing ways:—

‘I was told at Boston,’ says Mr. Johnston, ‘of a gentleman in the neighbourhood, who, having engaged a farm-servant, found him very satisfactory in all respects, except that he invariably came into the house, and even into his master’s room, with his hat on. “John,” he said to him one day, “you always keep your hat on when you come into the house.” “Well, sir, haven’t I a right to?” “Yes, I suppose you have.” “Well, if I have a right to, why shouldn’t I?” This was a poser. After a moment’s reflection he shrewdly asked, “Now, John, what’ll you take—how much more wages will you ask—to take your hat off when you come in?” “Well, that requires consideration, I guess.” “Take the thing into consideration, then, and tell me to-morrow morning. The morrow comes. “Well, John, have you considered?” “Well, sir, I guess it’s worth a dollar a month.” “It’s settled, then, John, you shall have another dollar a month;” and the gentleman retained a good servant, while John’s hat was always in his hand when he entered the house in future. So works democracy. The Kentucky people cast in the teeth of the Bostonians that they worship the almighty dollar. At all events, even in a democracy, the stiffest has his price, and wealth cannot be deprived of a certain amount of influence.’

‘Travelling much in the stage-coaches,’ says Lord Carlisle, ‘I found it amusing to sit by the different coachmen, who were generally youths from the Eastern States, pushing their way in life, and full of fresh and racy talk. One of them, who probably came from New York—where they do not like to use the word *master* in speaking of their employers, but prefer an old Dutch name, *boss*—said to me, “I suppose the Queen is your boss now?”

This Lecture is a model of what a discourse on such a subject, delivered to a popular assembly, should be. It is a series of pictures—or *etchings*—clear and compendious, of the leading men and leading places in America, and evinces at once delicacy of observation and the gentlest and kindest heart. From a production so widely circulated we must borrow but sparingly. Here is a masterly sketch from the rail.

‘From Albany to Utica the railroad follows the stream of the Mohawk, which recalls the name of the early Indian dwellers in that bright valley, still retaining its swelling outline of wood-covered hills, but gay with prosperous villages and busy cultivation. I was perhaps still more struck the next evening, though it was a more level country, where the railway passes in the midst of the uncleared or clearing forest, and suddenly bursts out of a pine glade or cedar swamp into the heart of some town, probably four, three, or two years old, with tall white houses, well-lighted shops, billiard-rooms, &c.; and emerging, as we did, from the dark shadows into the full moonlight, the wooden spires, domes, and porticoes of the infant cities looked every bit as if they had been hewn out of the marble quarries of Carrara. I am aware that it is not the received opinion—but there is something both in the outward aspect of this region and the general state of society accompanying it which to me seemed eminently poetical. What can be more striking or stirring, despite the occasional rudeness of the forms, than all this enterprise, energy, and life, welling up in the desert? At the towns of Syracuse, of Auburn, and of Rochester, I experienced the sort of feeling which takes away one’s breath; the process seemed actually going on before one’s eyes, and one hardly knows whether to think it as grand as the *Iliad*, or as quaint as a harlequin farce.’

Take this as a specimen of the town-pictures.

‘I took up my winter quarters at New York. I thought this, the commercial and fashionable, though not the political capital of the Union, a very brilliant city. To give the best idea of it, I should describe it as something of a fusion between Liverpool and Paris—crowded quays, long perspectives of vessels and masts, bustling streets, gay shops, tall white houses, and a clear brilliant sky overhead. There is an absence of solidity in the general appearance, but in some of the new buildings they are successfully availing themselves of their ample resources in white marble and granite. At the point of the Battery, where the long thoroughfare of Broadway, extending some miles, pushes its green fringe into the wide harbour of New York, with its glancing waters and graceful shipping, and the limber, long raking masts, which look so different from our own, and the soft swelling outline of the receding shores; it has a special character and beauty of its own. I spent about a month here very pleasantly; the society appeared to me, on the whole, to have a less solid and really refined

character than that of Boston, but there is more of animation, gaiety, and sparkle in the daily life. In point of hospitality, neither could outdo the other.’

The rapid growth of New York and other cities of America is a leading topic with all travellers; and we are in the habit of hearing so much of this, that we are apt to forget what is doing nearer us. Our Transatlantic cousins, justly proud and delighted with their progress, and above troubling themselves with investigating the causes of it, make each other believe that they stand alone as an innately energetic people. Moreover, ninety-nine out of every hundred of our emigrants know little or nothing of their native kingdom beyond the locality in which they have been brought up, and generally nothing more than the outside appearance of that; so that when they cross the Atlantic everything is as new and wonderful to them as London or Birmingham would be if they had been taken to these cities instead, and they very soon gratify all they talk to by agreeing that what they have not seen does not exist, and ‘that there is nothing equal to this in the Old Country.’ To such persons it is of no consequence that fifty physiologists assert that the Anglo-Saxon race degenerates in America, and that it cannot be kept up beyond its natural region without constant accessions of new blood. They point to New York as a fact worth a dozen theories. But the growth of this city proves nothing on the general subject—it is a testimony to the energy of its actual inhabitants, but nothing more. As the Atlantic port of an interior country of great extent and vast promise, New York has certainly attracted many native-born Americans to settle within its bounds for the purposes of traffic; but it is from this side of the Atlantic that its main increase has been drawn. Every manufacturing district in Europe and every large commercial port, has sent its agencies and branch establishments with similar trading objects; so that, during these sixty years, New York may be said to have been built up by Europe rather than by the exertions of America herself.

The progress in population of Glasgow and New York, says Mr. Johnston, is represented by the following decennial returns:—

	1800-1.	1820-1.	1830-1.	1840-1.	1845.	1850.
Glasgow,	77,000	147,043	202,426	282,134	—	367,600
New York,	60,489	123,706	203,007	312,710	371,102	400,000

‘These numbers show that, without any of the advantages of an enormous transit-trade, Glasgow has in a remarkable degree kept pace with New York. During the first thirty years of the century, New York barely gained upon it the

original difference of 17,000 souls. During the last twenty, its comparative progress has been more rapid. But then *two-fifths of the New York population are foreigners born, and they and their families make up more than half the inhabitants.* Both cities, it is true, have been almost equally indebted to immigration, but—except the low Irish who have been drifted into both cities, and who are an incubus rather than an aid, and far from being an element of progress—Glasgow is peopled wholly by native-born Scotch. This city, therefore, may be regarded as a true testimony to the enterprise and perseverance of the people who inhabit the western Lowlands of Scotland. It is far more wonderful, as the result of half a century of exclusively home exertion, than the rapid rise of New York is, or than that of any other American city in which I have been.

'The inland city of Birmingham with its suburbs is not less an illustration of native energy. Since the beginning of the century its progress has been as follows:—

1801.	1811.	1821.	1831.	1841.	1851.
73,670	85,755	100,722	146,996	220,000	300,000

It does not equal either Glasgow or New York in size—but its growth, in the centre of an inland district, through the instrumentality of native-born talent working upon native mineral productions, leaves no doubt as to the physiological question of the inherent energy of the home-born who inhabit it.'

The value of immigrants to America may be judged of by the fact that, assuming each to bring with him only 10*l.*, this, for the 200,000 who yearly land at New York alone, makes an annual addition of two millions sterling to the money capital of the country. Then a single year's labour of these 200,000 in agricultural operations upon new land, must add at least 5*l.* a-head, or another million to the capital of the new States; while the increased consumption of imported articles, by the added population, augments the *federal revenue*, which is—and in spite of our preaching and practice will continue to be—derived from the duties levied upon imports.

It is Europe, therefore, that is the main-spring of the wondrous growth of the United States—European capital, European hands, and European energy. The revolts, revolutions, and prescriptions of the Continent, and the bitter discontents and overflowing population of these our islands, are the life and aggrandizement of the Great Republic. New emigrants are not mere additions to its stock of labour and capital; they consist of, or at least comprehend, those daring and resolute, if not always prudent spirits, who are driven from disturbed, or who voluntarily leave more peaceful countries. Thus, a stream of select men is constantly flowing from Europe, by whose audacious activity the filling up of the

vast western continent is hurried forward, its material resources developed, and, by the sacrifice of many foreign lives, the first difficulties of settling it overcome. 'If all the native-born Americans,' says Mr. Johnston, 'not being the sons or grandsons of Europeans, were to sit down and fold their hands and go to sleep, the progress of the country would scarcely be a whit less rapid, so long as peace between America and Europe is maintained.' But disturb by the signals of war the now undreaded navigation of the Atlantic, and this stream of brave hearts is arrested. Thenceforward the population, like that of European States, will augment by a natural increase of tamer men only. The superfluous mind of other countries, the greater force of character which is produced by the breaking up of home associations, and by the excitement of a new world, as well as the influence of its example on the minds and character of the native-born, will all be lost. The great breadth of unsettled land would then, like the forests and plains of Russia and Poland, rather indicate what the country *might* become, than what, within any assignable time, it is likely to be.

Another set of facts is properly dwelt upon by the same writer. Of all quarters of the Union, the New England States, it is well known, receive the greatest influx of British settlers, and in character and habits approach most closely to the old country; and it is precisely by these restless New Englanders that the political, religious, and educational institutions of the great northern and western States are mainly influenced.

'The emigrants who go out from Europe—the raw bricks for the new State buildings—are generally poor, and for the most part indifferently educated. Being strangers to the institutions of the country, and to their mode of working, and, above all, being occupied in establishing themselves, the rural settlers have little leisure or inclination to meddle with the direct regulation of public affairs for some years after they have first begun to hew their farms out of the solitary wilderness. The New Englanders come in to do this. The west is an outlet for their superfluous lawyers, their doctors, their ministers of various persuasions, their newspaper editors, their bankers, their merchants, and their pedlars. All the professions and influential positions are filled up by them. They are the movers in all the public measures that are taken in the organization of State governments, and the establishment of county institutions; and they occupy most of the legislative, executive, and other official situations, by means of which the State affairs are at first carried on. Thus the west presents an inviting field to the ambitious spirits of the east; and through their means the genius and institutions of the New England States are transplanted and diffused, and determine, in a great measure, those of the most westerly portions of the union.'

This paragraph helps to explain the phenomenon which of all others most astonishes the stranger—viz. the 'power of absorption' of the American character. Suppose a skilful chemist throwing five or six different ingredients into his crucible, and mingling and crushing them until he extracts one homogeneous essence, and we have an apt image of the moral and intellectual chemistry which is continually acting upon the population of the States. Its founders came from England, but ever since it has been receiving recruits from almost every country of Europe. Scotland, Ireland, Wales, France, Germany, the mountaineers of Switzerland, and the shores of the Baltic, nay, even distant and isolated Russia herself—all have sent out representatives as to a congress of the nations. At first this agglomeration proceeded slowly and by small detachments, but now it annually consists of whole armies of artisans and tillers of the ground, and of thousands upon thousands of families.

'All these foreigners,' says M. Marmier, 'carry out with them their particular predilections and prejudices. At first the character of the American does not charm them—they are disagreeably surprised by his habits. They resolve to keep aloof from him, to live apart with their own countrymen, to preserve upon that distant continent the manners of their native land—and in their mother tongue they energetically protest that they never will become Americans. Vain is the project! useless the protestation! The American atmosphere envelopes them, and by its constant action weakens their recollections, dissolves their prejudices, decomposes their primitive elements. Little by little, by insensible modifications, they change their views and mode of living, adopt the usages and language of the Americans, and end by being absorbed in the American nation, as are the streamlets from the valleys in the great rivers that bear them onward to the ocean. How many are the honest Germans, who, after cursing the rudeness of American manners, and bitterly regretting their good kindly Fatherland, have come at last to stick their hat, Yankee fashion, on the back of their head, to stiffen themselves, like the Yankee, in a coat buttoned up to the chin, to disdain all the rules of European courtesy, and to use no other language but the consecrated dialect of business!'

This blending of the nations, this assimilation to one standard of so many different human tribes, bears certainly an unimpeachable testimony to the energy of the race which thus superinduces upon others its own characteristics. Brief as our limits compel us to be, we cannot quit this most remarkable phenomenon of American society without giving a few sentences of Lord Carlisle's, which contribute somewhat more to its elucidation.

Amidst all their vaunted equality, he says, 'there is a more implicit deference to custom among the Americans, a more passive submission to what is assumed to be the public opinion of the day or hour, than would be paralleled in many aristocratic or even *despotic* communities.'

'This quiet acquiescence in the prevailing tone, this complete abnegation of individual sentiment, is naturally most perceptible in the domain of politics; but I thought that it also in no considerable degree pervaded the social circle, biased the decisions of the judicial bench, and even infected the solemn teachings of the pulpit. To this source may probably in some measure be traced the remarkable similarity in the manners, deportment, conversation, and tone of feeling, which has so generally struck travellers. Who that has seen can ever forget the slow and melancholy silence of the couples who walk arm-in-arm to the tables of the great hotel, or of the unsocial groups who gather round the greasy meats of the steam-boat, lap up the five minutes' meal, come like shadows, so depart? One of their able public men made an observation to me, which struck me as pungent, and perhaps true—that it was probably the country in which there was less misery and less happiness than in any other of the world.'

In regard to the physiological conjecture that the Anglo-Saxon race does, and ever will, degenerate in the New World, all that we can gather from casual remarks in Mr. Johnston's book is confirmatory of the supposition. Take even provinces which lie nearly in the same latitude with us, and whose climate, of all others, most nearly resembles our own. A European landing in Halifax is pleased to see the fresh and blooming complexions of the females of all classes, and we may say of almost all ages; he will scarcely believe that in stepping from England to Nova Scotia he has reached a climate which bears heavier upon young looks and female beauty than our own. On this side the Atlantic it is in countries which, like Great Britain, Ireland, and Holland, are surrounded by an atmosphere rarely arid or dry, either from excessive cold or excessive heat, but which, more or less loaded with moisture, always softens and expands the skin, that health and freshness of complexion in both sexes is most conspicuous and most permanent. A similar phenomenon is more or less evident in mountainous districts, from the fogs and rains which so frequently visit them; and it is doubtless to the analogous climate of Nova Scotia, and other parts of the North American coast lying within the influence of the Gulf Stream, that the healthy looks of the people are mainly to be ascribed. Yet even here it seems to be the fact that, as a general rule, British-born settlers succeed bet-

ter than the natives. And why? 'I could not help remarking,' says Mr. Johnston, 'that, in New Brunswick as a whole, the regularly settled inhabitants did not appear to work so hard as the same classes do at home.' 'No doubt,' he says, when in another place, 'there must be some truth in the statement' (which he met with everywhere) 'that the sons and grandsons of British settlers do not display the same energy as their emigrant fathers.' 'Here, too,' he adds in a third district, 'the praise of superior industry and perseverance was awarded to the emigrant. This opinion from the mouths of natives is certainly very provoking, since I can sincerely say, after a very long tour in the province, that, in my opinion, a finer looking body of yeomanry is not to be seen in any part of the world. The first provincial-born generation shoots up tall and handsome men and women, pleasant to look upon. It may be that the more slender form is inclined less to steady labour, and that with the bodily figure the habits and tempers of the descendants of industrious settlers change also. But where men are subjected to so many new influences as they are in this new country, it is very difficult to specify or distinguish how much of any observed change of habits is due to each.'

When speaking of the 'gloomy unsociableness' of the *tables d'hôte* in the States, Mr. Johnston has some observations which may be considered in connexion with the foregoing:—

'Whether this silence at table and rapidity of meals be a cause of indigestion, or a consequence of disease arising from other causes, it is certain that diseases of the digestive organs, and deaths from such diseases, are much more frequent in the United States than they are in Great Britain. This is very strikingly shown by the following numbers which represent the average cases of disease and death from disease of the digestive organs in every thousand inhabitants in the two countries:—

	Diseases.	Deaths.
United States . . .	526	14
Great Britain . . .	95	†

More than one half the population appear to be affected by such diseases in the United States, and less than one-tenth in Great Britain; and while fourteen out of every thousand die of such disease in North America, only one in two thousand actually dies of it in our island.

'If half the population be subject to a disease which, more than almost any other, interferes with bodily comfort and equability of temperament—which creates a restlessness and nervous irritability that is scarcely to be laid asleep—it must have a most powerful influence upon the habits and general character of the whole people. The prevailing nervous temperament of the New Englanders is ascribed by some of my friends, in the country itself, to the peculiarly dry and

searching qualities of the climate. If this temperament lead to choice of food and habits of eating which bring on indigestion, this latter disease will again react upon the temperament, and thus a confounding of cause and effect will take place, which makes it very difficult to decide which is the first or chief agent in producing the observed result. I am very much inclined, however, to the opinion, that a great number of those who emigrate are already more or less affected by the disease in question before they forsake their homes. Privation, hard labour, anxiety of mind, too close confinement during opening manhood, and other causes, produce stomach diseases and nervous restlessness, which make men move to more hopeful regions, or which, being transmitted to children, impel them to new homes. The anxieties which attend the change of life in the new country continue and prolong the excitement; so that, independent of all special climatic action, some generations of tolerable comfort might elapse before the family restlessness would be soothed down. But if, besides, in the nature of the climate and the general example of the people there be causes of new excitement, we may expect the disease to be indefinitely continued, and the temperament to become characteristic of the people, and a national distinction.'

Agriculture, according to the Durham Professor—who should here be on his strongest ground—is as yet in its infancy in America. The system consists in exhausting the natural soil by a scourging succession of grain crops; then deserting the farm, and going on to fresh territories, which are exhausted and deserted in turn. In short, land is so cheap that it is more profitable to buy new fields than manure old; so that nothing like proper restorative culture is practised. Accordingly, says he, the great wheat region is ever retiring farther and farther to the west; while some Atlantic districts, including the whole State of New York, have become comparatively used up, and only suffice to support their own population. Hence Mr. Johnston infers that there is no probability of the price of British produce being permanently depressed by the free importation of American wheat or flour. "My persuasion is, that year by year our Transatlantic cousins will become less and less able—except in extraordinary seasons—to send large supplies of wheat to our island ports; and that, when their freshness shall have been rubbed off their new lands, they will be unable, with their present knowledge and methods, to send wheat to the British market so cheap as the more skilful farmers of Great Britain and Ireland.' A declaration so fenced with irritant clauses we have rarely encountered. What, in truth, does this proposition amount to? It is undeniable that America sends large supplies of wheat to our markets at present; and the Professor states his opinion,

firstly, that it will continue to do so until the virgin freshness shall have been rubbed off its new lands, but no longer. Now, when is this likely to be? Not this century, anyhow—and if the Yankees manage to retain their whole territory even to the year 1900, they will certainly 'go a-head *slick*' in the interval. Secondly (not to mention the further exception of 'extraordinary seasons'), the Professor admits that these large supplies of grain, even at that very remote and indefinite period, will only cease if the American farmers adhere to their *present methods*—in other words, if, when everything else in America is 'going a-head,' agriculture should stand still for half a century—an impossible supposition. Lastly, how *could* the present mode of farming be adhered to after the new lands are *exhausted*, when this system (depending, as it does, on the cheapness of land, and the desertion of old farms for new) cannot go on for one moment after the new lands are *occupied*?

Let us see how the matter actually stands. Accepting as correct the averment that the State of New York is not at present an exporting one, it is always to be remembered that this by no means applies to the Atlantic States generally—as it appears from one of the Professor's own footnotes that Pennsylvania and Virginia are among the greatest wheat-exporting districts of the Union. Moreover, as long as New York State supports itself in grain (and our author, as we shall by and by see, holds that it is now at its lowest point of production), the whole surplus of the interior States is exportable without any deduction. What that surplus is, and how rapidly it is increasing, may be seen from Mr. Johnston's statement, that in 1838 wheaten flour was shipped at Buffalo for the West, but that in 1847 no less than *four hundred thousand tons* of wheat and flour reached the banks of the Hudson from the West. An increase of 400,000 tons in nine years is most astounding; but considering the 'unparalleled influx of emigrants from Europe during the last four years (double that of any former experience), it cannot be doubted that the surplus must be now increasing even still faster. The State of Michigan alone, in 1848, produced 4,740,000 bushels of wheat, of which *two millions* were exportable; an extraordinary quantity for so young a State, which at that time had only one-seventieth part of its whole cultivable area under wheat—the soil of which, as Mr. Johnston tells us, is indifferent, and its climate humid, cold, and unfavourable to agricultural pursuits. The fact is, the power of exporting large quantities of wheat implies neither great natural productiveness, nor permanently rich land, in a district which, from a state of nature, is beginning to be subjected to arable

culture. The explanation of it is, that nearly the whole population of such districts is employed in agricultural pursuits, and that wheat is the only grain they produce for which a ready market can be found. Let us not be wilfully blind. As long as the Eastern States continue simply self-supporting, the surplus of the interior, of the new lands constantly being reclaimed, will year after year pour down the river-high-ways to the sea; and long before the advancing tide of cultivation has reached the barrier of the Rocky Mountains, another tidal wave of superior culture will have rolled westwards over the Alleghanies. The three great causes of the wretched system of agriculture hitherto practised in America are—cheapness of land, dearness of labour, and want of capital; and in the ordinary course of things all three will diminish together. The fact that 7 per cent. can now be had by lending money, while farming usually yields only 5, will retard for some time any costly improvements in agriculture. But such a state of things cannot long continue; and the extraordinary exertions now everywhere making, both in our Provinces and in the States, and which Mr. Johnston himself has been so ably helping forward, promise soon to restore to vigour the once highly productive soils of North-Eastern America. Mark his own admission, a little further on:—'I would not be so rash as to say that the wheat-producing powers of the *region east of Lake Erie and south of the St. Lawrence*, will never be much greater than it is now; I believe it may become, and I *hope the time may soon arrive* when more skill and knowledge shall have forced it to become, *far more productive, as a whole, than it is now.*' The Professor adds the formidable anticipation, that there we may by and by 'find new Lothians, and Norfolks, and Lincolnshires, and a reproduction of the best farmers of all these districts—their very sons and grandsons, in fact, settled on American farms.' Our Professor is a candid liberal; without question, if the present Free Trade work go on much longer, our farmers, both sons and fathers, will be found anywhere, everywhere, but at home! If the New York farmers grumble at being supplanted by others of their own country, it is no ways strange that ours should grumble at being supplanted by the foreigner; and if they tax Canadian grain 20 per cent., does it not seem reasonable enough that we should reciprocate the impost? Moreover, they tax grain-imports merely to keep farming profitable in exhausted districts; the former legislation of Great Britain on this subject had a far different motive. It matters nothing to the Americans, as a nation, whether they get their bread-stuffs from one part of the Union or another; but it is of

mighty importance to us whether we raise our supplies at home, or become dependent for our staple food upon countries which may any day become our relentless foes; among others the Union itself, and *France*.*

Mr. Johnson's account of Lowell, the well-known manufacturing city of Massachusetts, brings us to another branch of the great controversy of the day. This town stands on the beautiful river Merrimack, from which it derives the motive power for its machinery. It is a clean, spacious, busy place, with wide streets, abundant shops, comfortable hotels, rows of neat lodging-houses for the employed, and fifty large mills, upon which the whole population depends. Cottons, plain and printed, woollen cloths, carpets, and the machinery necessary for the spinning and weaving departments, are the principal manufactures of the town. Its rise has been very rapid. In 1828 the population was only 3500; in 1850 it was estimated at 25,000. When compared with the fine produce of the Glasgow mills, the cotton manufacture is almost in its cradle. The cloths are coarse sheetings, shirtings, drillings, and printed calicoes, which are made of low-priced cotton, and are heavy to transport. But in this department they have no competitors; for the cost of the transport upon European goods of this kind forms so large a percentage of their whole value, as to give the American manufacturers the sole command of their own market for these articles, and even of great part of the South American market also. Our Professor thus winds up his remarks:—

'The deduction which I wish the reader to draw, and which I think he will draw from this comparison, is, that New England is employed almost solely in producing coarse and inferior goods, in which the quantity of raw material is great, and upon which the labour expended is comparatively small. The goods which it is of importance to us to produce are those into the price of which labour enters to the extent of from 50 to 80 per cent. of the whole cost. Such goods Glasgow chiefly makes, and such goods Lowell does not; and none of the American manufacturers can yet make them so as to come into successful competition with British and German products, even in their own protected markets. We have not, therefore, cause for those gloomy apprehensions which alarmists delight to hold up constantly before our eyes, as if the honest and praiseworthy endeavours of our Transatlantic brethren were incompatible almost with our manufacturing existence. Let them advance, as we *should* wish they might.'

* Free-trade prophecies are already at a sad discount. France, almost the last country, we were assured, from which grain-imports were to be expected, now sends us annually 500,000 quarters of wheat, and 2,000,000 cwt. of flour!

Whatever we *should* wish, it is too certainly the fact that not a little of our recent legislation has been based upon a very different hope and expectation. We have been depreciating many other interests at home for the sake of pushing the foreign trade in cotton manufactures; and it becomes us to examine whether we are likely to achieve so great success in this design as will compensate the acknowledged misery which it is occasioning. What, then, is our chance of maintaining (for *extending* is manifestly hopeless) our ground in the American market? In all the rougher kinds of cotton goods, as we have seen, we are totally supplanted; not even Manchester with its coarse fabrics for exportation, can enter into rivalry with the produce of Lowell. Let us consider, then, whether we can hope long to hold our supremacy in the finer fabrics. The two great obstacles, we are told, to the States' successfully competing with us in these, are 'the high price of labour, and the expensive way in which manufacturing is generally conducted.' As to the first—not to mention the slow but certain fall in wages owing to the vast immigration and natural increase of population—it must be recollected that our mills are driven by steam, those of Lowell by water power—an economical advantage which cannot easily be over-estimated, and which goes far to counterbalance the higher price paid for human labour, if indeed it does not compensate it in full. In regard to the second obstacle that so cheers our Professor—we must content ourselves with the very obvious hint, that with the Americans this manufacture is still very young. Two-and-twenty years ago there was not a loom in Lowell; and yet what is the state of matters now? Why, there are now 320,000 spindles at work, and more than 350,000 yards of cotton cloth made daily! If such has been its progress, is it likely now to stand still? Are the Yankees so diffident of their powers, so slothful in temperament, or so careless of gain as to rest contented with their quickly-won supremacy in the coarser fabrics, and leave our finer stuffs in quiet possession of their markets? The only *real* difficulty in economising a process of this kind is to invent machinery that will produce the same results with less attendance or in less time. But in the case of Lowell, this difficulty is more imaginary than real. We have made such inventions, after great labour and great expense; *they have only to copy them*. The engineers that work for Manchester will work for them—we will cast what they need in our foundries, and send it out to them; and should they want to know still more they have every opportunity for doing so at our Great Exhibition.

Such are the state and prospects of the

cotton manufacture in the Northern States. But the South also has begun; and it is rushing ahead even faster than the North, and with advantages peculiar to itself. The water-power, as we have seen, gives Lowell a great advantage over the steam-mills of Manchester; and the high price of labour in Massachusetts is the only real obstacle to its competing even with our finest fabrics. The South also has its magnificent streams and abundant water-power, but it has also *cheap labour*. It is the black that there works in the mills—it is slave labour that there comes into competition with the already down-crushed workmen of England. In Virginia, Kentucky, the Carolinas, Georgia, Tennessee, and Mississippi, there are already some scores of factories—consuming from 300,000 to 400,000 bales of cotton a year; and the same power which compels the negroes to toil in gangs under a burning sun will constrain them to waste life in hundreds more of such factories. There is even a double motive for thus employing them—not merely the prospect of vast gain in this manufacture, but because some of the former industries are all but quite unprofitable. The tobacco-grounds were yearly becoming more and more exhausted; thousands of acres were annually abandoned; and the slave-lords have been removing their black *stock* or *plant* further and further from the coast, for the sake of reaching richer soils. But the cotton manufacture has at once relieved their embarrassment; and they are now driving it on with all the eagerness of men who have just discovered a golden mine. With *operatives* who ask no wages—whose sole cost is keeping soul and body together—who never dream of *strikes*, and who work as obediently and mechanically as the machines they superintend, the slave-owners of the South will soon make their influence felt on both sides of the Atlantic. Even our Professor registers, ‘the prediction of many, that the manufacturers of the Eastern States will sink before them.’

Leaving the *Eastern States* to look after their own dollar, we guess it is time for Old England to drop the beatific vision of spinning for all the world. We are receiving a smart rebuff in what all our wise men had pronounced the most promising market for our cotton goods. Moreover, with these hundreds of mills both in the Northern and Southern States, and new ones yearly springing up on the banks of their noble rivers, it is plain enough that ere long there will be little surplus cotton to send to us. This the mill-men of Manchester already perceive, and hence the great interest they now take in India, and the Commission sent out to report on the possibility of growing cotton there on a gigantic scale—with a profit. Add to all this the *duty*

of from thirty to fifty per cent. levied on our manufacturers by the States, and we complete a picture which merits the serious consideration of our Ministers—indeed of their masters.

We cannot conclude without adverting to the general prospects of the poor Negroes in the Union. One of the most melancholy results of the system of slavery in Virginia, especially since the land became exhausted, is the breeding and rearing of slaves for the supply of the South. Doubtless the greater attention which proprietors are thus induced to bestow on their *stock* cannot be without some good to the physical interests of the blacks; but it is a humbling thing to see ‘human produce’ made a branch of common rural industry in a Christian State!—‘Virginia,’ said not long since one of its representatives, ‘has a slave population of near half a million, whose value is chiefly dependent on Southern demand.’ ‘In plain English,’ retorted Mr. Stevens, a Pennsylvanian member of Congress—‘what does this mean? That Virginia is now fit to be the breeder, not the employer of slaves; that her proud chivalry are compelled to turn slave-traders for a livelihood. Instead of attempting to renovate the soil, and by their own honest labour compelling the earth to yield her abundance—instead of seeking for the best breeds of cattle and horses to feed on her hills and valleys, and fertilize the land—the sons of the Great State must devote their time to selecting and grooming the most lusty sires and the most fruitful wenches, to supply the slave-barracoons of the South!’ And so profitable is this slave-rearing husbandry, that Mr. Johnston tells us it brings in more money yearly to Virginia than all its tobacco and cotton do!

The increased application of Negro labour to the growth of sugar in the Southern States is another circumstance of moment.

‘In Louisiana,’ says Mr. Johnston, ‘there were of sugar estates, and of slaves employed in the cultivation of sugar, in

	With Horse power.	With Steam-power.	Estates.	Slaves.
1844—45	354	480	762	63,000
1849—50	671	865	1,536	126,000

The cultivation of sugar, therefore, is rapidly increasing—a proof that, with the aid of the duty imposed upon foreign sugar in the States, these countries can now compete profitably with Cuba and the Brazils. Much more, therefore, when the slave trade in these latter countries shall come to be abolished, and the expense of cultivation thereby raised, will they be able to strive successfully against them for the supply of the whole United States market. And if we consider that into this latter market raw sugar to the value of about nine million dollars is now annually imported from Spanish and Brazilian ports,

we shall be able to form an idea of the very great development of which this branch of culture, in the Southern States, is still susceptible.'

If to the cotton-culture—hitherto the great slave-multiplier—be now added a largely increased slave-culture of sugar, and to both the employment of negroes in cotton and other factories, it cannot be doubted that a fresh and most potent stimulus will be given to this breeding and traffic of blacks, and stronger enthusiasm nourished for those 'domestic institutions' by which slavery is established and made legal. 'And, if in free England the factory system has been productive of so many evils, physical, moral, and social—who shall say to what new forms of oppression and misery it may give rise in vast workshops peopled by human beings who have no civil rights, and who are superintended by others whose immediate profit may be the greatest when their sufferings are rendered the most unbearable?' Can any one doubt that the evil must tell upon us also?

'It can scarcely fail,' says Mr. Johnston, 'to affect in a marked manner the future comfort and condition of our home population. If the labour of coloured slaves, so employed, really prove cheaper than that of free white men, then either our manufactures must decline and decrease, or the condition and emoluments of our workmen must be gradually reduced to the level of those of the SLAVE OPERATIVES of the American factories. The possibility of such a result is melancholy and disheartening, at a time when so many are anxious rather to improve and elevate than further to depress our labouring people.'

We thank the Professor for the frank admission of this passage:—but what right has he to insinuate that there ever was a time when it was the wish of the British government, or of any influential class of this community, to 'depress our labouring people?' This slang is exceedingly unworthy of such a writer. But to return to his proper topic—we may add, that our African squadron, and other efforts for repressing the slave trade, are here worse than useless; for just in proportion as slavery goes down in Brazil and Cuba, will the stimulus to slave-breeding be increased in Virginia.

What is to be done with the American negroes? This is, perhaps, a question of as great perplexity to the friends of the blacks as to their sternest taskmasters. Besides the actual slaves, the growing body of free coloured people is a source of extreme anxiety. At the beginning of the century their number in Virginia was only 10,000; It is now estimated at six times that amount. They are most numerous in Eastern Virginia; and as the whites in that region are diminishing, while the free

blacks are increasing, it is not unnatural that the former should dread the influence of the latter upon the minds of the slaves. Attempts have accordingly been made to repress this increase, by discouraging the emancipation of the slaves, and forbidding such as are emancipated from remaining in the state without the special permission of the county-courts. But the agent most relied on has been the American Colonisation Society—that is, the scheme for conveying all free blacks who choose to the Liberian settlement in Africa,—a scheme proposed by President Jefferson at the close of last century, established in 1817, aided and countenanced by the legislature of Virginia, and recently supported by Messrs. Clay and Webster. The latter statesman, in March, 1850, explicitly said,—'If Virginia and the South see fit to adopt any proposition to relieve themselves from the free people of colour among them, or such as may be made free, they have my full consent that the Government shall pay them any sum adequate to the purpose out of the proceeds of the sale of the territories ceded to the general Government,—and which has already produced 80,000,000 dollars.' In session 1850 the legislature of Virginia passed a bill appropriating 50,000 dollars a-year for five years, to remove from that State, under the auspices of the Colonisation Society, each free person of colour who might be willing to emigrate to Africa; and imposing on those who remained a tax of a dollar a-head, to be added to the same fund. And in the present Congress (1851) Mr. Clay has proposed the establishment of a line of Government *emigration steamers* to the coast of Africa to promote the egress of free blacks.

We are happy in believing that the settlement of Liberia has already had some effect in repressing the slave traffic on the coast of Africa, and promoting better industry there than that of kidnapping. But, as respects its main avowed purpose, this Colonisation Society has not as yet succeeded. The free coloured people in the States increase at present at the rate of 11,000 a-year, while the Society in thirty-three years has transported only 7,000 in all, many of them slaves manumitted for the purpose. Should Mr. Webster, now in office, still adhere to his above-quoted sentiments on this matter, and if Mr. Clay succeed in his present proposal, something useful may yet be done by means of the Society, though from the almost universal reluctance of the negroes to emigrate, and other obstacles, it seems destined never to realise all the hopes of its founders.

'It cannot be (says Mr. Johnston) that statesmen really look for any relief of the supposed evil to this plan of deportation. The proposals must rather be made as temporary expedients,

and for the purpose of political conciliation. So it must have been also with Mr. Clay's plan for the gradual abolition of slavery in Kentucky, that all born after 1860 should be free when they reached the age of twenty-five, and that they should then be apprenticed for three years, to raise a sum sufficient to transport them to a colony, to be provided for the purpose. Who can foresee what is to be the state of the Union itself, or the political position of this constantly increasing body of coloured people, in the year 1888, when the first of these freed slaves would be in a condition to be expatriated?

'There are now in the Union about 3,300,000 slaves, and 500,000 free coloured people. If these increase at the present ratio of 3 or even 24 per cent. per annum, they will amount respectively, in 1890, to 1,250,000 of free coloured, and to upwards of 7,000,000 of slaves! The new constitutions adopted in Kentucky and Illinois forbid the immigration and settlement of free people of colour in these States, and order the expulsion of such as are made free. But when numbers multiply so greatly, what law, unless it be that another St. Bartholomew shall be enacted, will prevent these numbers from spreading over the land?'

Are, then, these poor creatures destined yet to struggle through blood and fire to some half-savage monarchy of their own? or, humanized by generations of peace, will they emerge gradually, and almost unnoticed, into a civilised and Christian community? Another St. Bartholomew will not do:—a thought so devilish could never creep into the manly American heart; and if their present rate of increase continues as it seems likely to do, ere this century has closed the expense of retaining such a population in subjection will outweigh any profit derivable from their compulsory labour. A nation of ten million Africans cannot be held in a silken leash: Prussia, under the Great Frederick, had hardly half that number, and yet she baffled the leagued forces of three empires. With the excessive antipathy to every shade of black blood which pervades every part of the Union, it may be long before a Negro State will be permitted to rear its head. But every year is bringing this climax nearer; and the very care at present bestowed upon the breeding of slaves, revolting though it be, may be one of the agencies by which Providence is hastening on the final extinction of bondage in the Transatlantic World. A new St. Domingo, indeed, would never be tolerated in the midst of Anglo-Saxon light and energy; but the Negroes of the States are already a very different race of men from those who sixty years ago made a hell of that noble island. Those were fresh from the African wilds, burning with all the fierce lusts of savage existence, and wrathful under the new thralldom of their white masters. The others have long been encircled by many civilising influences; their *original* hatred to their

masters has long passed away; the pleasing symptom of hundreds redeeming their freedom is witnessed every year; not a few of these freedmen have distinguished themselves in the humble career thus opened to them, and probably many more would do so but for the repressive jealousy of their white brethren.*

True, that improvement is yet in its infancy—true that, standing side by side with the lordliest type of our race, the inferiority of the Negro still seems excessive. But consider the long glory of the one and the almost immemorial degradation of the other. Can the deep debasement of three thousand years be rolled from off the Negro's soul like a mist of the morning? Can half a century in the green savannahs of America efface the scorching marks of the sun of Africa—the debasing sterility of its glowing deserts? The fertile region where now he dwells is not his own—its riches, its fruits, its beauty, are not as yet for him; and can we, remembering all this, still reject his case as hopeless because he has not risen nearer to a fellowship with a world which disowns him, and which too bitterly thrusts him back from its portals?

Colonel Cunynghame shrewdly says:—

'The Americans of the Southern States are very anxious that all strangers should come to an unfavourable conclusion respecting the mental capabilities of the black man, invariably stating that the race are susceptible of no improvement, however much attention is lavished upon the cultivation of their minds; but that this cannot really be their own impression is too clearly demonstrated by the necessity which these citizens have advocated, of passing laws in the senate against all instruction being granted to this race. If, in their opinion, no harm could arise to their own interest from increased knowledge in the slave, or if he were utterly incapable of receiving useful impressions, why adopt such vigorous measures to preclude him only from the

* In calculating the probabilities of the future establishment of a great negro dominion, we must not overlook the myriads of that unhappy race in the islands of the Mexican Gulf. The decree of the Provisional Government in 1848, by which all the blacks in the French islands were declared free, has worked very badly. 'All the emigrants from Guadeloupe and Martinique with whom I conversed,' says Marmier, 'foresaw a bloody and terrible catastrophe. Failing energetic repression, these islands, like St. Domingo, will be lost to us. But we shall have the satisfaction, perhaps,' he adds, 'with misplaced levity, of witnessing the foundation of a new kingdom of the blacks, and of manufacturing at Paris the crown and sceptre of another Faustin I.' In the course of ages, should there indeed arise a negro dominion in the New World, it will probably be attended by a concentration of the blacks from Maryland to Brazil. A central position, such as the possession of St. Domingo and one or two other islands of the Gulf would afford them, might be best both for themselves and for their white brethren, as at once concentrating and isolating them.

eating of that fruit, which they acknowledge, by their universal system of education, to be so invaluable to themselves?—*Glimpse*, p. 146.

'It has been stated by persons worthy of credit,' says Mr. Johnston, 'that the old skulls disinterred from the Negro burying ground at New York, are much thicker, and indicate a less intellectual character, than those of more modern date. Dr. Warren showed me, in his collection, skulls of pure Negroes of full blood, which he assured me were of enlarged size, and manifested greater signs of intellectual capacity; and he expressed to me his conviction, that the race, by long residence in this more intellectual country, was itself becoming more intellectual. This is certainly in consonance with one's hopes and wishes, and in accordance with the ideas of Blumenbach. The upholders of the permanence and imalterability of pure races meet us with the objection, that there are in Africa different tribes with different degrees of intellectual endowment, and that, to prove our case, we must trace the same family always mixing with the same blood for a couple of centuries, and show that the last of the successive generations is wiser and nobler in mind than the first. But though this has not been done, I am not willing to estimate lightly the matured opinion of so old and practised an observer as Dr. Warren.'

Most lamentable is the unmeasured acrimony and virulence which the Slavery Question is at present exciting throughout the Union. The Free States, galled by the gibes and sarcasms hurled at them from Europe as tolerators of slavery, and roused by the sight of horrors which the Fugitive Slave Bill has now brought to their doors, have lost sight of all prudence, and cast forbearance to the winds, in their antipathy to slavery and the Slave States. They overlook the immense difficulty of dealing with such a question—they forget of how old a standing the evil is, and how closely it has become mixed up with the material interests and social institutions of the southern part of the Union. As M. Marmier sharply reminds them—

'They discuss this question quite at their ease. By the nature of their soil and climate they have no need of slavery, and there are but few negroes within their territories. I will add that the States of the North have no right to boast of their emancipation of the blacks, since they have conceded to them only an affronting liberty—since they hold them like helots to the lowest trades, and brand them with a stigma of reprobation like pariahs.'

It is a Gordian knot that dare not be cut. It is a task for a Napoleon—how is it to be accomplished by shallow spouters and turgid pamphleteers? If they will not forbear for the Union's sake, it is needless to implore them to be prudent for the sake of the Negroes. But what other result can all this blind fury and inflammatory harangue have upon the helpless

slaves, save to fill them with discontent or rouse them to revolution? There must be wise heads and iron wills in Virginia to have thus long repressed the effervescence; but if the rabid declamations of the North continue much longer, there cannot fail to be such a crisis as America has never yet beheld and will never cease to deplore.

ART. IV.—*Memoirs of the Dukes of Urbino; illustrating the Arms, Arts, and Literature of Italy from 1440 to 1630.* By James Dennistoun of Dennistoun. 3 vols. 8vo. 1851.

THE territory of Urbino, always small and unproductive, is now incorporated into one of the weakest and worst governed of Christian states. The family of its ancient sovereigns has long been extinct, and the page that recorded the history of their independence is almost obliterated from the annals of Europe. Yet, after so many years of obscurity, relics of former magnificence may still be traced in its remote capital; and the pilgrim will be well rewarded for his slight deviation from the beaten track. Mr. Dennistoun, however, never meant to confine his investigation to the narrow limits of this territory, or even to the lives of those eminent men most nearly connected with it; he aspired, as the title-page announces, to *illustrate* the progress of arms, arts, and literature from the middle of the fifteenth to the middle of the seventeenth century; and, in fact, the dukes of Urbino and their duchy occupy but a small part of a work which might with equal propriety have styled itself a history of Italy during that brilliant period.

The modern legation of Urbino and Pesaro includes the whole of the old duchy. The original line of its princes, designated in elder chronicles as lords of *Monte Carpegna* (a desolate tract in the Apennines), had their first importance as Counts of Montefeltro—that mountainous district lying north of the city of Urbino, of which Penna Billi is the largest town, and the fortress of St. Leo the most remarkable feature.* This small fief was bestowed by Frederick Barbarossa on one of his followers in the year 1154, and in the beginning of the next century we find a descendant receiving the investiture with additional

* This fortress replaces, on the summit of an isolated, almost tower-like rock, a once famous temple of *Jupiter Feretrius*. Hence the obvious etymon of Montefeltro—which name was extended to the surrounding district.

territory from Frederick II., and soliciting a confirmation of the grant from the rival of the imperial power, Pope Honorius III. From about this time these feudatories of a double allegiance were designated indifferently as Counts of Montefeltro or of Urbino. Conquest, purchase, and prudent marriages farther increased their dominions; but it was not till the sovereignty had descended to the line of Rovere that the nepotism of two Popes of that race added the important provinces of Sinigaglia and Pesaro. Dante has conferred on many of the noblest names of Italy the same immortality that some of our ancient families owe to Shakespeare. The readers of the *Divina Commedia* are familiar with the name of Count Guido of Montefeltro, although the insignificant page which it occupies in history may have escaped their notice. It is from the great poet alone that we learn both the crime and the punishment of this relaxed penitent. Foremost among the founders of his House's greatness, he was noted throughout his active life for cunning;

— *l'opere mie*

Non furon leonine ma da volpe—

— 'less my deeds bespake

The nature of the lion than the fox' (*Carey*)—

is the confession wrung from him (*Inferno*, c. 27). But he had moments of contrition: and when he had reached that age, he relates, which to all reflective minds brings a chilling sense of the vanity of life, he was filled with remorse:—

— *fui om d' arme et poi fui Cordigliero . . .*

Ciò che prima mi piacque allor m' increbbe,
E pentito e confesso mi rendei.

'A man of arms at first, I clothed me then
In good Saint Francis' girdle . . .
That which before had pleased me then I rued,
And to repentance and confession turn'd.'—*Carey*.

In the Franciscan convent at Assisi the abdicated prince sought that peace which the world can neither give nor take away; and here, but for an unexpected temptation, he might have persevered in his course of prayer and penance. Pope Boniface VIII., baffled in a war he was waging with his rebellious vassals of the Comarca, visited the cell of the recluse, and begged some of that crafty counsel for which he had been so famous. 'Promise much and perform little,' the oracle replied—the Pope took the hint—and Palestrina, the stronghold of the enemy, having capitulated on favourable terms, was immediately levelled with the earth. It was in vain that the cautious sinner had received previous absolution from his tempter for the crime he was about

to commit—it was in vain that he died in the woods of St. Francis—in vain the Saint himself descended in person to receive the soul of his client; 'a cherub of darkness' was already on the watch for his prey; the Saint retreated, and the fate of the culprit was fixed in the eighth gulf of perdition along with the Counsellors of Evil. The champions of the tiara and of the order of St. Francis have both protested against this uncanonical judgment, but all in vain, for in that same penal cell to which it pleased the Poet to condemn the soul of Count Guido, posterity has obstinately persisted in believing it to remain.

The immediate successors of this unfortunate chief were little distinguished from others of that barbarous age. Great crimes must be relieved by great virtues, or at least by great talents, if they are to receive any portion of our sympathy; but mediæval Italy too frequently presents a monotonous picture of vice, undiversified by a single redeeming merit. The biographies of our author commence when this dark period was already passing away. Duke Federigo, whom he numbers as the tenth lord of his lineage, is the first on whom he fixes any particular attention. Federigo was acknowledged by Count Guidantonio as his natural son—though contemporary opinion was much divided as to the fact; and in 1444, on the death of his real or nominal father's legitimate son, Count Oddantonio, he succeeded to the vacant throne, though rather by the election of the people of Urbino than, even granting his alleged parentage, from any title of inheritance.

The most eminent man of his House, as well as its first Duke, he may be taken as a favourable specimen of the warrior, statesman, and sovereign of his age and country. He might have served Machiavelli as the model of his 'Prince.' He was faithful to his engagements—when not much tempted to break them: he committed few acts of deliberate perfidy, and none of wanton cruelty. Personally brave, as a general he pushed caution to the very verge of timidity. He availed himself of his military trusts to forward his objects of family aggrandisement, without much regard for the interest of the sovereign who employed him. To secure the favour of Sixtus IV., he gave his daughter's hand to that Pope's nephew, Giovanni della Rovere. He increased his territory at the expense of his neighbour and enemy, the perfidious Sigismund Malatesta; and other feudatories less troublesome had cause to rue the vicinity of an ambitious chieftain who alternately commanded the armies of the King of Naples, the Pope, the Florentine republic, and the Duke of Milan. The sums which he drew from the favour of his employers and the fear of his opponents he spent liberally in

adorning his capital. He was deficient neither in learning nor in taste, and he was zealous in patronising literature and art. His court became the acknowledged model of polished ease. Contemporary chronicles have celebrated his exertions in promoting goodwill and harmony among his subjects, his love of justice, and his somewhat Oriental method of dispensing it. In his domestic relations, if not quite immaculate, he was certainly a tender father and an affectionate husband; and, though he left living proofs of his infidelity, we do not learn that the good understanding between him and his admirable wife was ever seriously disturbed. He was a great almsgiver, munificent to the clergy, and a scrupulous observer of the forms of devotion. His reputation was European, and procured him the esteem of our Henry VII., by whom he was named a Knight of the Garter. He died in 1482, in the sixtieth year of his age, while defending Ferrara against the united forces of the Pope and the Venetians.

Many provincial towns of Italy astonish the traveller with relics of a splendour apparently quite beyond the resources of a petty State and the ambition of a petty sovereign. The history of the period affords the explanation. Those palaces, libraries, and churches were raised by men who made a traffic of war, and not only taxed all Italy, but levied contributions from transalpine Christendom. Among the cities enriched by such means Urbino is not the least remarkable. Situated among scarcely accessible mountains, it might seem to possess no requisite for a capital, nor indeed any other advantage except its remoteness and its security. Yet the ability and generosity of its princes rendered this solitude the chosen retreat of the refined and the intellectual, whose successes in art and letters spread the name of the tiny sovereignty over every part of the civilised world. Few of the cities of Italy, and none on this side of the Alps, contain a monument of such truly royal magnificence as the castle of Urbino. Built in the middle of the fifteenth century, and hovering in style between the fortress and the palace, it possesses the characteristic beauties of both. The defensive accessories seem rather adapted to the dignity of the inhabitant than essential to his safety; while the spacious courts, staircases, corridors, and chambers indicate the peaceful residence of a sovereign dwelling in confidence among a cultivated and prosperous people. Occupying an imposing situation above the town, it casts its massive foundations deep down into the ravine over which it towers, and beyond which it commands an extensive view over the Apennines, far on to the notched rock of S. Marino and the lofty Monte Carpegna, the cradle of the Montefeltro race. The monu-

mental solidity of the structure seems to bid defiance to time, and to impart an air of perpetual freshness to a building exposed to the action of a mountain climate.

Castiglione says in his '*Cortegiano*'—

'The residence erected by Federigo on the rugged heights of Urbino is regarded by many as the most beautiful in Italy; and he so amply provided it with every convenience, that it appeared rather like a palatial city than a palace. He furnished it not only with the usual plenishings of rich brocade in silk and gold, silver plate, and such like, but ornamented it with a vast quantity of ancient marbles and bronzed sculpture, of rare pictures, and musical instruments in every variety, excluding all but the choicest objects.'

Mr. Dennistoun is inclined to set aside this valuable testimony, because his own minutest inquiries have failed in tracing any antique marbles or bronzes or any easel picture to the possession of Federigo. Castiglione described the castle as he saw it, enriched with the accumulations of another century. Before the general diffusion of the art of oil-painting there could be few easel pictures; nor was it yet customary to collect them as the ornaments of a dwelling or the furniture of a museum. The excavations among the ruins of Rome had only just been commenced—all discoveries were claimed as the property of the Pontiff, or were only granted by him to a few favoured individuals. In the Villa Medici at Florence some few objects had been placed for the instruction of students, but we are not aware of any considerable assemblage of sculpture in the north of Italy before the sack of Rome dispersed the spoil of the Vatican. But all that befitted a royal residence of the day was to be seen in the castle of Federigo, and the chimney-pieces, doorways, friezes, and sculptured archivolts which remain, exhibit an elegance of design and a prodigality of invention which we might seek in vain, except in the very finest works of antiquity. The apartments, by Castiglione's time so crowded with gems of art, are now stripped bare enough; all that was movable is gone; their treasures must be sought at Florence and at Rome. We shall leave the description of the library to Mr. Dennistoun:—

'To the right and left of the carriage entrance into the great court-yard are two handsome saloons, each about forty-five feet by twenty-two, and twenty-three in height. That on the left contained the famous library of manuscripts collected by Federigo; the corresponding one received the printed books, which, gradually purchased by successive dukes, became under the last sovereign a copious collection. Baldi, in his description of the palace, printed in Bianchini's work, dwells on the judicious adaptation of the former, its windows set high against the north-

ern sky, admitting a subdued and steady light which invited to study; its air, cool in summer, temperate in winter; its walls conveniently shelved; the character and objects of the place fittingly set forth in a series of rude hexameters inscribed on the cornices. Adjoining was a closet fitted up with inlaid and gilded panelling, beneath which Timoteo della Vite depicted Minerva with her ægis, Apollo with his lyre, and the nine Muses with their appropriate symbols. A similar small study was fitted up immediately over this one, set round with arm-chairs encircling a table all mosaicked with tarsia, and carved by Maestro Giacomo of Florence, while on each compartment of the panelling was the portrait of some famous author, and an appropriate distich. One other article of furniture deserves special notice—a magnificent eagle of gilt bronze, serving as a lectern in the centre of the manuscript-room. It was carried to Rome at the devolution of the duchy to the Holy See, but was rescued by Pope Clement XI. from the Vatican library, and restored to his native town, where it has long been used in the choir of the cathedral.—vol. i. p. 153.

The staircase is magnificent, and the great hall is of noble proportions, a double cube of sixty feet, vaulted above, and ornamented with niches in which the arms or devices of the princes and republics whose banners the dukes of Urbino had borne were placed. Of these the Lion of S. Mark alone remains! In more modern days this deserted palace was assigned as the shelter of the Stuart family, when they were compelled to quit France and seek the hospitality of the Pope; but of that mournful revival of a mimic court a painted escutcheon and a half-effaced inscription are the only existing memorials.

If this glorious monument of the taste and magnificence of former days depended for preservation on the care of man, it would long since have fallen into ruin; but it may defy any accident but an earthquake, and it will be long we fancy (whatever may be the fate of the Papal States) ere the languid industry of the Urbinese would be spared to the mischievous energy of pulling it down for the value of the materials. It is the summer residence of the Cardinal legate who governs the district, and the second floor has been fitted up for his use. Mr. Dennistoun expresses a regret at not having been able to enter those rooms; he may console himself; we have visited them, as well as every other in the castle, and can assure him that they contain nothing to gratify curiosity. The traveller will discover there neither ancient splendour nor modern convenience. No Italian of any class finds much of his enjoyment in home accommodations; his house he uses to sleep in; to seek his amusements, his pleasures, and his occupations, he leaves it. His fixed notion of comfort is to guard himself against heat, and

this idea pursues him to Urbino, where the glare of a three months' summer is followed by nine months of weather as changeable as that of England, and on the whole even more inclement. The Cardinal's apartment, in the commencement of a cold and late spring, was warmed by no cheerful fire; no carpets covered the clammy brick floors; the naked walls bore no decoration—except a grim and unsightly resemblance of the reigning pope suspended over a hard and high-backed sofa (inviting no repose), from whence diverged in parallel lines two rows of chairs as rectangular as the uneasy seat of honour. The rest of the furniture, fitted rather for a barrack-room than a palace, contrasted sadly with the splendour of the period to which we must now hasten back.

Guidobaldo I., the son and successor of Duke Federigo, was in his eleventh year when he ascended the throne. He had lost his mother (a daughter of Alexander Sforza, Lord of Pesaro) in infancy, and the guardianship of his person and the regency of the state were committed by his father's will to Ottavio Ubaldini, a trust fully justified by that kinsman's fidelity and prudence. The commencement of the new reign was serene and prosperous. The cause which the late Duke had espoused was generally successful, and the son, notwithstanding his youth, was immediately appointed by the allied princes to succeed him in the title of generalissimo, with all the honours and emoluments appertaining to it. His person was handsome—his address engaging—his temper mild—his talents excellent; his aptitude for learning and his application equally remarkable. His proficiency in all graceful accomplishments was universally admired. To cultivate such promising dispositions no care could be excessive. Mr. Dennistoun owes no apology for citing the curious regulations drawn up for the conduct of the young prince's court; they are among the most interesting and characteristic details he has preserved.

'To all persons composing the household, unexceptionable manners were indispensable. In those of higher rank there were further required competent talents and learning, a grave deportment, and fluency of speech. The servants must be of steady habits and respectable character; regular in all private transactions; of good address, modest, and graceful; willing and neat-handed in their service. There is likewise inculcated the most scrupulous personal cleanliness, especially of hands, with particular injunctions as to frequent ablutions, and extraordinary precautions against the unpleasant effects of hot weather on their persons and clothing: in case of need medical treatment was enjoined to correct the breath. Those who wore livery had two suits a year, generally of fastian, though to some silk

tablets were given for summer use. They had a mid-day meal and a supper; the former usually consisted of fruit, soup, and boiled meat; the latter of salads and boiled meat. This was varied on Fridays and vigil fasts by dinners of fish, eggs, and cheese; suppers of bread, wine, and salads. Saturdays were semi-fasts, when they dined on soup and eggs, and supped on soup and cheese. The upper table offered but few luxuries in addition to this plain fare, such as occasionally roasts, fowls, and pastry, with a more liberal allowance of eggs and cheese on meagre days.

'At the ducal table the chief superiority seems to have consisted in the more liberal use of sweet herbs and fruits. The latter were presented in singular order; cherries and figs before dinner; after it pears, apples, peaches, nuts, almonds; before supper melons and grapes. The splendour of the table service seems to have been more looked to than its good cheer; and many rules are given as to the covered silver platters, the silver goblets and glass caraffs, the fine napery and ornamental flowers. The regulations for the duke's chamber service indicate scrupulous ablutions in perfumed water, and frequent change of clothing, in strict conformity to the directions of physicians and astrologers. Among the conveniences enumerated for his bedroom are a bell, a night-light, and, in cold weather, a fire. An attendant slept by him without undressing; also a clerk in the guard-room within call. The music provided to accompany his rides seems miscellaneous—a company of bagpipes, a sackbut, four trumpets, three drums, with a herald or pursuivant. The qualities insisted on for ladies of the duchess's household are—exemplary gravity and unsullied honour; they must further be handy, addicted neither to gossip nor wrangling, and never talking unnecessarily in her presence.'—(v. i. p. 295.)

At sixteen years of age Guidobaldo married Elizabeth Gonzaga, daughter of the Marquis of Mantua, the most beautiful and accomplished princess of her day. But, as Mr. Dennistoun observes, 'the bitter was mixed with the sweet.' The constitution of the duke, undermined by hereditary gout, gave early symptoms of decay, and he himself, feeling convinced of the impossibility of transmitting his honours to lineal heirs, applied to Pope Alexander VI. for permission to adopt as his eventual successor the son of his sister by the nephew of Sixtus IV. The application was ill-timed. The reigning pontiff had already fixed his eye on the Duchy of Urbino as the centre of a principality to be carved out of the dominions of the Church, which he destined for his own son Caesar Borgia. It was no part of his Holiness's policy, however, to disclose that project prematurely, or to awaken the suspicions of the duke, and he accordingly received the proposal with apparent favour. When his plans were matured, he put them into execution with a degree of treachery to

which not even that age or country had hitherto afforded a parallel.

The general state of Italy was favourable to the Pope's scheme of consolidation. The great feudatories in Romagna, unless when employed in the command of mercenary armies, had not the means of maintaining the state of sovereign princes excepting by the excessive taxation of their subjects. Their exactions made their government oppressive, and their vices made it hateful. M. Sismondi draws a gloomy picture of the crimes of these princely houses, which we cannot agree with Mr. Dennistoun in thinking overcharged: though it is undoubtedly an error to describe them alone as guilty, or to attribute all their enormities to 'a state of isolation which cut them off from the sympathies of humanity.' M. Sismondi's own pages prove that the nobles and wealthy citizens were no less violent and vindictive than these princes, or the vassals than their lords. Nor, on the other hand, did the restless anarchy of the neighbouring democracies allow any greater degree of happiness, or encourage a higher tone of morality. Everywhere the land was filled with rapine and oppression. Between such governments and their subjects there could exist no attachment.

Caesar Borgia (Duke of Valenza), who fills so large a space in the annals of this period, had recently opened a secular career to his ambition by the murder of his elder brother, and the subsequent resignation of his scarlet hat, and with it of his countless benefices. It was the extravagance to which Sixtus IV. first pushed the practice of advancing a family that caused the invention of the term of *Nepotism*. By him his nephew Giovanni de la Rovere had been fixed in the lordship of Sinigaglia, while the still more tenderly beloved nephew—or son—Gerome Riario was seated at Imola and Foll in the place of their former masters. It was now their turn to be ejected by a still more daring usurper. Borgia, amidst the indifference at least of the population, speedily achieved the conquest of Romagna. The Malatesta, who ruled at Rimini, fled at his approach, and the other princes did not generally offer a much more vigorous opposition. In the progress of their conquest crimes were committed by the Papal troops and their leaders which the scepticism of our day would refuse to believe—nay, which its delicacy forbids any historian to recite in detail. Thus the greatest culprits in the world may escape much merited odium through the fastidiousness of readers and the timidity of writers.

The conduct of the young duke of Urbino afforded no pretext for the intended aggression. His obedience to the pope as his spiritual and temporal superior had always been unbounded, and it was through this habit of blind sub-

mission that his ruin was now accomplished. The people were known to be brave and warmly attached to him, the frontier rough, and the strongholds numerous. The first object of his Holiness was to lull suspicion, and deprive the state of its defences. The Duchess of Urbino, with a gallant train of troops and courtiers, was invited to attend the nuptials of Lucrezia Borgia with the Duke of Ferrara, and the paternal Pontiff in an autograph letter requested the use of the duke's park of artillery for the reduction of Camerino, and also a free passage through his territory for 1500 soldiers bound on the same expedition. All these requests the duke cheerfully granted, and the enemy was within a few miles of his residence before he received a hasty intimation of their purpose. His capital was wholly divested of troops. No resource but flight was open to him. He hastily assembled his chief officers, explained his position, and recommended them to submit to an evil they had no means of averting. He then gathered together a few valuables, and escaping by a circuitous route, reached, not without some risk and difficulty, the court of his brother-in-law at Mantua.

'Borgia, after a brief halt at Cagli, hurried towards Urbino, and by sunrise was before its gates. He entered the city in gorgeous armour and mounted on a beautiful charger, followed by his lancers and men-at-arms caparisoned as if for a tournament; their parti-coloured plumes and glittering mail bearing no signs of a hurried march. He was met by the magistracy and principal inhabitants, who surrendered to him the town and citadel without any show of resistance; and his first act was to behead Pier-Antonio, a confidant of the Duke, who, at his instigation, had persuaded his master to grant the excessive demands of the usurper, and so virtually to disable himself from defence, but who, by omitting to secure Guidobaldo's person, earned the vengeance of his seducer. After seizing several who were notoriously attached to the legitimate dynasty, he sought repose in the palace, where he found, and at once removed to Forlì, a vast amount of plate, tapestry, books, and other valuables, estimated by Sanuto at 150,000 ducats, a sum now equal to perhaps a quarter of a million sterling.'—(i. 393.)

Shortly afterwards, by one of those vicissitudes so common in the history of mediæval Italy, Guidobaldo was again in possession of his capital; but he found his crafty rival, backed by the arms of France and Spain, and all the wealth and influence of the pope, too powerful to be permanently resisted. He generously withstood the entreaties of his subjects, who begged to be allowed to risk their lives in defence of their city and their prince, and declining the unequal contest he retired to the fortress of St. Leo, which, with one or

two more strongholds, had been left to him by a treaty with the usurper.

From this retreat he was soon after released, and again restored to his throne, by an event the most sudden, the most appalling, which even that age of crime and confusion produced. Alexander VI. and his favourite son were both poisoned at a banquet by drinking from the cup which they had prepared for the lips of their guests.

'Ecclesiastical writers,' says Mr. Dennistoun, 'who attempt not to defend the Pope's morals or example, assert the orthodoxy of his faith and doctrine, and commend the wisdom of his provisions for the maintenance of that religion which regarded him as its head.'—ii. 17.

Such, however, was neither the opinion of lay chroniclers nor of his own subjects.

'The diaries of Marin Sanuto give a lively description of the immediate effects of Alexander's death on Lower Italy—the exultations of the people, the prompt movements of the Campagna barons, the intrigues of the cardinals. As soon as the good news transpired, Rome was in arms against the Spaniards; and the Colonna and Orsini, entering at the head of their troops, willingly aided in spoiling and slaughtering these countrymen of the Borgia, who "could nowhere find holes to hide in." Even their cardinals narrowly escaped a general massacre; and on the 8th of September a proclamation by the college cleared the city of these foreigners on pain of the gibbet.'—ii. 18.

Cæsar Borgia, though much injured, 'and seeming as if burnt from the middle downwards,' was not killed by the dose that had destroyed his father, but he was so far debilitated that he could show nothing of his usual presence of mind and energy: of this he was quite conscious, and he gave the explanation afterwards in a conversation with Macchiavelli. Every possible combination of circumstances, he said, he had foreseen and provided for in the event of the Pope's decease, excepting that he himself should be at the point of death at the same moment. All his plans miscarried. The cardinals did not assemble, as he had intended, under the protection of the guns of St. Angelo, commanded by creatures of his own; he therefore lost the power of dictating their choice. In permitting the Cardinal Giuliano della Rovere (a nephew of Sixtus IV.) to be elected (which he might still have prevented by judicious use of the Spanish suffrages), he is accused by Macchiavelli of having committed one of those faults which in statcraft are more fatal than any crime. He quickly perceived his error in having been duped by the blandishments of the mortal enemy of his family. After a brief respite he was stripped of all his

possessions in Romagna, and to avoid worse evils he fled to Naples, where, trusting—as who would not have trusted?—to a safe-conduct from Gonsalvo de Cordova, he was instantly seized and sent a prisoner to Spain. Amidst a soil on which every virtue seemed to wither, it is pleasing to register one act of honest devotion, even to such a chief. Some friendly hand was found in the wide circuit of ancient Rome to throw a garland on the grave of Nero, and one follower of all those his bounty had fed proved faithful to Cæsar Borgia. Baldassare Scipio, of Siena, a free captain long in his service, publicly placarded a challenge to any Spaniard who should venture to maintain

‘that the Duke Valentino had not been arrested at Naples, in direct violation of a safe-conduct granted in the names of Ferdinand and Isabella, to the great infamy and infinite faithlessness of all these crowns.’—ii. 27.

It is said that the last hours of the ‘great Captain’ were embittered by this breach of faith, the only stain upon his good fame—and that he felt the chivalrous protest of Borgia’s retainer as a reproach never to be forgotten.

The election of the Cardinal della Rovere (Julius II.) was the signal for the restoration of Duke Guidobaldo, and for the subsequent completion of the scheme for adopting his own and the new Pope’s nephew, Francesco-Maria della Rovere, as heir to Urbino. We do not find even the iron-willed and ruthless Julius by any means exempt from the weaknesses of his age and order. Had he not preferred the interests of his family to those of the See, he would have claimed Urbino as a lapsed fief at the death of Guidobaldo, and refused to grant the investiture to any new feudatory. Guidobaldo did not long survive the formal recognition of Francesco as his heir. In 1507 he closed a life of much suffering amidst the lamentations of his subjects. He died receiving all the consolations of his religion; at least we suppose this is the translation into Christian language of the classic announcement made by his friend the Bishop Fiesco to the Pope—‘*Qui quidem Deos illi superos atque manes placavit.*’ If we cannot agree with Mr. Dennistoun in thinking him a great general and a great politician, we readily admit him to have been what was rarer, an amiable man and a sincere Christian, in an age unparalleled for its depravity and practical infidelity. If he did not possess the genius of Lorenzo de’ Medici, neither did he share his jealous ambition;—if in learning and eloquence he did not equal that accomplished statesman, he at least far exceeded most of the princes his contemporaries. At the period of

his death a new era was opening on Italy, with new interests and new maxims of policy. Though Urbino retained its rank as an independent sovereignty for another century, its political importance was at an end, and none of its Dukes were again to hold a conspicuous place among the potentates of Italy.

In a very entertaining essay on the Italian politics of the sixteenth century, Mr. Macaulay expatiates on the happy circumstance that during this period the progress of elegant literature and of the fine arts was proportioned to that of the general prosperity of the country. After quoting a fine passage from Guicciardini, he continues :

“When we peruse this just and splendid description, we can scarcely persuade ourselves that we are reading of times in which the annals of England and France present us only with a frightful spectacle of poverty, barbarity, and ignorance. From the oppressions of illiterate masters and the sufferings of a degraded peasantry, it is delightful to turn to the opulent and enlightened states of Italy.”—*Essays*, p. 33.

Such indeed might be the aspect of Italy to a superficial glance, but the disease that was to consume her had long been preying on her vitals. She in fact presented rather what the same writer has justly called elsewhere ‘the most appalling of all spectacles—the strength of civilization without its mercy.’ Macchiavelli’s fearless pen has bared the truth : from him we learn that the sloth and luxury of the citizens exposed them to the never-ceasing extortion and insolence of a mercenary soldiery ; for, even when threatened by no foreign enemy, they enjoyed no internal peace ; princes and republics vied with each other in schemes of aggression, and war was recklessly provoked by men who intended to incur none of its risks. The Condottieri or mercenary bands, who alone were employed, were too wise to destroy each other in the service of their unwarlike paymasters, and the military pride of the commander lay rather in dexterously prolonging a campaign than in bringing it to a close by a brilliant action. National honour disappeared in this ignoble traffic, and the people were demoralized by the horrors of war, though the soldiers avoided its dangers. To this fatal system Macchiavelli attributes the moral degradation of Italy, and its final subjection to the foreign invader. He complains that with valour and chivalry patriotism also had disappeared. Republics and princes he involves in the same censure ; both, he says, had equally lost sight of those principles upon which alone their several institutions can be maintained ; and in public and in private life all virtue was nearly extinct. So far from attributing this corruption to foreign contact, he

deplores the deterioration of the German character since its connexion with Italy. Rome he considers the great source of evil. 'If the papal court were removed to Switzerland, the simplest and most religious people of Europe would, in an incredibly short time, become utterly depraved by the vicious example of the Italian priesthood.'—*Discorsi*, i. 12.

The tragedies in royal palaces, and in the houses of the principal nobles and citizens, showed them as callous to domestic affection as careless of the general weal. The chronicles of each capital and the archives of the great families present an array of atrocities which might supply a hundred romancers with materials. We select from Mr. Dennistoun's crowded pages a single example to illustrate this period of 'glory and prosperity.'

The murder of Count Gerolamo, the favourite kinsman of Sixtus IV., who had been established by that pontiff in the lordship of Forlì, was but the opening of a series of horrors. Young Orsi and the other conspirators who slew him and gave up his palace to pillage, next threatened his widow Catherine Sforza with the same fate, unless she would persuade the governor of the citadel to surrender his charge. Her presence of mind saved her own life and overawed the rebels, without compromising the safety of her children, who had been seized and were detained as hostages in their hands. Giovanni Bentivoglio marched to her assistance, and the conspirators fled from the town without making an effort to defend it against him. It was now the lady's turn for vengeance.

'A deep stain attaches to the punishment which she must have sanctioned if she did not direct it, and which was inflicted upon Count Orsi, father of the assassin. The old man, then in his eighty-sixth year, after being exposed on the great square to insults of the soldiery in presence of the whole populace, was bound to a board, and drawn twice round the piazza, his snow-white head projecting, and broken against the sharp stones; his quivering limbs were then hacked in pieces by armed ruffians, whose barbarities, as described by an eye-witness, are too revolting for detail. All this the sufferer endured with a heroism and resignation which produced on the spectators the usual effect of such brutal perversion of justice, and converted their abhorrence of the crime into sympathy with the criminal.'—vol. i. p. 292.

It was the enormous crimes of the chief personages of Italy that provoked the intervention of foreigners; it was to support these very crimes that foreign assistance was invoked. It was the usurper of the throne of Milan, the murderer of his brother's children, who first invited the French invasion; that brother, one of those monsters whose iniqui-

ties history in vain recounts to the ear of incredulous posterity, had fallen by the assassin's knife at the foot of the altar—but his subjects were summoned to liberty in vain. The conspiracy of the Pazzi at Florence, still more hideous in all its circumstances, was also conducted in the name of freedom, and executed in a church during the celebration of the mass. It was planned by a pope, and sanctioned by the presence of his nephew, a cardinal and archbishop. Yet it is these murders, with many others of a like character, which produced no result, and awakened no enthusiasm at the time of their perpetration, that certain modern writers have ventured to palliate, nay even to applaud. We will not dwell on the miserable plea by which M. Sismondi tries to justify treason and assassination—that there are no other means of encountering the superior advantages possessed by 'the tyrant.' Philosophers should abandon to the Jesuits the maxim that the end justifies the means; and if even they do not acknowledge the authority that uttered the command, 'Thou shalt do no murder,' we challenge them to show us where they find that a cause ever prospered which was promoted by such means. When was national regeneration ushered in by crime? Did the slaughter of Cæsar restore the commonwealth of Rome, or those of the Duke of Milan and Giuliano de' Medici give republican freedom to their native States? In our own times, have such deeds promoted the objects of the perpetrators; have they not invariably led to their discomfiture and confusion? The murder of Count Lemberg alienated all but the determined partisans of revolt from the cause of the unscrupulous Magyars. The assassination of Lignowsky and Aversfeldt was the signal of that re-action in Germany which it was intended to overawe; and the still more atrocious butchery of Rossi led immediately to the ruin of the Republicans in Italy, the unconditional restoration of the Pope, and the occupation of Rome by a foreign army. No nation ever lost its liberties which had virtue enough to deserve them; and the whole fabric of social order must fall at once if each individual is suffered to substitute his own feelings for the standard of right and wrong, and his opinion of expediency for the measure of public good.

These reflections lead us at once to the real cause of the degradation and sufferings of Italy. Morality did not exist, because religion, upon which all morality is based, was corrupt. The only sure foundation for social institutions is religion; it is because religion is weak on the continent in the present day that *socialism*—(as *anti-socialism* audaciously styles itself)—is powerful. It was because religion was practically extinct in the sixteenth century that Italy

became the prey of the spoiler. Beyond a high and narrow circle, avowed infidelity might be rare; it was not worth while to deny a faith which men so easily conciliated with their passions and their vices. But beneath the surface all was hollow and rotten; universal indifference attended the ministrations of clergy whose precepts and examples were alike evil; a reform was ungently called for in the Church throughout all its departments—not least in the highest—and in the mean time both head and members combined to defend and support each other in every scheme of fraud and violence.

The popes, who had hitherto been chiefly occupied in pushing the extravagant claims of the See, were in the fifteenth century actuated by a passion for aggrandizing their families, which amounted almost to insanity. For this unworthy purpose they abused without restraint their spiritual influence; they enlisted men's worst passions in the promotion of their own selfish interests; and if a tender conscience was startled at the commandments given, the power of the keys was at hand to keep open the gates of salvation. The sorely taxed patience of mankind could endure no further trial. A reformation was near. Since the days of Martin V., whose election closed the scandalous schism of the West, some of the best pontiffs had displayed the doubtful virtues of zealous churchmen; the worst had surpassed the vices of the most profligate laymen. Innocent VIII. exhibited the monstrous spectacle of a pope residing in the Vatican with eight natural children, all publicly acknowledged, for whose advancement he was ready at any moment to break through every tie of honour and to barter the best interests of the Church. Sixtus IV., whose election was notoriously simoniacal, prepared the world, by the scandal of his life, to view the elevation of a Borgia without astonishment. The reign of Alexander VI. achieved the climax of disgrace. The successor of such a Pontiff must needs be looked on with favour. Julius II.—whom Guicciardini has celebrated as 'a sovereign who would have done honour to any throne in Christendom excepting that of St. Peter'—possessed undoubtedly an energy of character and a fixedness of purpose to which we cannot refuse a certain sort of admiration. His first object was to aggrandize the See by uniting under its dominion all those provinces which it had lost by usurpation or alienation; his second, and greatest, 'to drive the barbarians out of Italy' (and with him all were barbarians who were not born between the sea and the Alps); yet to effect his first object, we find him for ever sacrificing the second. By leaguering himself with these very barbarians to ruin the Venetians, he sacrificed the only State which, by its various resources and consistent

policy, could oppose any effectual resistance to 'barbarian invasion.' In revenge for some trifling slight he placed himself at the head of the European league, or rather conspiracy, which had the destruction of the republic for its object, and commenced the campaign by laying the Venetian States under an interdict. The energy and resolution of Julius were insufficient to preserve him from the besetting weakness of the papacy; and he in fact contributed more than any of the secular princes, by his ambition and his restlessness, to fix the rivets of foreign domination on the peninsula.

It was at the critical period of the decline of Italian greatness that Guidobaldo, the last duke of the line of Montefeltro, died. That mighty struggle which was to change the destinies of Italy had already begun; and though the name of Francesco-Maria della Rovere, the first duke of the new dynasty, often appears in the progress of the conflict, his share in it neither added to his own reputation nor to the military glory of his country. The founder of the house of Rovere had been a furious and most profligate pope, Sixtus IV.—a native of Savona, and the son of a fisherman, to whose profession he had himself in his youth been apprenticed—'no inappropriate occupation,' says our author, 'for one who was destined to wear the fisherman's ring and wield the authority of him who was divinely called to be a netter of men.' (vol. ii. p. 268.) After this observation Mr. Dennistoun proceeds to give a long and edifying list of the legitimate and illegitimate branches of the family of Rovere—many of them the offspring of this literal and metaphorical netter of men, and some of them stained with a yet more guilty origin than ordinary bastardy—all of whom Sixtus promoted and enriched, and who all emulated in their different stations the hideous vices of which their kinsman on the throne of St. Peter gave them the example.

In succeeding to the coronet of Urbino, Francesco succeeds to all the fond partiality with which Mr. Dennistoun has hitherto regarded his mother's family. When we are estimating the character of an Italian prince of the sixteenth century, no very exalted standard of morals should be used, but we are, we confess, astonished at the high admiration with which our author is pleased to regard his new favorite. He tells us (v. ii. p. 308), 'that his youthful mind was moulded to the noblest forms of chivalry;' yet he does not attempt to conceal, or even to extenuate, the assassination of the Cardinal Alidosi; and while praising "his forbearing temper," he acquaints us with the murder of his sister's paramour, decoyed into the castle of Urbino, and beaten to death with clubs in his presence. The fierceness of his temper, and the cruelty of

his revenge when it could safely be gratified, are odiously contrasted with his nervous timidity in his many military commands. In vain does Mr. Dennistoun attempt to reverse the general verdict which has pronounced the eternal disgrace of his flight of Bologna, and, at a later day and in a higher capacity, his no less pusillanimous retreat from before the walls of Milan.

The nepotism of Julius had fixed his relation on a throne; we can hardly be surprised that the nepotism of Leo X., his successor, should disturb the new duke in his possessions. The Pope had no pretext for his violence, but he lived in an age and in a country where violence required no shadow of a pretext. His invasion of the duchy of Urbino excited no surprise and very little indignation. The campaign was opened according to the most approved tactics of the Vatican. The sovereign was invited in a monitory to resign his dominions and to appear at Rome to answer certain accusations preferred against him, under the penalty of excommunication, while his subjects were commanded to renounce their allegiance to him, unless they were prepared for an interdict; both of which threats were upon some slight appearances of hesitation put into execution. The immediate retreat of the duke, and his abject entreaties for a release from ecclesiastical censure, were utterly disregarded; nor was the country restored to the communion of the faithful until it yielded unconditional obedience to the papal commissioners.

This submission of the duke did not prevent his endeavouring to recover his lost dominions by a subsequent appeal to arms; and if our readers have any curiosity to ascertain how languid and spiritless the conduct of a petty warfare could be in the sixteenth century, they will do well to consult Mr. Dennistoun's details. He is of opinion that in the prosecution of it 'the talents of the Duke were developed, his character strengthened, and his fame extended.'—(ii. 387.) To us it appears that treachery, imbecility, and timidity throughout, were pretty equally exhibited on both sides. Francesco invaded his former territory with as little skill as Lorenzo de' Medici, the duke intruded by his uncle Leo X., defended it—nor did the foreign auxiliaries of either party shame their principals by any display of superior activity and enterprise.

The demise of Lorenzo had virtually settled the contest, before that of the Pope restored Francesco-Maria to his states. Lorenzo received a severe wound at the siege of Mondolfo, which, aggravated by a bad habit of body, terminated fatally some time afterwards. This prince (on whom Mr. Dennistoun is unmercifully severe) owes his fame with posterity to the celebrity earned by others. He

was the father of Catherine de' Medici, Queen of France, whose birth he survived but five days. To him was dedicated the 'Prince' of Macchiavelli, who is supposed to have drawn up the treatise for his instruction, and it was his tomb, in S. Lorenzo, that Michelangelo decorated with the noblest and most impressive work of modern sculpture. The exit of the dissolute and unscrupulous Leo has been ascribed, very probably erroneously, to the agency of his victim Francesco of Urbino. The death of any remarkable person of that period in Italy was invariably attributed to poison. Leo had many enemies, and a conspiracy for his assassination had previously been detected in the sacred college itself, and severely punished. It should, however, in justice be remembered that his favourite hunting seat of Magliana, on the banks of the Tiber, was noted even in that neighbourhood for its pestilential air—that his health had been much weakened by youthful excesses—and that his indulgence in the pleasures of the table was to the last inordinate.

The election of Clement VII., another Medici, which succeeded after a short interval on the death of Leo, brought the affairs of the popedom to a crisis, and hastened the subjugation of Italy. It was the boasted dexterity of Italian statesmen, even more than the unwarlike disposition of the people, or the treachery of mercenary armies, that finally destroyed their national independence. It is true the Italians of all classes looked on foreigners with contempt and aversion, but it is not less certain that vanity and cupidity induced them to solicit those alliances which invariably terminated in fixing more firmly the foreign yoke. It was no love of independence that prompted the great league now formed between the Italian princes and Francis I. against Charles V. Had the allies been successful, it would but have transferred the preponderating influence from Spain to France; and the motive of each individually was selfish aggrandisement. To Venice was promised an accession of territory in Lombardy; to the Pope an increase of the patrimony of the Church, and the establishment of his kinsman in the sovereignty of Florence. This league connects the name of the first Rovere Duke of Urbino, with the history of Europe. He was appointed generalissimo of the allied army, and that choice alone would have decided the fate of the campaign. Mr. Dennistoun throws the blame on the army. We will concede that the army was not better than the general. After much precious time had been wasted and numerous opportunities lost, the defeat of the French before Pavia, and the capture of their King, seemed to bring the contest to a termination. The Italian princes, instead of

endeavouring to retrieve this misfortune by a common effort, appeared severally intent only on saving their own dominions from invasion, and securing tolerable terms from the Imperialists; and now, had the Spanish leaders pushed their advantages with vigour, their game was sure—but diplomatists protocolled when battles should have been fought. Francis recovered his liberty, and again formed alliances with the Italian princes, and recommenced his struggle with the rival by whom he had been so repeatedly foiled. Again, wonderful to relate, the Duke of Urbino was placed at the head of the armies of the league—again to exhibit the same timidity or incapacity. It was in the midst of the desultory war that followed, and the abortive but never-ceasing attempts at negotiation, that the Constable Bourbon, being left by his imperial employer without funds and without instructions, and having exhausted whatever resources he could extract from the wealthy capital of Lombardy, executed one of those plans which nothing but his contempt for Italian arms could have led him to conceive and nothing but success could justify. His army, diminished by sickness, by excess, by desertion, ill-paid, undisciplined, and mutinous, did not exceed 11,000 men, while the Duke of Urbino lay between him and his destined prey with more than double that number, and was amply provided with warlike stores and necessaries. Under these disadvantageous circumstances he determined on forcing his way to Rome, seizing the person of the sovereign pontiff, and giving up his capital to pillage. Clement VII., meantime, whose vacillating policy had disgusted his allies and encouraged his enemies, made no opposition to the advance of the Constable, no attempt at defence, no provision for his own personal safety. Confiding in the faith of the imperial viceroy, who had granted him a truce, and relying still more on that impunity which had hitherto shielded popes from the consequences of their own temerity, he saw the approach of Bourbon without alarm, till all hopes of resistance were vain. In a transport of terror he then appealed to the duty, the loyalty, the self-interest of his subjects; but his remonstrances were unheeded, his necessities derided. The people refused to take arms, the nobles to part with their gold. Their shortsightedness is perhaps even more extraordinary than the fatuity of the Pope. The Milvian bridge, by which alone Rome is accessible from the north, was not destroyed; and the licentious army of the Constable reached their mark without a check.

On the painful subject of the sack of Rome, on which our author dwells at an uncalled-for length, we will only observe that the contempt and aversion into which the papacy had fallen could not have been more strikingly illustrated than by the impunity which followed such a

crime. Mr. Dennistoun's recital presents no feature of novelty; and in adopting the narrative of his predecessors he also adopts their errors. He attributes the profane enormities practised during this memorable sack to the number of Lutherans in the Constable's army. This excuse, though undoubtedly supported by respectable authority, is probably an invention of Roman Catholic writers, to exonerate their co-religionists from the sin of sacrilege. The invading force was principally composed of Italians and Spaniards, and the Germans it contained were naturally recruited in the hereditary states of the house of Austria, among whom the reformed doctrines had made little progress. The Reformation itself dates but from 1517; its advance at first was slow, and it is hardly likely that it had many converts in the imperial ranks of 1527, or indeed that the soldiers of such a camp were addicted to polemical discussion of any sort.

Had the Duke of Urbino shown a little more alacrity at first, he might have prevented the march of the Imperialists on Rome; had he not been utterly insensible to the voice of honour and humanity, he might afterwards have rescued the Pope and punished his barbarous captors. The Pope sent him earnest messages imploring him to quicken his pace. He pursued his course with the utmost deliberation; and, at last, having advanced within sight of Rome and excited the hopes of the captives in S. Angelo, he turned his back on the devoted city, coldly alleging the insufficiency of his forces for its relief, and retreated with precipitation towards the mountains, permitting, if not authorising, worse ravages by his own troops than those which had before been perpetrated by the enemy. His conduct in approaching the capital and then retreating without hazarding a blow, has been ascribed to a vindictive hatred for the house of Medici, which could be satisfied with nothing less than feasting his eyes on the misery he might have averted, and would not relieve. Such motives may have had their influence; but we can conceive many more cogent for shrinking from the fury of Bourbon's savage soldiery, interrupted in the first enjoyment of their vast plunder. With this crowning act of baseness the public life of Francesco-Maria closes. Italy was about to end its long struggle in inglorious repose, and to receive the law from the will of its master.

The coronation of the Emperor, which followed close upon the capture of Rome, was no empty ceremony, such as that from which his predecessors had derived little but a barren title and a disputed prerogative. Charles V. was indeed 'king of Italy,' and arbiter of its destinies, and it was with royal prodigality that he now dispensed honours and dignities amongst his degraded tributaries. Pope

Clement, in the peace that was dictated to him on this occasion, lost neither territory nor apiritual privilege: he even obtained the assistance of the Imperial troops in placing his kinsman Alessandro de' Medici on the throne of Florence. The independence of Italy had indeed passed away, and its princes were crest-fallen and humiliated; but had the people cause to repine? Peace at least and its accompanying blessings were secured. Powerful armies no longer swept over the Peninsula, making its plains the fighting ground of Europe. Henceforth petty states were not permitted to exhaust their strength in ceaseless hostilities, and military adventurers could no longer hope to carve principalities for themselves out of the territories of their deluded employers. With an altered policy morals improved, and public decency was not again outraged by the election of such popes as Sixtus and Alexander.

The Spanish rule, though dull and ungenial, had none of the worst characteristics of foreign domination. The two nations were entirely separated;—wealthy Italians did not abandon their own country to court favour at Madrid, nor did adventurers from Spain flock to Italy to seek their fortune. Few traces of Spanish sway will be found in the peninsula: the spiritual concerns of the provinces were left to their own clergy, and, in spite of the bigotry of the Court, it never succeeded in introducing the Inquisition.

The Milanese, on the whole, prospered under the Spanish sway; and if the peasantry were oppressed, the injury was inflicted by their own countrymen. Naples fared less well; its rich resources were suffered to lie dormant, and the sloth and idleness of the people were stimulated to no exertion. More advances have been made in material civilisation in that beautiful country within the last twenty years than the whole of the two preceding centuries could accomplish. The decline of Venice from the period of Spanish supremacy was constant if not rapid; but the geography of the world had changed, and with it the channels of commerce, and Spanish colonies contributed more to this misfortune than the neighbourhood of Spanish viceroys.

The fate of Urbino amidst these changes may be told in a few words. In 1538 Duke Francesco-Maria expired, and not without the usual suspicion of foul play. His barber was accused of pouring poison into his ear, a mode of death for which the catastrophe of the king in Hamlet, as far as we know, supplies the only precedent; and though there is no appearance that either proof was adduced or motive assigned, the unhappy man was torn to pieces with hot pincers, and his body quartered in the market-place of Pesaro. At the time of his decease the Duke was about to under-

take a crusade against the Turks, and his plan included the capture of Constantinople and the expulsion of the Moslems from Europe—a scheme Mr. Dennistoun seems to think, only defeated by the inopportune death of the generalissimo.

He was succeeded by his eldest surviving son Guidobaldo II., of whom the researches of his historian have failed in recovering any particulars beyond the dates of his birth, his marriage, and his death. He transferred the seat of government to Pesaro, nearly abandoning the beautiful castle of Urbino. His government seems to have been unpopular and his people mutinous, but he was strong in the favour and protection of Spain, whose adherent and pensioner he was. Philip II. found it the easiest and the surest method of governing the peninsula to purchase the subservience of its native chiefs under the polite fiction of military pay.

The son of this prince, Francesco-Maria II., the last Duke of Urbino, was born in 1549. In 1574 he came to his throne, having shortly before married Lucretia, daughter of the Duke of Ferrara, from whom he soon after separated. It is remarkable how much the history of the royal families of Italy abounds in instances of morbid melancholy and gloomy apathy, degenerating into downright insanity. Few instances occur in the reigning houses of Mantua, Ferrara, Parma, or Florence, of a prince using with taste and discretion the advantages of his enviable position, and rendering his little court the centre of gaiety and polished enjoyment. Most of them were morose and jealous men, bigoted, harsh, and avaricious; some, indeed, loved pleasure and practised profligacy, but they did not the less shun the intercourse of their subjects, or seclude themselves with less nervous suspicion. If art and literature ever penetrated into the recesses of the palace, they might enliven the solitude of its inmate, but they imparted no generous or genial glow of philanthropy. Francesco-Maria, though by no means devoid of taste—fond of literature, and passionately addicted to field-sports—yet shut himself out from the world, living almost constantly in a convent or convent-like castle, and totally neglecting the duties of his station. Mr. Dennistoun is anxious to establish his reputation for talent, but unluckily his princely client has left a diary in which he sets down each change of place and the result of each day's sport, but not one interesting incident, no single valuable remark.

‘It is a narrow folio volume, like an index-book, containing about two hundred pages entirely in his own hand. The entries were limited to a bare notice of facts, without comment. The topics most frequently registered

are the passage of remarkable strangers through Pesaro, the births, marriages, and deaths of persons of rank, his own periodical movements to his various residences and visits to other parts of the duchy, his frequent hunting parties in autumn and winter, chiefly from Castel Durante, his taking medicine, including regular semestral purgations, in spring and autumn.—iii. 147.

The death of his consort is thus laconically recorded:—‘Feb. 15, 1598. Heard that Mad^e. Lucrezia d’ Este, Duchess of Urbino, my wife, died at Ferrara during the night of the 11th.’ Upon this event, the entreaties of his people rather than his own inclinations induced him to marry a second time, and his choice fell upon his cousin Donna Livia della Rovere, daughter of the Marquess of S. Lorenzo. Shortly afterwards a son was born, and the people of Urbino were relieved from the apprehension of passing under the papal dominion. Francesco-Maria, like many other parents, found it more amusing and less troublesome to spoil his son than to instruct him. Like Mr. Shandy, whose ‘*Tristrapædia*’ lagged far behind the young Tristram’s growth, the Duke drew up a code of maxims for the guidance of his heir, and in the mean time abandoned him wholly to menials and sycophants, who were permitted to humour him in every whim and folly. Such an education produced the natural consequences; and when Prince Federigo’s excesses brought his career to a close in his eighteenth year, no one lamented his fate, and least of all his father. The old man heard the news of his son’s sudden death without a tear or a sigh, pithily observing to his attendants, who trembled in the anticipation of a burst of sorrow—‘He who lives badly comes to a bad end, and one born by a miracle dies by violence.’ (iii. 193.)

The Duke, who had before virtually abdicated in favour of his unworthy son, was now compelled to resume the reins of government, at least till he could throw them into other hands. The defunct prince had married Claudia de’ Medici, daughter of Ferdinand, grand-duke of Tuscany, and by her he left a daughter. The first duty of the Duke was to dispose of this precious infant. He conducted that business with the same heartless indifference he had exhibited on every other occasion. She was separated from her mother, who was afterwards re-married, and was consigned to the guardianship of her uncle the grand-duke, who promised to wed her himself, provided she should be declared the heiress of all her grandfather’s allodial and personal property. The whole of these arrangements were completed within four months of young Federigo’s death.

Meantime, the devolution of the Duchy became a subject of first-rate importance to

the newly-elected pope, Urban VIII., and he was much alarmed by hearing that the Emperor Ferdinand II., who was nearly related to the feeble Duke, had already made overtures directly at variance with the interests of the church. Ferdinand, though the inheritor of all the pretensions of his predecessors, possessed no means of enforcing them. Urban claimed Urbino as a lapsed fief of the Holy See; he was close at hand, and wielded with uncommon dexterity all those weapons by which the will of the aged, the timid, and the pious, is moulded into obedience. Ecclesiastics devoted to the pope were intruded into the vacant sees of the duchy, and the duke’s sick bed was surrounded by subordinate agents, who

‘wore him out by alternately working on his irritable disposition, his avarice, and his superstitious belief in astrology. Every turn of his malady was watched, and reported to Rome, as a matter of hope or fresh anxiety, whilst his palace was beset by troublesome and meddling spies. . . . His constitution, impaired by years and broken by gout, gave way under his agony of mind, and a paralytic seizure made fresh breaches upon his system.’—iii. 207.

His pride, or rather obstinacy, at length gave way, and he consented, on certain conditions, to resign his sovereignty into the hands of a papal commissioner. We do not understand Mr. Dennistoun’s anxiety to give the pope credit for ‘the self-denying policy becoming the head of the Christian church’ in his dealings with the Duke of Urbino; it is true he contented himself with embittering the life of the old man instead of curtailing it by a dagger or a bowl—the course which so many of his predecessors would certainly have adopted—but he had not the power to bestow the lapsed fief on his nephews; the attempt to do so would have raised him the hostility of Spain, Florence, and the Empire, and would have terminated, most probably, in alienating the Duchy forever from the Holy See.

The Duke did not wish to endow the papacy with any property he could withhold from it. His allodial possessions were secured to his natural heirs, and for himself he reserved a pension, with the use of some of his own castles during his life. His favourite abode had long been Castel Durante (which the vain glory of the pope converted into *Urbanica*), a town situated on the banks of the Metaure, surrounded by beautiful country abounding in game, and in the close vicinity of the royal deer-park. There he continued to reside, and in the company of the monks of the Franciscan convent, which he had himself endowed, like his ancestor, Guido of Montefeltro, he sought the thorny road to heaven. There is

no sign that he had ever spent a thought on any one's sufferings but his own; and now these became more and more severe. His life was prolonged till he became a burden to himself as well as to all around him. He expired in 1631, aged 83 years.

By his will his grand-daughter was his principal heir. He left large sums to religious bodies. The fine library which he had formed at Castel Durante he bequeathed to his favoured Franciscan convent, stipulating, however, that such manuscripts and volumes of drawings as it contained should be sent to enrich the MS. library brought together by Duke Federigo, and which continued at Urbino. This last-named superb collection, amounting to 1793 volumes, was left as the inalienable possession of that capital, with ample funds to defray its careful preservation in the Castle. The whole of it, however, was afterwards removed to Rome by Alexander VII. By this order the pope, no doubt, intrenched on the rights of public property, and trampled on the will of a benefactor to whom the church had many obligations; yet we cannot deny that there is much to be said in apology for him. At Urbino a library of manuscripts would have been rarely visited, while its value would necessarily deteriorate in the damp and neglect to which it was likely to be consigned. It is now, after the lapse of more than two centuries, the chief ornament of the noble hall of the Vatican, conspicuous for the beauty of the penmanship, the elegance of the illustrations, and the magnificence of the binding. The will of the duke was equally violated in the ultimate destination of his printed library; but here again we must admit that the decision of the same pope does credit to his judgment if not to his respect for the intentions of the deceased. The whole was transported to the College of the Sapienza at Rome, hitherto unprovided with books, where it still remains, and to which, under certain restrictions, the public is admitted.

On the devolution of Urbino to the papacy, the Italians indulged in all those complaints which invariably follow the slightest advance to that consolidation of states, and that unity of interests, which they profess to be the grand object of their wishes—and a doleful list of grievances is presented us—'palaces falling into neglect, gardens overgrown with weeds, degraded castles, and absentee nobility'—(vol. iii. p. 233): these were unavoidable; but, as Mr. Dennistoun justly observes, whatever objection there may be to the papal sway, 'it cannot in fairness be regarded as otherwise than mild.'

We trust that few will think we have wasted their time in presenting this abridgment of Mr. Dennistoun's historical chapters.

There is, perhaps, no readier method of comprehending the complicated social system of the Italians than steadily pursuing the fortunes of a single state; and Urbino, notwithstanding its insignificance on the map, offers many advantages for this investigation. It was, however, to its connexion with the arts and literature of Italy, that it owed the attention Mr. Dennistoun has bestowed upon it; and it would be unjust to dismiss this laborious section of his work without some special notice.

In limine he devotes a few pages to two vexed questions;—first, whether the number of petty sovereignties, into which the peninsula was divided, was favourable to the development of civilization—and secondly, whether the monarchical or republican states were most prolific of talent. A certain degree of leisure, we take it, is necessary for the cultivation of art and letters, as wealth is for their subsequent encouragement. Leisure can hardly exist where every citizen is engaged in the act of government—neither in very small states is there usually found any surplus revenue to be devoted to purposes exclusively ornamental. Mr. Dennistoun observes that Lucca, Pisa, and Siena are far behind other provincial capitals in the literary history of Italy; while Pandolfo Malatesta, lord of Rimini, Francis Sforza, and Ludovico, his brother, at Milan, the Marquises of Mantua and Ferrara, and the Dukes of Urbino,—though all petty princes, and some of them ruling over states possessing very slender resources,—distinguished themselves not only by a liberal patronage of men of genius, but by their own personal accomplishments. These small principalities were inferior in general wealth, it would seem, to the republican States which our author has cited, and might never perhaps have had the opportunity of rendering themselves remarkable had their form of government not been monarchical, and their several sovereigns possessed the means of encouraging art, with the taste to bestow their patronage well. The opening spirit of centralization in the sixteenth century destroyed the activity of these petty capitals by incorporating them with larger states; but many of them still preserved the reputation they had acquired in the commonwealth of letters.

The fifteenth century in Italy was prolific rather in scholars than in creative minds, and the literary history of Urbino forms no exception. Few of the learned persons whom the reputation of the court drew to the capital were natives of the duchy; fewer still possessed the fire of genius, without which merits far greater than they possessed will not secure immortality. We have no intention of following Mr. Dennistoun through his long list of mediocrity; Gentile de' Bicci, Francesco Venturini, Baldi, Berni of Gubbio, &c. &c.

were very erudite men, but their works have long ago been doomed to 'the tomb of the Capulets.' If the name of Polydore Virgil excites more curiosity, it is because he was promoted to church benefices in our own country, and because he is the author of a book (undertaken, it is said, at the suggestion of Henry VII.) which, though superficial and full of errors, continues to possess some interest as the history of a constitutional monarchy by the hand of an Italian priest.*

Cardinal Bembo, though residing much at Urbino, was a noble Venetian. A flowery orator, an unsuccessful diplomatist, and a disreputable priest, he deserves not much higher credit as an historian. His chief work in that line, much extolled in its day, is inaccurate in statements, faulty in arrangement, and totally without dates. He valued himself principally on the purity of his Latin; and in his anxiety to preserve classic idiom he has sacrificed all character and keeping, producing only a cold and pompous imitation from which life and interest are banished—forgetting, as Mr. Dennistoun justly says, in his devout worship of Cicero, the allowance due to modern times, principles, and feelings—converting the Almighty into a pantheistic generality, the Saviour into a hero, and the Virgin into the goddess of Loreto.* Nor has his own Italian version any greater liveliness: pedantry and prolixity are its pervading characteristics. 'Pains, reading, study,' his pages show abundantly;

'And all they want is spirit, sense, and taste.'

Among his numerous writings, embracing every subject, the best known are the 'Asolani' dialogues, supposed to have been held at the Castle of Asolo, the residence of the dethroned Queen of Cyprus, the celebrated Catherine Cornara, in which the topic of love is handled, not always with delicacy, although invariably with the frigid insipidity of a school exercise. The Cardinal's letters are better worth attention than his more ambitious performances; they sometimes embalm a curious fact amidst the verbose inanities of unmeaning compliment and the thin disguises of an overweening vanity.

* Leland regrets that a writer so little trustworthy should have cast over his deceptions the graces of style. 'Anticipating, perhaps,' says Mr. Dennistoun, 'such an aspersion, in his dedication of the work to Henry VIII., dated London, 1536, he compared the chronicles of Bede and Gildas, crude in form and phraseology, to meat served up without salt, which it was his object to supply.'—ii. 112.

† He is said to have seriously advised a young divine of his acquaintance to avoid studying the Epistles of St. Paul, lest the latinity of the Vulgate should injure his style.

Baldassare Castiglione, the *arbitrator elegantiarum* of the court of Urbino, superior in talent to any of these, was of a noble family, connected with the Marquess of Mantua, of whose states he was a native. He was greatly favoured by the princes of Urbino, and employed by them in many confidential services. He was the proxy of the Duke Federigo at Windsor in the ceremony of his installation as Knight of the Garter, and he resided several years in England, where his graceful manners and agreeable conversation secured him the favour of our Henry VII. His 'Cortegiano' had an extensive and continued popularity. Upon this celebrated treatise Mr. Dennistoun pronounces a panegyric which we cannot echo. We are very ready to admit its value as a magazine of costume; but the colloquies are unmercifully spun out, and the anecdotes have not always wit to excuse coarseness.

For the verse of this famed period still less is to be said. Chronicles, treatises, and epistles may possess value, independent of all literary merit; but although Mr. Dennistoun does what he can for the poets of his favourite district by printing their names in capital letters, we fear he will fail to excite much interest about them. Filelfo, Accolti, Rustico, and so forth, with the dates of their births, weddings, and deaths—might have been left to a dignified repose in the 'dizionario degli uomini illustri.' Their works are rare, but *not high-priced*;—and 'clean copies' adorn the shelves of collectors 'curious in books' rather than in authors.

Mr. Dennistoun claims for Urbino the merit of inventing the modern drama; and, though this pretension is by no means undisputed, it is certain that plays were acted in the Castle at an early date, and 'got up with scenery and decorations' by Timoteo della Vite and other able hands. Many of these theatrical pieces have been printed, but they will be found to possess slender merit; a skilful copying of Plautus and Terence was more esteemed than a faithful representation of living manners, vivacity of dialogue, or interest of situation.

If the literary productions of the fifteenth century deserve little admiration, the art of painting advanced during its progress to the culminating point; and all those articles to whom the palm of excellence has been awarded were born before its close, though the lives of some, prolonged beyond the usual span, reached far down into that which succeeded.

Mr. Dennistoun regrets that Lanzi has given no separate place to the *Umbrian Masters* among the fourteen Schools under which he has ranged Italian painting (vol. ii. p. 174). Lanzi, however, was perfectly right—since not only, as our author admits, no particular town could be fixed on as the head-quarters of the school, but no school did in fact exist in Mr.

Dennistoun's Umbria. This 'Umbria' itself, by the way, is a pedantic and arbitrary division of the peninsula, invented by Professor Rumohr, and not coinciding either with the present or the ancient limits of that name. The actual province so called contains no part of the duchy of Urbino, nor of the districts of Perugia or Orvieto—while that of the ancients included not only all these but a portion of Tuscany and the March of Ancona. After all, very few of the painters included in Mr. Dennistoun's copious list were born in the duchy of Urbino, still fewer in the capital. They were mostly attracted to it by the reputation of the court, or the hopes of employment which were held out to them by the decoration of the cathedral at Orvieto and of the sanctuary at Assisi.

After enumerating various painters, or rather illuminators of missals, whose names are preserved but whose works have perished, Mr. Dennistoun seems to refer the foundation of the 'Umbrian School' to Gentile da Fabriano, a pupil of the Beato Angelico da Fiesole. Gentile was however more probably a native of Verona than of the town whose name he bears, and not a few writers question his having ever studied under the Beato Angelico—so little can be ascertained of the lives of artists to whom modern criticism (or cant) persists in assigning an importance which neither their own nor the succeeding age ever acknowledged. The works of Fabriano will be found in various parts of Italy, and will be admired for their careful finish, and for the expression of the heads. Mr. Dennistoun tells us (vol. ii. p. 137) that when he left the studio of Fra Beato he carried away with him his master's taste for rich brocade, gold leaf, fruit and flowers;—we farther hear, however, that he did not retain these precious inspirations the whole of his life, and that his performances became 'gradually tinged with naturalism.'—(p. 186.)

We observe it is not without some violence to his good taste that Mr. Dennistoun plunges into the depths of mystic criticism to which his German guides have led him, and whither assuredly we shall not attempt to follow him. From many of his opinions we dissent so entirely that argument is useless. We presume it is rather to propitiate Dusseldorf and Munich than his own northern Athens that Mr. Dennistoun goes out of his way to tax Hogarth with 'ribald vulgarity' in the very page in which he terms him 'the incarnation of our national taste in painting.' Hogarth, we are informed, 'Saw in those spiritualised cherubim which usually minister to the holiest compositions of the Umbrian School, only an infant's head with a pair of duck's wings under its chin.' In opposition to these 'grovelling views' the historian cites the great Florentine

reformer, who decided that 'the perfection of the bodily form is relative to the beauty of the mind.' But Mr. Dennistoun relents; he will not be too hard upon Hogarth, 'from whom he does not expect a due appreciation of the fervid conceptions of Christian art, any more than he looks for sympathy for the pothouse personifications of Hogarth from the pious Savonarola. English caricatures,' he proceeds, 'and Dutch familiar scenes are addressed to the most uncultivated minds; Umbrian and Siennese paintings can be understood only after a long examination and elevated thought. The former, therefore, satisfy the unintelligent many—the latter delight the enlightened few.' (ii. p. 162.) We are quite resigned to being classed among the 'unintelligent many' who do not look down upon *Marriage à-la-mode* and the *Harlot's Progress* as English caricatures; we do not envy the refinement which incapacitates any man for the enjoyment of mere nature, wit, pathos, and inventive genius. But we also collect that Michael Angelo is no favourite with our author—the admirers of Hogarth may be satisfied!

The Beato Angelico Mr. Dennistoun considers the prototype of the Umbrian School, and he practised his art, it should seem, upon principles that we can hardly expect to see adopted into modern academies.

'Regarding his painting in the light of a God-gift, he never sat down to exercise it without offering up orisons for divine influence; nor did he assume his palette until he felt these answered by a glow of holy inspiration. His pencil thus literally embodied the language of prayer; his compositions were the result of long contemplation on mystic revelations; his Madonnas borrowed their sweet and sinless expression from ecstatic visions; the Passion of our Saviour was conceived by him in tearful penitence, and executed with sobs and sighs. Deeming the forms he thus depicted to proceed from supernatural dictation, he never would alter or retouch them; and though his works are generally brought to the highest attainable finish, the impress of their first conception remains unchanged. To the unimaginative materialism of the present day these sentences may seem idle absurdities; but they illustrate the character of Fra Giovanni, and no painter ever so thoroughly instilled his character into his works.'—ii. 184.

We think Mr. Dennistoun would do well to leave æsthetics to German philosophers and their sympathising, and not always sober audiences—they are not likely to find much favour in England, nor do they indeed accord well with the customary turn and tone of Mr. Dennistoun's own mind and style. We should be very glad if he could prove that good morals and good drawing were connected, but we fear it is in vain to emulate the success of the great

masters of the fifteenth century, by listening to a master in the morning rather than attending the anatomy schools, and by invoking the assistance of the Virgin instead of hiring good models.—The following period is most Johnsonian—

Those who have neither imbibed the spirit of the Roman ritual, nor studied the forms of Christian art, may fully appreciate the dishevelled goddesses of Rubens, or the golden Sunsets of Claude; but let them understand ere they sneer at those sacred paintings which for successive ages have confirmed the faith of the unlettered, elevated their hopes, and inspired their prayerful ejaculations!—vol. iii. p. 323.

In this case we should close our academies. But criticism is not excepted from the jurisdiction of fact. Was not Claude a Roman Catholic, and Rubens a devout Fleming, the favourite of the Jesuits and of the most bigoted of Spanish Courts? If painters imagine that, in furnishing idols for popular worship, they are performing acceptable service, we presume the style of their productions can in no wise affect the merit of their intention. We have much forbearance for superstition—it is the natural growth of ardent and ignorant minds—but we have none at all for the affectation of it. Mr. Dennistoun must excuse us, but his sincerity can only be defended at the expense of his common sense.

When civilisation began to recover the eclipse that followed the downfall of the Roman Empire, the church was the only field in which the artist could exhibit—the churchman his only patron. Social life was too rude to require the ornament of dwellings—property was too insecure to invite accumulation. Sacred subjects were obviously the fittest for the only purpose to which art was applied—but as light became diffused, a naturally impressible and imaginative people demanded the assistance of art in the interior decoration of their houses—and a change of subject became not only desirable but necessary, since an Italian of the fifteenth century would no more have covered a panel in his dining-room with a martyrdom than he would have put a crucifix on his sideboard.

Even during the life of the Beato Angelico (who, Mr. Dennistoun seems to suppose, produced his pictures under the direct inspiration of the Virgin and the Saints) manual dexterity and academic knowledge had made vast progress, but, considering the marvellous assistance which he enjoyed, we can hardly wonder that he did not design to accept much benefit from them. Luca Signorelli was sixteen years of age when the Beato died; Masaccio, though a younger man, died twelve years before him; and to these two great artists more than to

any others the invention of the modern manner belongs; to them the honour may be ascribed of having been the real instructors and precursors of Michael Angelo and Raphael. We proceed with our enumeration of some of those painters who are claimed for the Umbrian School. Pietro della Francesca was a native of Borgo S. Sepolcro; though neither devoid of diligence nor of accuracy, he derives perhaps his best title to the respect of posterity from having been the master of Luca Signorelli. Of Fra Carnevale, whom Mr. Dennistoun calls 'a talented limner' and 'a parish priest,' little is known, and few of his works are extant. Our author is anxious to exonerate him from 'a tendency to naturalism,' a charge to which he is exposed for having introduced the portrait of a sublunar patroness into a votive picture. That he did so we can readily believe, but we think any critic less shocked by the enormity of such a crime than Mr. Dennistoun seems to be, would acquit him of all 'naturalistic tendencies' on the first examination of any of his stiff and primitive performances. Timoteo della Vite has sometimes had the honour of having his works sold for early performances of Raphael. Girolamo della Genga belongs also to this age and country—but we think the claims of Urbino on the gratitude of the world of art must rest on having produced Bramante, Raphael, and Barocci. It is not surprising that these remarkable men should have received their education in other schools, and sought for wealthier patrons and a wider stage for the display of their talents than Urbino could furnish. Bramante was the early instructor, and, if we may believe Vasari, the relation of Raphael. Both a sculptor and a painter, he was destined to be better known as an architect; but possessing more taste than genius and more fancy than imagination, he was unequal to the task assigned him. He was the original architect of St. Peter's; and he involved the fabric in a complication of confusion from which nothing short of the inspiration of Michael Angelo could have extricated it.

Mr. Dennistoun devotes some pages to the life of Raphael and a critique upon his works. Little of importance, however, can be gleaned that has escaped Vasari; in fact succeeding biographers have achieved nothing beyond a fresh arrangement of his notices and a more exact catalogue of the great artist's pictures. We not long ago treated this subject at some length in an article on M. Passarati's respectable book—(Q. R., vol. lxvi.)—and have little

Vasari always speaks of him as the inmate, possessed of a convent. The Fra, before his name would lead us to conclude that he was so; but he may at some time have had charge of a parish whereof his community possessed the tithe.

now to add, Giovanni Sanzio, the father of Raphael, died while his son was yet a child; had he lived, we cannot but think he would have proved an able instructor than Pietro Perugino, with whom the juvenile prodigy was soon after placed. The works of Giovanni Sanzio are rare—very few of them have reached this country.* An altarpiece in the church of S. Francesco at Urbino gives us a very high idea of his powers. Under his tuition we have no doubt the young painter would sooner have emancipated himself from the affectation and mannerism of his day. The progress of Raphael was slow, his youthful efforts hardly presage his triumphs. The earliest works of Michael Angelo are marvellous; but what eye can discern in the frescoes of Siena the future painter of the Vatican Stanze?

Mr. Dennistoun is anxious to defend his favourite from the imputation of borrowing from Michael Angelo, and professes to discover little trace of imitation. Raphael condescended to no servile plagiarisms certainly from his illustrious contemporary; but his style was enlarged after his examination of the frescoes in the Sistine Chapel, and subsequent improvement may be traced in a more philosophical treatment of his subject, and in the increased sublimity of the whole conception. Michael Angelo, with the force of irresistible genius, gave a fresh impulse to art, and in every branch established a new criterion of excellence:—

—“He was followed by Raphael”—says the discerning and eloquent Fuseli—“the painter of humanity; less vigorous, less elevated than Michael Angelo, but more insinuating, more pressing on our hearts—the warm master of all our sympathies. . . . Perfect human beauty he has not represented; form to him was only a vehicle of character or pathos, and these he adapted in a mode and with a truth which leave all attempts at emendation hopeless. . . . If separately taken, the line of Raphael has been excelled in correctness, elegance, and energy, his colour far surpassed in tone, and truth, and harmony—his masses in roundness—and his chiaro-scuro in effect; considered as instruments of pathos they have never been equalled; and in composition, invention, expression, and the power of telling a story, he has never been approached.”—*Lectures*, vol. ii. p. 88.

The originality of this wonderful man or of any of his contemporaries must not be impugned on account of resemblances that may be discovered in the mode of treating subjects often handled by their predecessors. It should be remembered that, when Raphael commenced his career, and indeed long after he had ended it, the liturgical method of representing certain persons and incidents was still continued. In the Greek Church a painter frequently a

monk, at all events a graduate in one of the inferior ranks of ordination, was attached to the cathedral or convent, whose exclusive privilege it was to produce portraits of the Panagia and the Saints, drawn upon an orthodox pattern, from which no deviation was permitted. The Latin Church, to be sure, had never accomplished such complete uniformity; it was offended, however, when any innovations were introduced into established methods. It dictated the colours of our Saviour's tunic, the fashion of the Virgin's robes, the costume of the angels, and the livery of all the Apostles. The alleged ‘plagiarism’ of Raphael he would have appealed to as a dexterous compliance with an admitted necessity. In his Transfiguration he has followed an ancient model in representing in the same picture the vision on the Mount and the scene of demonic possession below; only his genius supplied the pointing finger of the Apostle, indicating the vicinity of certain help, and connecting the subjects together. It would be a curious and interesting study to trace the treatment of the same subject by a succession of painters from the revival of art to the days of Michael Angelo. Even he, the mightiest and most original of Italian masters, accepted the conceptions of his predecessors, and made them his own by his treatment. The Creation of Adam and Eve, on the ceiling of the Sistine Chapel, their expulsion from Paradise, and the Last Judgment, exhibit little novelty in the composition; and the introduction even of the ferryman Charon, which Mr. Dennistoun censures as a novelty in his representation of the infernal regions, had before been adopted by Orcagna in his illustrations of the visions of Dante, in the Church of St. Maria Novella.

It was in subjects drawn from profane history and fable that Raphael exhibited all the richness of his fancy. Here we trace that advancement in anatomical accuracy which Mr. Dennistoun deploras as the necessary consequence of the ‘growing naturalism of his time’—(ii. 234.) Our taste is, fortunately for us, less refined than Mr. Dennistoun's, and we can admire works of art that ‘descend to a close imitation of nature.’ It was this condescension that made Phidias, the greatest of artists, and which afterwards placed Michael Angelo, Raphael, and Titian on a level not much beneath him. The frescoes of the Farnesina and the story of Cupid and Psyche, with other works, as preserved and multiplied by the graver of Marcantonio, exhibit all the freshness and invention of Raphael; but to form an idea of his grandeur, a visit to Rome is indispensable. The taste and partiality of Julius and Leo confided to him the decoration of the Vatican, and the works of preceding artists, however hitherto esteemed, were unhesitatingly destroyed to make room for the

* Sir John Lubbock, a collector of uncommon taste and acumen, possesses a fine specimen of this rare master.

rising genius. Michael Angelo had treated the subject of Theocracy in the Sistine Chapel. The spread of the true faith and the glory of the pontificate were the fitting themes in the palace which the popes were to inhabit. Every subject represented in this series illustrates the intended allegory. The triumph of the Cross and the establishment of Christianity are accomplished in the victory of Constantine, and the alliance of religion with the state in the baptism of that prince and the coronation of Charlemagne. The divine authority of the See is manifested in the 'Justification' of Leo and Miracle of the Borgo, and the retreat of Attila from the walls of the sacred city. The supremacy of the Church is typified in the expulsion of Heliodorus from the Temple—and that of the Pope in the donation of Constantine and the captive Saracens brought in chains to his judgment seat. The 'Dispute of the Sacrament' is the revelation of the holy mystery, and 'the Miracle of Bolsena' establishes to the confusion of infidelity the doctrine of transubstantiation.

Great as the Italian masters are in their easel pictures, it is in their frescoes alone that they reach their highest excellence. To judge of the magnitude of the powers of Correggio, Parma must be visited, for of the numerous pictures which bear his name and that of Raphael, filling every collection in Europe, how small a proportion have any claim to originality! Yet many of these spurious pictures have been puffed into celebrity. The trade of criticism has fallen into the hands of men who have an interest in raising their own or their friends' possessions into importance, and their æsthetic raptures are, in fact, the best advertisement. Barry, the painter, shrewdly observed that no opinion should be received with so much caution as that of a petty collector. Whatever high-sounding words may be for ever in his mouth, he is often ignorant of *high art*, nay, even hostile to it; his standard of merit being formed by the specimens his own petty museum contains. Mr. Dennistoun has been indefatigable in his researches, and we are obliged to him for a vast deal of valuable information, but we lost much of our respect for his judgment when we discovered that he is a small collector.

German critics have lately attempted to establish for their country a sort of rivalry with Italy in the early cultivation of the arts, and some English writers have rashly admitted the pretension. This or that mechanical or chemical process may have been discovered in Germany or Flanders—though we believe it is now generally thought that even *oil-painting* had its real cradle among the Byzantine monks—but if any human achievement deserves the title of originality, it is the *Art of Italy*. If

any influence can be traced to Germany at all, it was of a sinister character. Marcantonio wasted precious time in copying the engravings of Albert Durer, which considerably delayed his progress, and the stiff and angular foldings of the same artist may be found disfiguring the broad and monumental drapery of Andrea del Sarto.

Frederico Barroccio, born in 1528, eight years after the death of Raphael, belonged to a family of artists; his grandfather was a sculptor of no mean reputation, employed by Duke Federigo in the decoration of the castle of Urbino—and his elder brother was a skilful mechanician, much favoured by the princes of the house of Rovere, who all seem to have possessed an hereditary taste for jewellery and watchmaking. He was born at Urbino, and passed much of his youth at Pesaro, attracted thither by the picture-gallery in the duke's favourite villa. He afterwards visited Florence and Rome. His style was formed from the observation of the works of Correggio and Parmegiano; and he sometimes approaches these masters. While at Urbino no single picture by Raphael is to be found, nor any building that can be assigned to Bramante—the pictures of Barroccio are numerous. They are all in churches or convents, and the subjects are consequently sacred; they are, indeed, handled with so much licence of composition, such variety of light and shade, and such brilliancy of colouring, that all solemnity is lost—but the great ability of the artist is undeniable.

The Zuccari were also natives of Urbino, and contemporaries of Barroccio. They painted much in Spain, at Rome, at Florence, and at Caprarola. They belonged to the class of decorative painters, of whom Italy has produced so many, and to whom her churches, palaces, and villas owe so much. Federico Zuccaro was in great vogue at Rome, and was made President of the Academy of Painters by the favour of the reigning Pope. He lived in the luxury of opulence, and decorated his residence on the Pincian hill with lunettes, medallions, and arabesques of his own invention. The house remained long in the possession of his descendants; but it was inhabited at the beginning of the present century by M. Bertoldy, the Prussian consul, and may be regarded, says Mr. Dennistoun,

'as the cradle of the modern school of painting. The frescoes on which Overbeck, Cornelius, Schmor, and Veit first essayed that elevated and pure style which has regenerated European taste—these attract many an admirer, little aware that the basement rooms, abandoned to menial uses, contain some of the latest efforts of Cinquecento decoration that have fair pretensions to merit.'—(Vol. iii. p. 348.)

We are sorry to hear this for the credit of the taste of our age. The productions of the Zuccari, faulty as they are, have life, spirit, invention, originality—in which the hard, flat, stiff novelties so admired by Mr. Dennistoun are totally deficient. The arts have no greater enemy to contend with than affectation, and it is the worst of affectation to imitate the defects of our predecessors.

The territory of Urbino was famous for having improved the manufacture of pottery, and, like all the material productions of Italy at that period, it sought the assistance of the fine arts. Many examples are graceful and elegant in form, and, though coarse in execution, have great beauty of design. The Robbia family at Florence had executed beautiful groups and bas-reliefs in vitrified clay, of which numerous specimens exist throughout Tuscany to this day. The secret of the manufactory died with the last member of the family, and the attempt to revive it in this practical age has not yet been crowned with success. We shall pursue this interesting subject no farther at present. Mr. Marryat's clever and elegantly-illustrated *History of Pottery and Porcelain in modern Europe and among the nations of the East* has been for some time before the public, and would require a more comprehensive consideration than we have space to give it—we may discuss it perhaps at some future time in connexion with a work announced by Mr. Birch upon the still more beautiful specimens of the ceramic art which the Greeks and Etruscans have bequeathed to us.

It would be great injustice to take leave of Mr. Dennistoun without acknowledging the patient industry exhibited in the prosecution of his task. It is one obviously congenial to his taste and his feelings; it is natural that he should entertain a very high admiration for the talents and the genius of the Italian people during the period which has occupied so much of his attention—and it is pardonable that he should close his eyes on many of their faults;—but he is not just when treating of other nations, nor even always, we must say, reasonable. The Spanish, the French, and the Germans he constantly speaks of as 'barbarous nations';—(on one occasion he calls the Prince of Orange 'a fair-haired barbarian,' an epithet calculated to give a most false impression of that politic prince);—and he seems even to put a little affectation into his echo of the insolence of the Italian historians in this particular.

Besides examining many manuscripts himself, he has received valuable assistance in that department. In Italy the remark of Lord Chesterfield 'that nothing remains unedited which deserves to be published' will not hold good. Many interesting papers have

been supplied him, he informs us, by Mr. Rawdon Brown, whose researches have been far more extensive than his own, and whose knowledge of the history of Italy is at once general and exact. We could wish that the very curious selections made by Mr. Brown from the journals of Marin Sanuto were better known in this country; unfortunately they were published at Venice, and only in the original Italian. Mr. Dennistoun is not always so fortunate in his authorities and in his citations, nor has he done wisely we think in swelling his text with original documents of small interest, and with their wordy translations. The extracts from the chronicle of Giovanni Sanzio (the father of Raphael), for example, are far too copious; a rhyming annalist inspires little confidence, and the bald versions that regularly follow these profuse specimens of antiquated doggerel offer little relief to the suffering reader. All these, with many similar quotations, should have been omitted, or banished to an appendix. His accounts of battles and military movements are generally brief, and he usually abstains from criticism on the faults and mistakes of the commanders—indications of sense and modesty upon which we congratulate him. We regret that other historians of the day have not adopted the same practice. Such descriptions and disquisitions from the pen of a civilian have seldom any sort of value; too vague and inaccurate to interest the military reader, their awkward technicalities make them utterly unintelligible to others.

His admiration for friends and fellow-labourers is rather ostentatious. We get tired of the eloquent Lord This—the accomplished Mr. That—and the learned Mrs. Tother. Sundry mottoes to chapters, and other obtrusive flowers from contemporary classics, may as well be dropped in future editions. This perpetual bandying of compliments among living authorities (by no means confined to Mr. Dennistoun's pages), the transparent trick of a self-trumpeting 'camaraderie,' reminds us of nothing so much as the bragging captains in Beaumont's *King and no King*, who are perpetually giving each other certificates of valour and conduct—for ever called in question by everybody else.

ART. V.—*The Correspondence of Horace Walpole, Earl of Orford, and the Rev. William Mason.* Now first published from the original MSS. Edited, with Notes, by the Rev. J. Mitford. 2 vols. 8vo. 1850.

Of all the qualities of Horace Walpole's pen, its fecundity seems gradually becoming

the most wonderful. In our Number of September, 1843, we first noticed the extraordinary diligence with which, amidst the numerous and constant engagements of fashionable and political life, voluminous authorship, and a zealous pursuit of antiquities and *virtu*, he found time to write such a prodigious number of letters as we then already possessed, amounting to about two thousand, and filling ten closely-printed octavo volumes; and we announced our conviction that there were probably considerable *classes* of his correspondence which had not yet seen the light. Since that we have received additional proofs of his indefatigability—four thick volumes of his Memoirs of George III.—two volumes containing upwards of four hundred letters to Lady Ossory—and now two others of his correspondence with Mason, of which Walpole's share may perhaps amount to a couple of hundred more.* And this is probably not all. The publisher, indeed, of these volumes advertises with great confidence that 'this is the last series of the unpublished letters of this incomparable epistolar writer'; but no reason is, nor, we believe, can be, given for this assertion. On the contrary, recollecting how comparatively few of the already published letters are addressed to the persons with whom we know he much delighted to correspond—Madame du Deffand, General Conway, Lord Harcourt, Mrs. Damer, Lady Kylesbury, Lady Suffolk, Lady Harvey, the Chutes, the Beauclercs, the whole tribe of Waldegraves, and so many others of his nearest and most familiar friends and relations—we are led to hope that we are not even yet *en fond du sac*. Probably the most curious batch of all would be those to *Mrs. Elive*, which at her death no doubt returned into his own hands, and have never been heard of.

When we reflect that the mass of published letters and memoirs extends over a space of sixty-two years—from 1733 to 1797—and embraces every possible topic of politics, literature, and social life, drawn from the best sources of information, and detailed with such unwearied diligence, and such attractive vivacity, we grow every day more and more convinced of the serious importance of Horace Walpole as the historian of his time. Light

and gossiping as the individual letters may seem, they constitute, taken altogether, a body of historical evidence to which no other age or country can afford anything like a parallel. But against those merits must be set off many concomitant and, as we may venture to call them, congenial defects. His politics are always under the strong influence of party and often of faction, and his details of social life and personal character are rendered more amusing indeed, but less trustworthy, by a strong seasoning of scandal, and occasionally of malice. It is not given to man to be at once of a party, and impartial—to be a gossip, and not censorious. We do not take the characters of Lord Wharton or Sir Robert Walpole from Swift, nor should we from Horace Walpole those of Bute or North.

But besides this natural and inevitable bias, Walpole had, no doubt, from his mother, and (if the scandal of the day was well founded) from his father* too, a marked *peculiarity* of temper, which perhaps sharpened his sagacity and brightened his wit, but not infrequently distorted his vision and deceived his judgment to an almost morbid degree. The result is, that no writer we know of requires to be read, when read historically, with more suspicion—at least, more caution—and a more investigation and comparison of all contemporary testimony. Even when run through for mere amusement, so much of the interest and of the pleasant turns on circumstances and allusions which are every day becoming less familiar to ordinary readers, that there is hardly a page which would not be the better for some extraneous elucidation.

These considerations have induced us to give a closer and more continuous attention to the successive batches of Walpole's Correspondence and Memoirs than such apparently *light reading* might seem at first sight to deserve. They have also prompted the regret that we have been forced to express for the very unsatisfactory way in which most of those publications, and particularly the later ones, have been *what is called* edited.

The respectable name of Mr. Mitford on the new title-page gave us better hopes. He has been long practised in the editorial office, and, from the course of his literary life, would have been, we should have thought, peculiarly qualified for such a task. But we have been altogether disappointed. This is undoubtedly the *worst* edited of the whole Walpolean series. The anonymous editor of the Letters to Mann did little, and did it ill; Mr. Vernon

* We are obliged to speak thus vaguely, because the editor has neither numbered the letters, nor given us either index or table of contents.

† Mr. Mitford talks, in one of his notes, of something that is to be seen in 'the Harcourt Correspondence'; but he does not tell us what or where this Harcourt Correspondence is. We conjecture that it may be Horace Walpole's letters to the two Lord Harcourts of his day; but surely this is a very vague way of citing an *authority*. At all events it seems to contradict the publisher's advertisement, that there are no more unpublished letters of Walpole.

* See in Lord Wharfedale's edition of Lady Mary Wortley's works Lady Louisa Stuart's statement that Horace was *notoriously* the son of Carr Lee Harvey. See also the biographical notice of John Lord Harvey, prefixed to his Memoirs, l. xix.

Smith did nothing—but Mr. Mitford has done worse than nothing. So far from elucidating what might be dark, he has sometimes confused what was clear, and in hardly any instance explains a real obscurity. Mr. Mitford is evidently aware that he has not done for us all that we might have reasonably expected. He says—'I have, where it seemed requisite, made a few observations in the notes, but from circumstances connected with my professional engagements, over which I had no control; that portion of the book is less perfect than I could have wished; in some cases, however, the readers will be able to supply themselves with original information; in others, they may derive assistance from the learned editors of works by Walpole previously published, and perhaps what they will find in these volumes may not be altogether without its use.'—*Preface*.

This, begging Mr. Mitford's pardon, seems to us a very magnificent apology. Engagements over which he had no control might have curtailed his commentaries, but can hardly be pleaded for the laborious infancy of seventy or eighty whole pages of what he calls *Illustrated Notes* appended to his volumes—a much larger proportion, than even the best (or least bad) of Walpole's editors had hitherto given us. We cannot understand why notes so apparently copious should contain so little illustration. For instance, Walpole says in December, 1773—

'I have read a pretty little drama called *Palladius and Irene*, written by I know not whom.'—ii. 110.

On this we find a note—

Palladius and Irene, a drama in three acts, 8vo. 1773. This is all that is given, without mentioning the author's name.—ii. 120.

The note is a mere echo, which leaves the matter just where it found it.

Again—Walpole says—'There is some sort of a Life of Garrick, in two volumes, by Davies, the bookseller, formerly a player. It is written naturally, simply, without pretensions. The work is entertaining, &c.'—ii. 86.

This seems plain enough, but the editor thinks it necessary to add an *illustrative note*—

'*Memoirs of the Life of Garrick*, interspersed with characters and anecdotes of his theatrical contemporaries, &c., by Thomas Davies. New

Edition 1808, 2 vols. A work of entertainment and information.'—ii. 391.

The note tells less than the text.

Again, Walpole, after recommending a volume of French 'Letters, adds, 'I do not recommend the boasted *Siege of Calais*' (ii. 7); on which we find 300 pages off this *illustrative note*—

'*Siege of Calais*, a tragedy by Charles Denis, translated from the French of de Belloy, with historical notes, 1765. See *Bio Dramatica*,'—ii. 404.

Few readers will have the *Biographia Dramatica* at hand, but we can console them by informing them that the said *Biographia* would have told them no more than the *Illustrative Note*; and that neither it nor the Note has any relation whatsoever to what Walpole was writing about—to wit, the *original* French play, which, as we find from the *Collective Correspondence* (vol. iv.), he had asked Lord Hertford, 25th March, 1765, to send him from Paris, and of which he writes to George Montague on the 5th April in the identical words used to Mason. The translation by Denis mentioned in the *Biographia* and the Note had not yet appeared, and probably Walpole never saw it. It seems to have fallen dead-born from the press.

Of so large a body of notes there are not, we believe, above a dozen that afford anything that can be fairly called *illustration*;—some are absolute blunders, while there are a hundred passages on which a really illustrative note would have been desirable. There is too much that we do not want, and too little of what we do. And we demur altogether to the remedy that Mr. Mitford proposes—of 'the reader's supplying himself with original information, or consulting the learned editors of all Walpole's previously published works.' It is rather hard on the purchaser of two costly volumes—which from the addition of the name of *Mason* may be supposed to be substantially of a separate class—to be forced to buy all the long series of Walpole's correspondence—to say nothing of the *Biographia Dramatica* and the like—and painfully to pick out from them what an editor ought to have already extracted for his use. In short, we have to say generally, and we shall by and by show more particularly, that, from whatever cause, Mr. Mitford has done his work *less perfectly*.

* We must also notice the minor blunder of exiling, without even the help of a mark of reference, the note from the page it professes to illustrate—a mode sometimes necessary in long disquisitive commentaries, but as absurd as inconvenient in a case like this.

fectly, to use his own too-indulgent phrase, than any editor that it has been yet our ill-fortune to meet.

In ordinary cases it is hardly worth while to notice mere errors of the press, but in these volumes they are so numerous, and in some instances such ludicrous perversions of the meaning, as to justify and indeed require special remark. The following instances will we think show that the *Editor* could not have read his own printed sheets. Walpole is made to say that Gray was 'easily disgusted with his conduct while on their travels;' but Walpole undoubtedly wrote *early*; for that was the fact, and accordingly in another letter he says 'I am sorry to find I disobliged Gray so very early.' (i. 106.) Walpole is made, in the very first page, to send Mason a 'volume of *Engravings*,' instead of his catalogue of *Engravers*. Then we read of *Murphie's* plagiarisms (i. 164), and, of course, thought of Arthur Murphy; but reading on, we found *Macpherson* was meant. Of a certain *nolo Episcopari* sermon which Mason had preached, and which Walpole advised him to suppress, he is made to say (i. 323) that 'it can be recalled'—when he certainly wrote 'it cannot be recalled.' Judge *Persin* (ii. 25) will puzzle legal chronologists—unless they have industry to discover that Mr. Baron *Perryn* may have been meant. We were startled (ii. 108) at finding that a certain circumstance is to make Mason, who hated Lord Rockingham, 'ever love' him,—Walpole really meaning that it might make Mason love 'even' him. We were for a moment at a loss to know who 'the *Parnassus Poet*' (ii. 298) might be, who was a channel of communication between his brother poets, Hayley and Mason; at last we discovered that 'the *Parnassus Post*' was meant. Walpole excuses the absurdity of a certain person's opinion by the suggestion that it was a general error—'*defendit numerus*;' this is amazingly printed '*defend it Numerus*,' as if one *Numerus* was called upon to defend the obnoxious opinion. We were astonished in reading Mason's list of his preferments in the Cathedral of York to find him appointed, in 1763, to the '*Primateship*;' as we have never heard that he was *Primate* of England, we conclude that the *Precentorship* may be a preferable *lectio*. In vol. ii. p. 314, Walpole is made to 'accept' an unseasonable visitor: Horace was seldom so complying, and accordingly he resolutely begged leave to 'except' him. In one of his towering bursts of patriotism, Walpole exclaims (i. 219), 'I am not corrupted; I am not a traitor.' The printer has lowered the proud boast into 'I am not a tailor!' We may add that, throughout, sentences constantly begin and end where they ought not. It is almost incredible that

any man of literary habits should have inspected the printed sheets; but our readers will find cause for more wonder of a like kind in the sequel.

While we feel ourselves obliged to complain that Mr. Mitford has so egregiously failed in editorial details, we willingly acknowledge the substantial value of the publication itself, and the special gratitude that we owe to him for having brought to light a correspondence which, though we are very far from thinking it, as he does, 'of as much general and greater literary interest than any other portion of Walpole's epistolary works,' does certainly fill up an important chasm in his correspondence, and throws additional light on an interesting and somewhat enigmatical portion of the literary and political history of both Mason and Walpole. It will also be found not unimportant to general history, and particularly to the elucidation of that violent struggle of parties that lasted from 1770 to the conclusion of the Rockingham administration.

'The letters of Mason, now first printed, formed part of the collection of manuscripts purchased of the Duke of Grafton, as executor of the late Earl of Waldegrave, and were entrusted to me for publication; and while I was lamenting the imperfect manner in which they would appear, from want of the answers of the correspondent, my friend, Archdeacon Burney, informed me that the corresponding letters of Walpole were carefully, and in their entire form, preserved at the Rectory House at Aston. The introduction which I obtained from him was most kindly received by Mr. Alderson, the present possessor of the place, and with a liberality for which my thanks are now to be paid, he allowed me the use of the volumes, that for more than half a century had been under the safe protection of his father and himself.' *—*Preface*, pp. vii. viii.

The editor says very truly that the two main points of interest in the correspondence are the explanation of Walpole's juvenile quarrel with Gray, and of his partnership with Mason in the celebrated 'Heroic Epistle.' On the first point, however, there is little more to learn than Mason had already told us in a passage of his 'Life of Gray,' which was dictated to him by Walpole in a very creditable spirit. When Mason submitted to Walpole the account which he proposed to give, in the 'Life,' of the difference between them, Walpole answered (March, 1773):—

'I am so far from being dissatisfied, that I

* This gentleman, the present rector of Aston, is son to the Rev. Ch. Alderson, Mason's intimate friend and sole executor, who immediately succeeded the poet in that valuable living and beautiful parsonage.

must beg leave to sharpen your pen, and in that light only, with regard to myself would make any alterations in your text. I am conscious that in the beginning of the differences between Gray and me, the fault was mine. I was too young, too fond of my own diversions, nay, I do not doubt, too much intoxicated by indulgence, vanity, and the insolence of my situation as a Prime Minister's son, not to have been inattentive and insensible to the feelings of one I thought below me; of one, I blush to say it, that I knew was obliged to me; of one whom presumption and folly perhaps made me deem not my superior then in parts, though I have since felt my infinite inferiority to him. I treated him insolently: he loved me, and I did not think he did. I reproached him with the difference between us, when he acted from conviction of knowing he was my superior. I often disregarded his wishes of seeing places, which I would not quit other amusements to visit, though I offered to send him to them without me. Forgive me, if I say that his temper was not conciliating. At the same time that I will confess to you that he acted a more friendly part, had I had the sense to take advantage of it. He freely told me of my faults:—I declared I did not desire to hear them, nor would correct them. You will not wonder that with the dignity of his spirit, and the obetinate carelessness of mine, the breach must have grown wider, till we became incompatible.'—vol. i. p. 57.

He says again in July:—

'You see how *easily* (early) I had disgusted him; but my faults were very trifling, and I can bear their being known, and forgive his displeasure. I still think I was as much to blame as he was.'—vol. i. p. 86.

And, again, of West and Gray he says:—

'Of my two friends and me, I only make a most indifferent figure. I do not mean with regard to parts or talents. I never one instant of my life had the superlative vanity of ranking myself with them. They not only possessed genius, which I have not, with great learning which is to be acquired, and which I never acquired; but both Gray and West had abilities marvellously premature. What wretched boyish stuff would my contemporary letters to them appear, if they existed; and which they both were so good-natured as to destroy!—What unpoetic things were mine at that age, some of which unfortunately do exist, and which I yet could never surpass.—But it is not in that light I consider my own position. We had not got to Calais before Gray was dissatisfied, for I was a boy, and he, though infinitely more a man, was not enough so to make allowances. Hence am I never mentioned once with kindness in his letters to West. This hurts me for him, as well as myself. For the oblique censures on my want of curiosity I have nothing to say. The fact was true; my eyes were not purely classic: and though I am now a dull antiquary, my age then made me taste pleasures and diversions

merely modern.* I say this to you, and to you only, in confidence. I do not object to a syllable. I know how trifling, how useless, how blameable I have been; and submit to bear my faults—both because I have had faults, and because I hope I have corrected some of them; and though Gray hints at my unwillingness to be told them, I can say truly that to the end of his life, he neither spared the reprimand or mollified the terms, as you and others know, and I believe have felt.'—vol. i. p. 106.

This is candid and amiable; and we have made our extracts the more liberally because they are certainly the passages of the whole work in which Walpole appears to the most advantage; though, after all, they do not remove the mystery about the immediate cause of the sudden and never quite reconciled rupture which separated them at Reggio, in 1741.

Upon the second and now more interesting point—the authorship of the *Heroic Epistle*—the editor tells us:—

'The readers of these Letters will be interested in seeing the *entire secret history* of the *Heroic Epistle unveiled for the first time* before them, and the many cautious artifices with which it was attempted to conceal the author. It was not from the remote and tranquil solitudes of a Yorkshire rectory that a satire, which showed an intimate acquaintance with all the news and scandal of the town, and which could fix its mark on each prevailing weakness from the City to the Court, might be expected to come forth; but the public eye was very soon suspiciously directed to Mason.'—*Preface*, xi.

Mason, indeed, disclaimed it in an expostulatory letter to T. Warton; but—

'Notwithstanding this disclaimer, and the other stratagems used to mislead, which are described in this correspondence, the belief gradually grew

* In this Walpole seems to do himself injustice; for we have to thank Mr. Mitford for having produced the following remarkable testimony, from the classic pen of Dr. Middleton, as to the taste and judgment of the young connoisseur:—

'Ex his autem agri Romani divitiis, neminem profecto de peregrinatoribus nostris thesaurum inde deportasse credo, et rerum delecta et pretio majis estimabilem ac quem amicus meus *nobilis Horatius Walpole* in Angliam nuper advexit: Juvenis, non tam generis nobilitate, ac paterni nominis gloria, quam ingenio, doctrinâ, et virtute propriâ illustrata. Ille vero haud citius fere in patriam reversus est, quam de studiis meis, ut connumerat, familiariter per literas quærens, mihi ultro de copiâ suâ, quicquid ad argumenti mei rationem, aut libelli ornamentum pertineret, pro arbitrio meo utendum obtulit. Quam quidem ejus liberalitatem libenter admodum amplexus essem, ni operis hujus jam prope absoluti fastidio quodam correptus, atque ad alia festinans, intra terminos ei ab initio destinatos illud continere statuissem. Attamen præclaram istam Musei Walpoliani suppellectilem, ab interprete aliquo peritiorè propediem expellendam edendamque esse confido.'—*Middletoni, Pref. ad Germana quædam Antiq. Monumenta*, &c., p. 6, published in 1745.

and strengthened; and they pointed sagaciously to what appears the truth, that Walpole furnished the notes and illustrations of the text, and conducted the poem through the press. The satires that followed of far inferior merit, were brought into the world in the same manner. Preface, xiii. There is hardly one item of this statement which seems to us perfectly accurate. In the first place, as we shall presently explain more fully, the entire secret history is not unveiled; and what is told, though told with greater certainty, is not told for the first time. Mason was very early suspected; and his 'disclaimer,' as the editor calls it, to T. Warton, was certainly no denial. We see in Boswell's Life of Johnson that, in 1784, Walpole was supposed to be also concerned in it; and in the edition of that work, in 1831, it is stated, 'There can be no doubt that the *Heroic Epistle* was the joint production of Mason and Walpole—Mason supplying the poetry and Walpole the points.'—(vol. iv. p. 485.) This opinion had been since often repeated—never, that we know of, questioned. It was maintained in some detail in our article on Letters to Lady Ossory (Q. R. June, 1848); and the present publication neither adds nor subtracts anything essential to or from the general view of the case so given. It proves, indeed, what before was only suspected, that the *poem* was Mason's, and perhaps exclusively; but we shall see good reason for believing that the first thought was accidentally furnished by Walpole; and—though the extreme reserve and studied mystery in which constant apprehensions of a post-office espionage induced the correspondents to envelope themselves leave us in doubt as to the extent of Walpole's subsequent suggestions—there is abundant reason to conclude that they were many and important. Mason, in allusion to some of the later political satires and squibs of which the *Heroic Epistle* was the prologue, claims for himself no higher merit than of 'cooking the materials Walpole had prepared.'—

The idlest cook-maid in the kingdom may make a pudding if any of her fellow-servants will pick the plums and make them ready to mix with the batter. She has nothing to do then but stir them about and tie them tight in the pudding-bag. So no more at present from your sincere friend till death.

CATHERINE COLLINDAR. Lk 202.

And this was probably equally true of the first of the series, which contained so many local allusions, which Walpole was most likely to have furnished.

There can be no doubt that Mr. Mitford's limitation of his share to that of furnishing notes and conducting the poem through the press is a most gratuitous assumption; not only

unwarranted by any proof we can discover but so completely negatived by the letters of both parties that we are forced to believe that the editor had either never read them or had forgotten them before he wrote his preface. Incredible as this may seem, we can discover no other explanation for the apparent facts; and we must also add that the misplacing, misdating, and misunderstanding of several other portions of the correspondence lead us to the same conclusion, that he has not always read, or at least not very attentively, the letters he professes to edit and illustrate. He gives us no information (which we scarcely might in all reason have expected) of how or when the acquaintance of Walpole and Mason commenced. But there can be no doubt that it arose from their common friendship with Gray. We find in the collected edition of Walpole's letters that in 1761 Gray and Mason paid him a visit at Strawberry Hill. The first letter in this correspondence is of the 29th December, 1768, when Mason having sent Walpole his volume of poems, Walpole returns the compliment with his Anecdotes of Painters and the volume of Engravings (Engravers). They seem, however, to have had little intercourse till Gray's death in August, 1771, when Mason's office of his executor and the preparation of the 'Life of Gray' brought them into more frequent communication.

Mason came to London from his Yorkshire living, about the beginning of 1772, partly to forward his work, and partly, we suppose, to take his turn as king's chaplain; and we find by a note of his, dated 'Curzon Street—the Eve of the Martyrdom,' 1772, that Walpole had submitted an epilogue of his own for some tragedy then about to be played to Mason's correction, who, however, did nothing but add two lines.

To mark more strongly who you mean by a wit—

No, says a wit, made up of French grimaces, Yet self-ordained, the high priest of the graces.—l. 21.

We think an illustrative note to tell us what this tragedy and who this wit were, would have been, rather more necessary than that which tells us that by 'Davies's Life of Garrick' was meant the 'Life of Garrick' by Davies.

We add for example and for the information of our readers who may wish to understand the original correspondence, that the letters from p. 322, vol. i., to p. 355, are so misplaced and jumbled as to be unintelligible. The order should be thus:—after 322, 342; 344; 323, 352, 348; 355. There are several other less complicated misplacements and misdatings which ought to be corrected whenever these letters are reprinted.

Thomas Davies. As we happen to possess the great quarto edition of Walpole's works, we are enabled to supply ourselves and our readers with the information that the epilogue in question was for Jephson's tragedy of *Braganza*, and that Mason's epigrammatic couplet was directed against Lord Chesterfield. Very well; but, on looking a little closer, we were rather surprised, at finding our Court Chaplain adopting, so early as 1772, one of Walpole's very peculiar prejudices by sneering at the *Martyrdom*.¹ This induced us to go a step farther, and we gathered from other works which we have the good luck to have at hand that *Braganza* was first played on the 17th February 1775—so that, unless the epilogue was written above three years before the representation of the play, the date which the editor so peremptorily prefixes to the letter must be erroneous: and so it certainly is, for on the 1st February 1775 Walpole mentions the epilogue to Lady Ossory as *just written*; and in his own autobiographical sketch he says that "he wrote this epilogue in February 1775." It is clear, then, that the date of 1772 is a mistake. If the editor found it on the original letter, he surely ought to have detected and endeavoured to account for it. If he has added the date, he has, besides the anachronism, fallen into a second and more serious editorial error—that of not specifying that it is an addition of his own. We lay considerable stress on this point, because in all such publications it is of great importance to know what *variances*—whether by addition or suppression—an editor may have thought proper to make; and we see reason to suspect that in this Correspondence many have been made without any acknowledgement; at least we see allusions to *foregoing* passages which we cannot find—answers to letters that do not appear—references to names not before mentioned, and the like. The editor may perhaps not be to blame for these discrepancies or *lacunæ*—they may arise from changes in the original papers;—but he ought at least—even in his own defence—to have noticed them. In one of two very critical places there seem to have been suppressions or omissions. We should be curious to know whether they were made by Walpole or Mason, or by the editor;—if by the last, they may have been very properly made; but it would have also been proper to have mentioned the fact.

We return to what is the main interest of the Correspondence—the *Heroic Epistle*. On

¹ Walpole professed a violent antipathy to Charles I. He had the engraved fac-simile of *Magna Charta* framed and glazed; and as a pendant to it appeared, also framed and glazed, hung up by his bed-side, the fac-simile of the death-warrant of the King, under which he had written *Major Charta*.

the 9th of May 1772, Walpole writes to Mason—

"The newspapers tell me that Mr. Chambers, the architect, who has Sir Williamized himself, by the desire (as he says) of the *Knights of the Polar Star*, his brethren, who were angry at his not assuming his proper title, is going to publish a treatise on *ornamental gardening*; that is, I suppose, considering a garden as a subject to be built upon. In that light it will not interfere with your *verses* of my prize." vol. i. p. 28.

On this passage the editor does not favour us with a note—yet its apparent relation to the subject and even to the very words of the *Heroic Epistle*—(which opens with *Knights of the Polar Star*)—as well as the allusion to the *verses* of Mason and the *prose* of Walpole, render the date of 1772 at first sight somewhat perplexing, and surely would have justified some explanation. We have a suspicion that the editor may have understood this passage as alluding to the *Heroic Epistle*; and the mention of Walpole's *prose* in connection with Mason's *verse* is perhaps the authority at least we can discover nothing else that looks like an authority—for attributing to Walpole the contribution of notes to that performance. If this be so, it is all a complete mistake—for the *Heroic Epistle* was not yet thought of; indeed the very work which the *Epistle* ridicules had not yet appeared. The *verse* alluded to was the first part of Mason's *English Garden*, just then published, and the *prose*, no doubt, referred to Walpole's own charming *Essay on Modern Gardening*. Chambers's work had been advertised by an error of the press, as a treatise on *ornamental gardening*, and so Walpole calls it; and expects to find it a work on architectural gardening. It was not till it afterwards appeared in its real character of a panegyric on oriental gardening, as exemplified under royal patronage at *Mew*, that the two Whig wits could have thought of working into a political satire the germ of Walpole's sneer at the *Knights of the Polar Star*. And we can easily imagine how much they must both have been offended at finding the style of gardening which they were celebrating, in *verse* and in *prose*, condemned as the 'mean and paltry manner which, to our national disgrace, is called the English style of gardening.'

Mason had now returned into Yorkshire whence, as we find by Walpole's answer (21st July) to a letter that does not appear, he sends him up some pleasantry against 'Alma Mater,'

* One of Mason's earliest productions was his *Isis*—a satire on Oxford and Toryism; but the censor of the *Whig Courier* was speedily answered and overpowered by Tom Warton's *Triumph of Isis*. We presume that this new satire must have been

and announces 'a new poem cast in the same mint,' which Walpole is impatient to see. This was no doubt the rudiments of the Heroic Epistle. A few days after, Walpole himself went down into Yorkshire, paying a visit to Lord Strafford at Wentworth Castle, and passing some days with Mason at his parsonage of Aston. *Then and there*, we have little doubt that the poem, already, we suppose, on the stocks, received some, at least, of those brilliant touches, which indicate the local knowledge and peculiar feelings of Walpole, and of which Mason can hardly be suspected. This visit to Aston—which the editor does not notice—of which we never before heard, and now only pick out of two half lines of Walpole's letters—determines, we think, in addition to all the other circumstances, that Walpole may have had a considerable share even in the concoction of the Epistle, and accounts for the fact that all Mason's subsequent satires were visibly inferior in that point and gaiety which Walpole's personal co-operation was likely to have supplied. Walpole was a bad versifier and may not have actually written a line of the poem, though we have no doubt that during the visit at Aston he suggested many, and sharpened more.

As this once celebrated piece is now only to be found in some voluminous collections of fugitive poetry, our readers will not be displeased at seeing a specimen or two: though as we cannot produce Chambers's original absurdities, much of the pleasantry will be lost. We shall observe by and by on the peculiar malevolence with which King George III. is treated in this and some subsequent poems from the same source, and which are, in truth, in many instances a versification of the prose libels of Junius, and especially of Wilkes.

The poet invites the Polar Knight to teach the Muse—

'Like thee, to scorn dame Nature's simple fence,
Leap each *ha-ha* of truth and common sense,
And proudly rising in her bold career,
Demand attention from the gracious ear
Of Him whom we and all the world admit
Patron supreme of science, taste, and wit.
Does Envy doubt? Witness, ye chosen train,
Who breathe the sweets of his Saturnian reign!
Witness, ye Hills, ye Johnsons, Scotts, Sheb-
bearas,

List to my call—for some of you have ears!

Dr. Shebbeara, be it recollected, had been pilloried for a libel.

'There was a time, "in Esther's peaceful grove"
When *Kent* and *Nature* vied for Pelham's
love—'

against Mason's own alma mater Cambridge. Mr. Mitford's readers will wish that he had illustrated this passage, which, we confess, we cannot at once explain.

But Chambers discovers that '*Nature* affords but few materials to work with,' and recommends the monstrosities of Chinese gardening in a strain of which the poetical version is hardly an exaggeration:—

'For what is Nature? Ring her changes round—
Her three flat notes are water, plants, and ground;
Prolong the theme, yet, spite of all your clatter,
The tedious theme is still ground, plants, and
water.

So—when some John his dull invention racks
To rival Boodle's dinners or Almack's—
Three uncouth legs of mutton meet our eyes,
Three roasted geese, three buttered apple pies.

Strange as it may seem, this last illustration is *literally* versified from the Architectural Knight's prose. The poet then charges his Majesty with a zealous adoption of all this absurdity in his improvements at Kew—some-what unjustly however: for though we have no high opinion of the good King's taste in these matters, the Chinese garden was but a small portion of the general design, and might be well enough admitted to diversify the remote and uninteresting corner in which it was placed. Nor should it be forgotten that the gardens were meant to exhibit a variety of styles, including specimens of Grecian, Roman, Italian, and even Gothic decoration, and, above all, that a much larger share was appropriated to the advancement of botany, horticulture, and natural history. To George III. we owe those splendid exotic gardens which at this hour do so much honour to both English science and taste. But the satirists would see nothing but the Chinese corner, and—which still better suited their purpose—the pedantic conceit and servile fustian of Chambers's lucubration.

'Haste! bid yon livelong terrace reascend:
Replace each vista; straighten every bend;
Shut out the Thames: shall that ignoble thing
Approach the presence of great Ocean's King?
No, let barbaric glories feast his eyes,
August pagodas round his palace rise,
And finished Richmond open to his view
"A work to wonder at—perhaps a"—Kew.*

Chambers had gone on to describe the kind of masquerade scenes in which the Eastern court amuses itself—'menageries, manufactories, fortified towns with their ports, streets, temples, markets, shops, tribunals, criminal trials, executions, gibbets, &c.' This is sarcastically travestied:—

'This to achieve no foreign aids we try—
Thy gibbets, Bagshot! shall our wants supply.
Hounslow, whose heath sublimer terror fills,

* 'Nature shall join you—time shall make it grow
A work to wonder at—perhaps a Stowe.'
Pope's *Epistle on Taste*.

Shall with her gibbets lend her powder mills.*
Here too, O King of Vengeance in thy fane
Tremendous *Wilkes* shall rattle his gold
chain †

And round that fane on many a Tyburn tree
Hang fragments dire of Newgate history!
On this shall *Holland's* dying speech be read;
Here *Bute's* confession, and his wooden head;
While all the minor plunderers of the age
(Too numerous far for this contracted page),
The *Rigbys*, *Calcrafts*, *Mungos*, *Bradshaws*,
there

In straw-stuffed effigy shall kick the air !

* * *
Brentford with London charms will we adorn,
Brentford, the bishopric of Parson *Horne*.
There at one glance, the royal eye shall meet
Each varied beauty of St. James's Street.
Stout *Talbot*† there shall ply with hackney
chair,

And Patriot *Betty* fix her fruit-shop there.
Like distant thunder now the coach of state
Rolls o'er the bridge, that groans beneath its
weight.

The Court hath crossed the stream; the sports
begin :

Now *Nowell* ‡ preaches of rebellion's sin;
And as the powers of his strong pathos rise,
Lo ! brazen tears fall from *Sir Fletcher's* eyes;
While, skulking round the pews, that babe of
grace,

Who ne'er before at sermon showed his face,
See *Jemmy Twiacher*|| shambles. Stop ! stop
thief !

He's stol'n the Earl of Denbigh's handkerchief.
Let *Barrington* arrest him in mock fury,
And *Mansfield* hang the knave without a jury.
* * * *

Bat, hark ! the voice of battle shouts from far :
The Jews and Maccaronis are at war.

The Jews prevail, and, thundering from the
stocks,

They seize, they bind, they circumcise *Charles*
Fox.

Fair *Schwellenberg* smiles the sport to see,
And all the maids of honour cry He ! He !—
Be these the rural pastimes that attend
Great *Brunswick's* leisure—these shall best un-
bend

His royal mind, whene'er from state withdrawn
He treads the velvet of his Richmond lawn;
These shall prolong his Asiatic dream,
Though Europe's balance trembles on its
beam.'

All this, our readers see, is not a very high

* Here is Walpole's hand distinctly; see his lively descriptions of the damages done at Strawberry Hill by the explosion of these mills.

† Written while *Wilkes* was Sheriff of London, and when it was feared he would rattle his chain a year longer as Lord Mayor.—*Original Note*.

‡ Earl *Talbot*, then Lord Steward, *Wilkes's* antagonist.

§ Dr. *Nowell*, Principal of St. Mary-Hall, Oxford, had preached a high Tory sermon on King *Charles's* martyrdom, 31st January, 1772, before the House of Commons, for which he was *thanked*, but afterwards *unthanked*.

|| A well-known nick-name for Lord Sandwich.

order of satire. Its chief merit now is the lively exposure of Chambers's nonsense; but its great vogue at the time was owing undoubtedly to its ridicule of the King's personal habits and tastes—a sure enough road to temporary popularity, of which we cannot wonder that Walpole and Mason should live to be ashamed, and particularly when they subsequently saw their own more polished malevolence grossly travestied by the vulgar impudence of Peter Pindar, who, we have no doubt, drew much of his muddy inspiration from the Heroic Epistle. The Muse of Mason had in those base hands degenerated, to use his own illustration, into a 'drab;' and he testified his repentance by directing in his will the republication of those works only to which he had prefixed his name.

How Mr. Mitford could state that Walpole conducted this and the subsequent productions of the same class through the press, is to us incomprehensible, for the very contrary is plainly established in the Letters which he *edits*. About a year after the *Epistle* appeared the second satire, under the title of a *Postscript to the Heroic Epistle*—which, if not so light and lively as its predecessor, was equally vigorous and venomous. This remarkable piece, though frequently alluded to, and mentioned by name, and largely quoted in the Correspondence, the editor, most strange to say, seems not to have seen or heard of—certainly never to have read, as we shall show by and by: at present we refer to it only to disprove, as the following statement will do, the assertion that Walpole *conducted* these things *through the press*. The MS. of the second satire Mason sent up to town to a common friend, one Dr. —, * to be by him delivered to Walpole, who was to keep it till called for by a secret emissary of Mason's, who ultimately was to send it to the press. So alarmed was Walpole at the idea of having any connexion with the publication—so impatient to get rid of the MS., that he would not trust so tardy and unsafe a communication as the post, but actually despatched a *special express* all the way from London to York, to urge Mason to relieve him from this terrible deposit. Mason, very much surprised, it seems, at this panic, writes in reply :—

'As to the Dr., you may be quite as easy on his subject, and have nothing to do but to seal the packet up, and send it to him by your servant

* The editor does not say whether he finds this blank in the original correspondence. We should like to know who the doctor was. We are somewhat inclined to suspect Dr. Brookesby, an able, amiable, and generous man, but a very keen politician. Walpole says, however, the doctor seemed almost as frightened at his commission as he was himself;—and that is not like Brocklesby.

with charge to deliver it into his own hand. If, after all, you have any fears as to being made priy to it, I give you full liberty to burn it instantly; and as there is no other copy extant, you may be assured it will perish completely. But for God's sake no more expressions. I have been at my wife's end to account for this. — vol. i. pp. 132, 133.

There are in the earlier letters, several indications that Walpole was, entirely ignorant of the mode, and even the time, of both these publications. These hints might escape the notice of a careless editor—but how could any one who had read and understood the two letters we have just quoted imagine that Walpole—so panic-stricken at the risk of having so much as *seen* one of these things—should have conducted half a dozen of them *through the press*? But this is not all; with a very moderate degree of attention the editor might have found palpable traces of the mode in which the publication was really conducted. First we find just after the appearance of the *Epistle* Mason writing to Walpole—

I have an excellent story to tell you relative to it. It is an account of a stratagem, by which ten good golden guineas were obtained from a certain person, by another, to which such a sum was of great service; this is all I can say—but the detail of the matter is highly comic, and you shall have it the first safe opportunity. — vol. i. p. 66.

Then, by and by, to allay Walpole's terror about the *Postscript*, he tells him that the person who is mentioned in the letter is not to call for the parcel is not by any means him whom you suspect, but the young man who received the ten golden guineas for the last. On his prudence and good management I can fully rely. (vol. i. p. 132.)

and this is further explained by a line in the *Postscript* itself which says that the author appears again—

Warmed with the memory of that golden time
When Almon gave me reason for my rhyme—
Ten glittering orbs—and what endeared them more,
Each glittering orb, the sacred feature bore
Of George the good, the gracious, and the great.

Mason, it seems, had employed a young friend to convey the MS. of the *Epistle* to Almon the publisher; and Almon, after some hesitation and delay (which Mason attributed to a bribe from the Court, l. 55), gave the messenger *ten guineas*.

The subsequent publications, which the editor thinks were passed through the press by Walpole, were in truth in the hands of a similar—perhaps in all the cases the same—emissary.

In February, 1762, Mason put forth with equal secrecy the *Archæological Epistle*; and in May followed it up by an attack on Some Jenyns and Dean Tucker, under the title of 'The Dean and the Squire.' There was no intrinsic reason that we can now see why either of these pieces required such indirect incognito; but we suppose Mason feared that they might be recognised as from the same pen as the *Heroic Epistle*. The person employed on this occasion, Mason tells Walpole, was Mr. Baines,

'an ingenious young Yorkshireman, a student in Gray's Inn, who could not well conceal himself on a prior occasion, because it was absolutely necessary he should revise the press, but in the latter he disguised himself *en militaire*, and managed the matter excellently.' — vol. ii. p. 289.

Is it not clear that when the editor asserted that Walpole conducted these pieces through the press, he could not have read the letters he has *illustrated*?

All this is strange, but still stranger is the fact of the editor's ignorance of the *Postscript* itself, of which, however, he himself furnishes us with the most indisputable evidence. We must first observe that in his frequent enumerations and notices of these works, he mentions the 'Heroic Epistle,' the 'Epistle to Shebbear,' the 'Archæological Epistle,' and so forth; but not once, we believe, the 'Postscript'; but as both the letter-writers mention—nay even, as we have said, quote the 'Postscript' over and over again, we suppose the editor must have thought that there was really a mere *postscript* appended to the 'Epistle' itself, and therefore took no more notice of it. As to his never having read it, he leaves us in no doubt, at all, in the *Postscript*, amidst many sneers at the King, there are these lines—

Let those prefer a levee's harmless talk—
Be asked how often and how long they walk;
Proud of a single word, nor hope for more,
Though Jenkinson is blest with many a score.

When Mason had written these lines, he saw that Mr. Jenkinson (the first Lord Liverpool) was too considerable a person—to well entitled to many a score of words—to suit the intended sarcasm, and sent them to Walpole—(discreetly mutilating Mr. Jenkinson's name)—with a request—

'if you know a dirtier and less considerable name than Jenkinson, whose name consists of three syllables, you will do me a favour to mention him.' — i. 116.

to which the editor, evidently knowing nothing

at all about the *Postscript*, as *Jackson*, appends this wonderful note—

I presume that Mason alludes to his *Epistle to Dr. Shebbeare*, which came out in 1774, and probably to the second line—

Oh, for a thousand tongues, and every tongue
Like Johnson's armed with words of six feet
long.—l. 491—

and he proceeds through two thirds of a page to show that this is an additional instance of Mason's antipathy to Doctor Samuel Johnson! Thus not only making *Johnson* a trisyllable, and marring the metre, but completely ignoring the existence of the poem, which occupies so large a share in the Correspondence—which has been printed and reprinted in numerous editions—and in every edition for the last seventy years exhibits the name of *Johnson* at full length.

As we have given some specimens of the *Epistle*, our readers may wish to see something also of the *Postscript*, which is directed more exclusively and more arrogantly against the King:—

And now, my Muse, thy fame is fix'd as fate;
Tremble ye fools I scorn, ye knaves I hate!
I know the vigour of thy eagle wings;
I know thy strains can pierce the ear of Kings.
The King had then recently reviewed the fleet
at Portsmouth; and the satirist pursues him on
the way,
Perchance to proud Spithead's imperial bay;
There should he see, as other folks have seen,
That ships, like anchors, and that seas, as green,
Should own the tackling trim, the streamers fine;
With Sandwich prattle, and with Bradshaw dine;
And then sail back amidst the cannon's roar,
As safe, as safe, as when he left the shore; &c.—

After some more sneering of this kind, the writer attempts a higher tone, and promises himself a future of fame:
Ye sons of freedom, ye to whom I pay,
Warm from the heart, this tributary lay;
(That lay shall live, though Courts and Grub
Street sigh)
Your young Marcellus was not born to die,
The Muse shall nurse him up to man's estate,
And break the black asperity of fate.

We confess that we do not clearly see the meaning of this passage, but he concludes with a menace more intelligible, though somewhat commonplace:—

'Tis but to try his strength that now he sports
With Chinese gardens and with Chinese courts,
But if his country claim a graver strain,
If real danger threat this Freedom's reign,

If hiring *Perry*, in prostitution, bold,
Sell her as cheaply as themselves they sold;
Or they who, honoured by the people's choice,
Against that people raise their rebel voice,
If this they dare, the thunder of his song,
Rolling in deep-toned energy along,
Shall strike with truth's dread bolt each miscreant's name;
Who, dead to duty, senseless e'en to shame,
Betrayed his country. Yes, ye faithless crew,
His Muse's vengeance shall your crimes pursue.
Stretch you on Satire's rack, and bid you lie,
Fit garbage for the hell-hound infamy.

These vague and hypothetical generalities, pointed at no individual object, and in which we easily see that the terse and epigrammatic Walpole had no hand, are mere sound and fury signifying nothing. The last couplet is the only one that shows much vigour even of expression; it is a striking one, certainly, and all have it by heart, though perhaps comparatively few could tell where it occurs; but as the writer himself became subsequently one of the faithless crew, changed his party, and reconciled himself with the Court, we cannot wonder at his never having claimed the authorship.

Having thus explained what we think the editor's misapprehensions concerning these two satires, we proceed to make some observations on the other portions of the Correspondence.

Of the whole series of Walpole's letters we are inclined to place these last in intrinsic value as well as in order of publication. The subjects are more limited, the parties are so busy with their political libels, and so cautious and ambiguous in their communications on these matters, that on the points which would probably be most interesting they are obscure and enigmatical. Of the rest, Walpole's share is, for the most part, much below his usual level; while Mason's letters are neither good nor bad, nor would be worth printing except that they keep up the shuttlecock with Walpole. Before we proceed to some graver considerations that these letters suggest, we will gratify our readers by some of the thinly scattered characteristics of the Walpolean style.

When announcing to Mason the publication of Cook's discoveries in the South Seas, he says—

The admiralty have dragged the whole ocean, and caught nothing but the fry of ungrove islands which had slipped through the meshes of the Spaniard's net.—l. 81.

How cleverly though coarsely he discriminates two royal characters, when he says that the letters in the *Nugæ Antiquæ*—
show clearly what a *bad dog* Queen Elizabeth was; and King James what a *silly back*!—l. 180.

When he was lamenting to his nephew's lawyer that, the prodigality of that unhappy youth would ruin the family estate and alienate Houghton, the legist—

'answered, the law hates a perpetuity. Not all perpetuities, said I,—not those of lawsuits.'—i. 95.

The summer of 1778 was a singularly fine one; it was, said Walpole, *Italy in a green gown*.

Of the perseverance of the ministry in attempting to reduce America, he says,—

'Firmness retires where practicability finishes, and then obstinacy undertakes the business.'—ii. 45.

Talking of Wraxall's vanity and presumption in forcing himself into every kind of notoriety, he adds—

'I fear he will come to an *untimely beginning* in the House of Commons.'—ii. 148.

When Lord Carlisle, then young and inexperienced in business, was appointed to treat with the Americans, who Walpole was persuaded would not treat, he says with, as the result showed, equal sagacity and wit—

'Lord Carlisle is named one of the commissioners, and is very fit to *make a treaty that will not be made*.'—i. 346.

'I wonder,' said Lady Barrymore (to Walpole) 'why people only say *as poor as Job* and never *as rich*, for in one part of his life he had great riches.' 'Yes,' said I, 'Madam, but then they pronounce his name differently and call him *Jobb*.'—ii. 231.

These few extracts will at least prove that Walpole would have done his pen injustice if he had been serious when he complained in January 1782 that '*his goose quill had grown grey*' (ii. 214). Indeed it never *grew grey*. The letters of his later life are in general equal to any he ever wrote in vivacity—superior, perhaps, both in pleasantry and in good sense; and if these to Mason are less agreeable, it is attributable to the unamiable and often repulsive character of the subjects which principally occupied the correspondents. There are also some social gossip and several passing notices and judgments of the publications of the day, which are not without amusement and interest, but they are, we may say, stifled in the heat and pressure of partizan politics.

History tells us but too well the activity and malignity of the spirit of faction which disgraced the first twenty years of the reign of George III., but there is something peculiarly

offensive when one is admitted to see the interior process of the dirty work. Lively as these satires may appear, and satisfactory as it is to know the truth as to the authors and their motives, it is painful to see such men prostituting such abilities on subjects so disreputable—which at the time they were *afraid*, and in their latter and better days *ashamed* to avow. Here we have Walpole, the son of a most unscrupulous minister, and himself an enormous and scandalous instance of political jobbery, holding *five* lucrative state sinecures—and Mason, a *reverend* pluralist, the creature of Royal and aristocratical patronage, holding *five* ecclesiastical preferments (two of which were wholly, and two others nearly sinecure)—affecting a high strain of purity and public spirit, and conspiring to bring both Church and State, the authority of the Government, and even the person of the Sovereign, into odium and contempt: and all with no other, or at least no better motive—on Walpole's part certainly, and we believe on Mason's—than their personal vexation at being disappointed of some additional favours, and frustrated in the accomplishment of some additional jobs.

We have heretofore proved from his own evidence, and the reports of the Commissioners of inquiry, that the clue to all the intricacies of Walpole's political feelings lay in those five sinecure places, one of which, humble in rank, but producing above 4000*l.* a-year, he wished to render what he called 'more independent'; and another of 1400*l.*, which, holding for his brother's life, he wanted to have for his own. These were very natural wishes on his part, though it would have been indecent on the part of any minister to have granted them; but it is beyond all patience to see the rancour generated by their rejection assuming so impudent a mask of purity and patriotism. Of Mason's motives we have no such direct evidence; but enough appears to justify a suspicion that the 'vanity' and 'ambition' which Gray early remarked in him, having been stimulated by the rapidity of his first preferments (through the patronage of Lord Holderness), he grew dissatisfied with remaining for some years *only* Rector of Aston and of *Driffeld*, Canon and *Precentor* of York, and *King's Chaplain*!—

'A canon!—that's a place too mean—
No, Doctor, you shall be a dean!
A dozen canons round your stall
And you the tyrant of them all.'

Nay, we doubt whether a deanery would have satisfied Mason—for we find him very severe on the bench of bishops, and so indignant at the appointment of Dr. Markham to the archbishopric of York, in 1776, that he soon after

preached a sermon in that cathedral in which he had the impertinence to intimate that he would not accept a bishopric, and this foolish bravado was accompanied with so much intemperance and faction, that Walpole, not over squeamish in such matters, persuaded him to suppress it. No one can doubt that this *nolo episcopari* may be well translated *our grapes*. When, by and by—as in the due course of such a friendship was sure to happen—these associates quarrelled, Walpole jeered Mason with his *nolo episcopari* pledge, and hoped ‘his antipathy to a bishopric had subsided;’ while Mason—whether slyly or simply we know not (for the letter itself is not given)—condoled with Walpole on the loss of one of those sinecures the tenure of which had been so long the object of his solicitude. It was, we suspect, some dissatisfaction with Lord Holderness for not being sufficiently zealous in pushing him still higher, that occasioned Mason’s quarrel with his early patron, to whom he dedicated the first edition of his poems in a very false panegyric, but had subsequently become so hostile that he abstained from frequenting Strawberry Hill, lest he should be obliged to meet the Peer, who had a villa in the neighbourhood, and ‘whose face he wished never to see again.’ Walpole reciprocates this amiable feeling by giving him hopes that the impediment was likely to be soon removed—

‘Your old friend passes by me very often airing, and I am told looks ghastly and going.’—i. 139.

When at last Lord Holderness goes, Walpole congratulates Mason that—

‘The talisman is removed that prohibited your access to this part of the world.’—i. 377.

And the pious Mason congratulates himself that his quarrel with his ‘old friend’ dispenses him from the ‘trouble which under former circumstances would have fallen on him’ of following him to the family vault—which he now sends his curate to do, while he himself remains, he says, ‘contentedly’—where!—in the parsonage-house which Lord Holderness’s patronage had enabled him to render an elegant and even luxurious residence! (i. 375.) We doubt the content, but we can have no doubt about the good feeling of the writer.

It is evident that it was prior to the composition of the Heroic Epistle that Mason had received some serious discouragement in his professional ambition; for in May 1772, before he had seen Sir William Chambers’s book, he writes to Walpole:—

‘I hear (for I have not seen the paper) that it
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has been printed as a piece of news, that I have resigned my chaplainship, and a cause assigned for it, which I fear will offend Lord Hertford [Walpole’s cousin, then Lord Chamberlain]. I could wish, therefore, if it came easily into conversation, that you would assure his Lordship that my intention for resigning (for it is at present only intention) arises merely from my resolution of *not aiming at any further ecclesiastical preferment*, but to sit down *uti conviva satur* in a parsonage which I have built for that purpose.’—vol. i. pp. 25, 26.

To this Walpole replies:—

‘I have told Lord Hertford of the injurious manner in which your thoughts of resigning the chaplainship have been represented in the newspapers, and of the obliging expressions you have used towards him in offering to give it up. For myself, I assure you, dear Sir, that next to the pleasure I should have if it was in my power to do you service, the greatest satisfaction I can enjoy is to assist in delivering you from attendance on a court: a station below your sentiments and merit.’—vol. i. p. 27.

And it happens singularly enough that the very next sentence of this letter is Walpole’s announcement to Mason of Chambers’s work:—

‘I have read Chambers’s book. It is more extravagant than the worst Chinese paper, and is written in wild revenge against Brown [Capability Brown]; the only surprising consequence is, that it is laughed at, and it is not likely to be adopted, as I expected; for nothing is so tempting to fools as advice to deprave taste.’—*Ibid*.

As to the resignation of the Chaplaincy, the foregoing extract gives us a stronger impression of *disappointed appetite*, than of a *conviva satur*; and in the *Walpoliana*, we find a much more probable explanation of that event, which we shall produce by and by.

But whether Mason resigned his Chaplaincy from happy contentment as he writes, or from keen mortification as Walpole believed, thus much is certain, that within a month or two after the resignation he commenced his long series of bitter lampoons on the Court.

We cannot without wonder and shame look back on the state of the public mind at that period, when Wilkes had brawled and Junius thundered, and Mason and Walpole *squibbed* (it is their own phrase) the whole nation into a ferment, and we may say, a frenzy of alarm for its liberties—which never had been in less danger—and of distrust against a sovereign who was not only by personal character unambitious and unenterprising, but from his lively appreciation of the very title by which he held his crown, and his scrupulous reverence for legality, was less inclined, we believe, than any prince that ever reigned, to encroach

on the rights of his people. How flimsy, how false were all the pretences; how ridiculous, how contemptible all the bugbears with which greedy and unprincipled factions succeeded, each for its season, in disordering the public intellect!—that England was in danger of being subjugated by a standing army of Scotch Jacobites!—that ‘great Brunswick’ was, if not a Jacobite, planning, and actually pursuing a scheme of despotism more arbitrary and complete than James himself had contemplated!—that juries were to be suppressed!—parliaments abrogated—and what not?—Nay, the mania rose to such a height that the House of Commons was induced to pass the most flagrantly absurd and inconsistent vote—the merest Irish bull that ever was made—that ‘the power of the Crown had increased, was increasing, and ought to be diminished;’—and this Resolution was the crowning work of a period of faction during which the King might reasonably have trembled for his Crown—when we know that he even contemplated the possibility of being forced to retire to his German dominions, when all his public acts were thwarted, his personal friends and servants proscribed, his private life ridiculed and insulted, and the influence and power which the Crown had formerly derived from its American colonies not only lost, but lost through the prevalence, the establishment, the triumph of the anti-monarchical and republican principle. The very act of passing such a Resolution was the most notorious and indisputable proof of its utter falsehood. Little susceptible of shame as public assemblies are, the House that had passed this Resolution in opposition and defiance to all their own former votes, seemed to feel its inconsistency, and in a few days after contritely passed new votes in opposition and defiance to it. Such are the effects of faction. In all that multitudinous clamour there was not we believe one really sincere opinion that the Constitution was in danger, or that any, the wildest or most slavish courtier, contemplated the slightest infraction of it. It was a struggle on the part of the parliamentary gladiators to get into place; while their anonymous allies were—besides whatever party zeal they might feel—instigated by the keener spur of personal offence and private animosity. We confidently believe that so it was as to Junius; we long since knew it was so with Walpole—and we have now strong evidence that so it was with Mason.

Of Walpole's motives, touched on in a preceding page, we have given a detailed explanation in former numbers, and particularly in our review of his *Memoirs of George III.*, to which we beg leave to refer any one who may wish to form an accurate estimate of the historical value of his testimony as to either the

persons or the events of this reign; but as there is no part of his writings where his partiality and malevolence break out more strongly than in these letters to Mason, we think it our duty to bring again before our readers the extraordinary and, we repeat, *morbid* influence which the peculiar circumstances of his chief sinecures exercised on his whole political, and indeed private life. Believing as we do that Walpole is likely to be considered as *the* historian of his own times, it is especially necessary to show with how many—not *grains* but—*bushels* of allowance his evidence must be seasoned.

The income of his great place in the Exchequer, amounting latterly to at least 4200*l.* a-year, was made up of profits on the supply of a vast number of small articles, chiefly official stationery. The bills for these articles were always subject to examination and check by the Treasury, and, even when allowed, to delay in the payments. To free himself from this check, or at least to secure liberal and prompt payment, and thus make himself what he calls ‘independent,’ was the grand object of his policy;—for it we find that he endeavoured to propitiate every new minister (we believe without exception); and we know that in *many* instances, and we have reason to believe that in *all*, the failure of these unreasonable solicitations was followed by the most malignant antipathy to the reluctant parties. Even his near relation, and best, if not only, beloved friend Conway, became the object of his disgust when, on coming into office, he declined to force from his colleagues the accomplishment of this job. On this point he broke with George Grenville and Lord Bute. When in the beginning of the reign of George III., the *reversion* of this office was granted to Mr. Martin which, though it could do him no possible injury, he stomached it as an unpardonable injury and affront; and all his subsequent letters are full of sarcasms and sometimes calumnies against his unfortunate reversioner—unfortunate in every way, for Walpole not only traduced but out-lived him. So sharp was this enmity that Walpole was anxious that in a new edition of the *Epistle* Mason should find ‘a *niche* for his expectant heir.’ The other great sinecure place was in the Customs, admittedly of 1400*l.* a-year, but we suspect a good deal more; this, however, he held, as we have before said, only for his brother Edward's life, who was eleven years older than he. Walpole endeavoured as early as Mr. Pelham's time to have his own life *added* to the patent, and, on being refused, broke with the Pelhams, and set about revenging himself on them by writing his calumnious *Memoirs of George II.*; but he still lived in hopes of obtaining this addition, or at all events of

having the office *re-granted* to him if his brother should die. He himself tells us how these hopes were annihilated :—

‘The place in the Customs held by my brother, but the far greater share of which had been bequeathed to me by my father’s will for my brother’s life, was granted in reversion to Jenkinson, *private secretary to Lord Bute*. I was, I confess, much provoked at this grant, and took occasion of fomenting the ill-humour against the FAVOURITE, who had thus excluded me from the possibility of obtaining the continuance of that place to myself in case of my brother’s death.’—*Memoirs of George III.*, vol. i. p. 265.

And as on his disappointment from Pelham he took his revenge by writing his *Memoirs of George II.*, so on this disappointment from Bute he set about his *Memoirs of George III.* But, by a just retribution, these two works exhibit the most indisputable proofs of the corruption and malignity of the writer, and afford the best justification of the ministers he traduces.

From these two affairs is to be dated Walpole’s special rancour against the King, Lord Bute, and the whole Court and Government—his constant professions of terror at *Scottish* influence, long after Lord Bute’s influence had vanished—his coalition with Mason, who, we have no doubt, at his instigation assumed for his satires the pseudonyme of *Malcolm Macgregor*—and a degree of violence, *acharnement*, against Scotland and the Scotch which seems almost absolute insanity. As this is really the chief feature, and certainly the greatest curiosity of these volumes, we must give our readers some specimens of this patriotism. He tells Mason :—

‘Your writings will outlive the laws of England—I scorn to say Britain, since it implies *Scotland*.’—i. 155.

Again :—

‘Prithee leave England to its folly—to its ruin—to the *Scotch*. They have reduced her to a skeleton, and the bones will stick in their own throats.’—

Alarmed and shocked, as he affects to be—and as we believe in his sane moments he really was—at war in general, and at war with France especially, he is equally so at the prospect of a good understanding with her, which he thinks can only be a scheme to forward the project of the *Scotch* for enslaving England :—

‘Lord Stormont is the negotiator, and Lord Mansfield, who has not courage even to be Chancellor, has courage and villany enough to assist him in *enslaving* us, as the Chancellor [of France

—*Maupeou*] has enslaved his own country.’—i. 76.

Even when at last the war has broken out, and England is, he says, ‘disgraced and ruined, and can never again be what it has been,’ he has still one consolation left :—

‘*Scotland* will not triumph.’—i. 349.

‘The victories of France will be over the *Scots*. . . . Dr. Franklin has triumphed over a *Scot* Ambassador.’—i. 352.

And he urges his fellow-labourer to ‘*pursue that idea*’ in some future libel on the Court.

As matters looked worse, there was amidst the general gloom ‘*one comfortable thought*’—that America had been

‘inspired to chastise the *traitor Scots* that attacked her. They have made a blessed harvest of their machinations. If there is a drachm of sense under a Crown, a *Scot* hereafter will be reckoned *pestilential*.’—i. 39.

So, when he wishes to stigmatise the object of his own peculiar vexation, he has no worse name to call him by than *MacJenkinson*. In August 1778, because Lord Mansfield was a *Scot*, Walpole believes that the Chief Justice has ‘drawn out, servilely copied, and recommended’ for imitation the successive steps of James II.; only doubting whether he has done so ‘in order that the House of Hanover may be ruined’ by such ‘*manœuvres*’—or whether he really hopes to consolidate a despotism for them—and

‘flatters himself he could succeed where Jeffries and the Jesuits failed.’—ii. 18 ;

in other words, as Mason versifies it, inculcates *bonâ-fide* the doctrine

‘That rests on RIGHT DIVINE all regal claims,
And gives to *George* whate’er it gave to *James*.’
—*Ep. to Shebbeare*.

As we have seen, in the first of the satires, Lord Mansfield will—

‘Hang the knave *without a jury*.’

Even in the Protestant riots of 1780, the disordered imagination of Walpole sees a new *Popish Plot* fomented, if not devised, by the King, Lord Mansfield, and the Ministers, for the purpose of getting rid of *juries and parliaments*, and establishing a military tyranny on the ruins of the constitution :—

‘Anti-Catholicism seems not only to have had little, but even only a momentary hand in the riots. I am inclined to believe that a *Court plot* was engrafted early on the prospect of tumults.

So few and such no-precautions were taken, that it is not very injurious to conclude that a necessity for calling the army together to suppress an insurrection was *no very disagreeable opportunity*. It has certainly answered so roundly, that I do believe the machinist [the King?] would forgive the imputation in consideration of the honour it would do his policy. Lord Mansfield [whose house and library had been burned] has risen like a Phoenix from the flames, and vomits martial-law, as if all law-books were burned as well as his own.

'This was the moment I have long dreaded. I had no doubt the Court wished for insurrections. It was strong enough at home to suppress them, and the suppression would unite all the military and militia, and all under one standard; and so I am persuaded it has already. . . . Lord Mansfield will have courage to coin what law he pleases while the House of Lords is *guarded by dragoons*; and the Chancellor, whom all sides blindly concur in crying up to the skies, has spirit enough of his own to execute any enterprise to which he shall be commanded, and is as ready as Maupeou to *annihilate parliaments*, if timidity and cunning did not prefer voting despotism.'—ii. 109, 110, 112.

This is stark Bedlam. Their strictly personal insults to George III. are equally numerous, and still more notoriously calumnious. Walpole says (March 1773) that his *ministers* are as great *rogues and fools* as those of Charles or James II., but—

'for King James, I can find no parallel—he was sincere in his religion.'—i. 61.

While the 'Postscript to the Heroic Epistle' was on the stocks, Mason (i. 82) invites Walpole to—

'send him a curious anecdote or two relating to that *supreme pattern of fraternal affection*'—

as he sneeringly calls the King, in allusion to his just and yet, as it turned out, placable vexation at the clandestine marriages of his two brothers.

In the midst of a high-flown *tirade* of morality and patriotism, Walpole expresses his contempt for that '*paltry thing of ermine and velvet—a king!*'—i. 147.

And he is delighted to think that the Heroic Epistle vexed his monarch personally, and he exhorts Mason to follow up the blow:

'Point all your lightnings at that wretch Dalrymple, and yet make him *but the footstool to the throne*, as you made poor simple Chambers.'—i. 75.

Sir John Dalrymple was, as Walpole himself admits, a *wretch*—only because he was a Scot and had the honesty to publish the evidence from the French archives of the profligate

corruption of some of Walpole's Whig saints; and Mason responds to these provocations with sundry lamentations on the degradation of England:—

'Since *Scottish kingerft reassumed the throne.*'

Mr. Wilberforce said of the modern Whigs, during the last French war, that they wished for as much public calamity as might bring themselves into power. This was still more true of Walpole and Mason, who rejoiced in the disasters of the American war, without any restriction; they exaggerate every failure, attenuate every advantage; they blazon every success, the smallest as well as the greatest, of the enemy; and when at last Rodney's victory of the 12th of April, 1782, restored our naval superiority, the only allusion to it in this correspondence is an innuendo that if it had happened a little sooner it might have encouraged the Court to establish a *Bastille*, and that, as it is, it is lucky that a *fleet* cannot be employed to get rid of a House of Commons! The gaiety of their letters is in direct proportion with the gloom of public affairs; and when to all our difficulties in America the war in India was superadded, the patriot Mason writes—

'Was I to tell you that I *drink to Hyder Ally's health* every day in a glass of port, it might tempt you to pledge me in your glass of orange-juice; pray do so!'—ii. 174.

They not only imagined the ruin of their country, but rejoiced in it; and it is an additional proof of the obstinate blindness which faction inflicts on men, otherwise the most clear-sighted, that at the very time that Walpole was venting all this calumnious nonsense, he could thus write to Sir Horace Mann of persons whose example he was following:—

'Last night I took up, to divert my thoughts, a volume of letters to Swift from Bolingbroke, Bathurst, and Gay; and what was there but *lamentations on the ruin of England from wretches who thought their own want of power a proof that their country was undone!*'—*Letter*, 13 January, 1780.

He did not see that he and Mason were not only imitating, but surpassing '*the venomous railings of the mock patriots*' (*ib.*) of the former generation.

The *Memoirs of George III.* and this Correspondence are, when examined by a discriminating eye, the fullest and most effective answers that could be made to the clamours of that day; they expose the futility of the pretences, the meanness of the intrigues, the inconsistencies, the selfishness of the pretended patriots: and certainly, of all the personages

that their prose or their verse, their satires or their letters, exhibit to posterity, there are no two that, as to honesty, candour, and truth, cut a worse figure than Walpole and Mason themselves. Let us allow them to complete the picture by a few more touches of their own.

Their party is at last triumphant—Lord North is ousted—the Patriots are in the cabinet. What follows? The first circumstance we meet is a paltry affair—a mere straw to show the direction of the wind. Patriot Mason has a poor relation, a broken tradesman, to whom he makes an allowance; he, with a double good-nature for the poor man and for his own pocket, wishes to get him a certain little place under the Crown. He loses no time, and even before the new ministers are warm in their offices, applies to Walpole to exert his influence for his friend. Patriot Walpole, after saying that he had ‘for forty good years made it a rule not to ask any favour from any minister’—which rule we beg leave to add he invariably broke by asking favours for himself from every successive minister, from Mr. Pelham to Lord North, inclusive—Patriot Walpole, we say, consents to advocate the poor relation’s job, and applies to the Duke of Richmond accordingly. All this might have been very natural, and in our opinion not at all reprehensible in any but just *these* men who had spent so many years in influencing the public mind against royal and ministerial patronage; and who had lately received with such joy the Resolution that ‘the power of the Crown ought to be diminished.’ But there is a still better scene in this little farce. The Duke of Richmond, by some accident, did not immediately apply to Walpole’s application. Walpole wonders—but imagines the Duke is making inquiries. Another day passes—Walpole grows uneasy. Another and another pass—still no answer. Walpole blazes up into the most highminded indignation: ‘his eyes are opened’—‘his vanity reprimanded’—‘his pride wounded’—‘he would not in any case have *haunted* the new ministry, but *now* he would as soon *step into a cave of scorpions*, or even join those *wretches* the old ministers, as have anything to do with these ungrateful men.’—ii. 280. There’s pure and disinterested patriotism for you! In a week this indignation no doubt gets round to the Duke—who apologizes—and gives the place; Mason’s poor relation is salaried—Walpole outwardly (not inwardly) appeased; and we—after all the greatest gainers—have the moral of the story.

It was perhaps this little incident that prompted Walpole to discover and communicate to Mason the humiliating fact that the new ministers—so long their pride and hope—were quite as bad and in some respects rather worse than the ‘wretches’ their predecessors.

‘All is barefaced faction; ambition and interest have cut away their vizors, or sold them *parlous* dear. Both sides are alike: one cannot value either. Whenever the nation gets an advantage, it is like a half-gnawed bone tossed to a dog under the table.’—ii. 309.

Even from the first formation of the new ministry, he says,—

‘there never had been any union. *Pride, rashness, folly, and knavery* have dissipated even pretences, and everything is to begin anew. If you have youth or courage enough to *commence a fresh chase*, I have no objection. For myself, I confess I am too old; nor am I eager to be aiding and abetting more *Irish adventurers* in getting pensions of 3000*l.* a year. They have *picked the pockets* of others full as honest as themselves, and call it saving the nation’s money!’—ii. 313.

Before we give more faith to this vituperation of the new ministers than we did to that of the former ‘wretches,’ we should like to know whether Walpole had renewed to Lord Rockingham the little request about being made ‘independent in the Exchequer office,’ which, in spite of the excellent rule of never asking a favour, he had made to all his predecessors; perhaps time may reveal that secret as it has done all the rest. In the meanwhile we hesitate to take the character of the Rockingham party—though by no means favourites of ours—implicitly from the pen of Walpole.

The ‘Irish adventurer’ was Colonel Barré, whose services his party—so long Walpole’s own—rewarded with a pension, but on the death of Sir Edward Walpole, which happened shortly after this, they gave him the *Clerkship of the Pells*, which was of much greater value. It shows how blind self-interest is to its own blots, that Walpole should forget that what was proposed for Colonel Barré at the close of a long and distinguished public life was *not half* the amount of what he himself and his *two* brothers had, *each*, ‘picked from the public pocket,’ even from their boyhood.

We said, in a former part of this article, that Walpole and Mason quarrelled—as Walpole did with all, and Mason, we believe, with most of those whom they called their friends. Horace gives a summary of this difference in the ‘Walpoliana,’ which Mr. Mitford reproduces in his preface, but with some omissions and mistakes; the following is the genuine version:—

‘I shall tell you a great secret, the cause of my late difference with Mr. Mason (1785). Lord Harcourt, Mason, and I, used often to meet together, as we cordially agreed in our sentiments of the public measures pursued during this reign. But when the India Bill of Fox came to be agi-

tated, Mason took a decided part against it; nay, wrote to me that, upon this occasion, every one ought to assist the King; and warmly recommended it to me to use my influence in that cause.

'You may imagine I was a little surprised at this new style of my old friend, and the impertinence of giving his advice unasked. I returned a light ironical answer. As Mason had, in a sermon preached before the archbishop of York, publicly declared that he would not accept of a bishopric, if offered to him, I jeeringly told him that I supposed his antipathy to a bishopric had subsided. He being also the first promoter of the York Associations [for Parliamentary Reform], which I never approved, I added, that I supposed he intended to use that fool Wyvill as a tool of popularity. For Wyvill is so stupid that he cannot even write English; and the first York Association paper, which was written by Wyvill, is neither sense nor grammar.

'To return to Lord Harcourt. He was so obnoxious to the Court, that when his mother lately died, the Queen did not send a message to his countess, to say that she would call on her; though this be always done in etiquette to a countess, and as constantly refused. In consequence Lord and Lady Harcourt never went near the Court. But when Fox's India Bill came to the House of Lords, Lord Harcourt, probably by Mason's suggestions, remained to the very last of the question, and much distinguished himself against it. The consequence was, that a few days after, Lord Harcourt called on me to say that the King had sent him a message requesting his acceptance of the embassy to Spain: and he concluded with begging my advice on the occasion. I told him at once, that since the King had sent such a message, I thought it was in fact begging pardon: "and, my Lord, I think you must go to Court, and return thanks for the offer, *as you do not accept it.*" But, lo and behold! in a day or two Lady Harcourt was made lady of the bed-chamber to the Queen, and Lord Harcourt was constantly dangling in the drawing-room.

'Soon after Mason, in another letter, asked me what I thought of Lord Harcourt's becoming such a courtier, &c. I was really shocked to see a man, who had professed so much, treat such a matter so lightly, and returned a pretty severe answer. Among other matters, I said ironically, that, since Lord Harcourt had given his cap-and-dagger ring to little master, he (Mason) need no longer wonder at my love for my bust of Caligula. For Lord Harcourt used formerly always to wear a seal-ring with the cap of liberty between two daggers, when he went to court; but he gave it to a little boy [Lady Jersey's] upon his change. And I, though a warm friend of republicanism, have a small bust of Caligula in bronze, much admired for its fine workmanship.

'The consequence of these differences has been, that we call on each other, but are on the coldest terms.

'I ought to have mentioned that Mr. Mason, in his latter epistle to me, *condoled with me on the death of my brother*, by which I lost 1400*l.* a year. In my answer, I told him there was no room for condolence in the affair, my brother having attained the age of seventy-seven, and I myself be-

ing an old man of sixty-eight; so that it was time for the old child to give over buying of baubles. I added, that Mr. Mason well knew that the place had been twice offered to me for my own life, but I had refused, and left it on the old footing of my brothers.'—*Walpoliana*, p. 90.

On this last assertion we feel it our duty to say that there is every reason to believe that the statement is not true in the sense in which the speaker would have us understand it. Horace had not been offered the place for his own life *additionally*—that was the hitch—but he was offered to have his name substituted for Sir Edward's, *if the latter would consent*—which of course could not be proposed to the brother.

In the same as we believe very trustworthy report of Horace's confidential conversation with Pinkerton, we read:—

'Mason too has turned a kind of courtier, though he was formerly so noted, that, being one of the King's chaplains, and it being his turn to preach before the royal family, the Queen ordered another to perform the office; but when the substitute began to read prayers, Mason also began the same service. He did not say whether he proceeded; but this I had from his own mouth; and as it happened at the chapel of St. James's, it is surprising that the town did not know it. *Mason in consequence resigned the chaplaincy.*'—*Ibid.*

This, we see, is a very different story from that which Mason had conveyed to the Lord Chamberlain Hertford through Walpole, and was no doubt a subsequent and confidential communication of his real motives, and is quite enough to account for his personal animosity against the King and Queen.

Amongst the many deficiencies of *illustration* with which we have to reproach the editor, one of the most serious is, that he should have taken no notice of the angry and sarcastic letter which completed Walpole's rupture with Mason, and which is to be found (misdated 1780) in a kind of appendix to the last livraison of the Letters to Sir Horace Mann (vol. iv. p. 315). As that work belongs to the same publisher as this, there could have been no objection on the score of copyright to its reproduction in what is, no doubt, its properest place. Had the editor never seen it? or was it thought discreditably to both his heroes? At all events it belongs so essentially to this series and to the subjects we have been discussing, that we must find room for the most prominent passages of it. We are only sorry not to have the letter of Mason which provoked it. Its true date must have been in February or March 1784—shortly after the letter of the 2nd February (ii. p. 363), in which Walpole jeered Mason about his *nolo*

episcopari pledge. To this Mason replied we know not what—and then, no doubt, Walpole rejoined as follows:—

‘To the Rev. W. MASON.

‘You must blame yourself, not me, if you are displeased with my letters, which you forced from me. I had done all I could, both by silence and by more than once or twice declaring I did not choose to write on politics, to avoid any political discussions with you. I could not be ignorant of Lord Harcourt's conversion, which for a moment had so much diverted the town; but I did not take the liberty to mention it to him. Neither was I quite ignorant of your change of sentiments; yet should never have uttered a syllable to you on that occasion, had you not chosen to notify it to me. Then I most certainly had an equal right to declare that my principles were not changed—especially not by a circumstance, serious indeed in itself, but ludicrous if it had produced such an effect on me as to make me think the power of the Crown had diminished, was diminishing, and ought to be increased. Ought did not become you or me.

‘I am so far from being hurt at your quarrelling with me, that I thank you extremely for it, and still so cordially wish you whatever you may wish for yourself, that I should delight in seeing you Archbishop of York; for, as you are *excellent at distinctions*, you can as certainly discern the difference between an Archbishop and a Bishop as between a King and his Crown. I am, Sir, with *due* regard and esteem, your most obedient humble servant,
H. W.

‘P.S.—Your pert and ignorant cabal at York, picking up factious slander from party libels, stigmatized that excellent man [Sir Robert Walpole] as the patron of corruption, though all his views and all his notions tended to nothing but to preserve the present family on the throne and the nation in peace and affluence. Your own blind ambition of being the head of a party, which had no precise system in view, has made you embrace every partial sound which you took for popularity; and being enraged at every man who would not be dictated to by your crude visions, you have floundered into a thousand absurdities; and though you set out by pretending to reform Parliament, in order to lower the influence of the Crown, you have plunged into the most preposterous support of prerogative because Lord North, then the Crown minister declared against your innovations, and has since fallen into disgrace with the King. I am not so little rooted in my principles as to imitate or co-operate with you. I am going out of the world, and am determined to die as I have lived, *consistent*. You are not much younger than I am, and ought to have acted a more temperate and rational part; but that is no business of mine.’

Walpole, after all, did Mason the credit of believing that his conversion was honest:—‘from a silly hope of seeing his favourite scheme of parliamentary reform prosper in Mr. Pitt's hands.’ (*Walpoliana*, p. 91.) Walpole himself, whose sagacity never failed

him except when a side glance at his sin-cures distorted his vision, never gave in to the delusion of parliamentary reform; he all along foresaw that so great and radical a change must inevitably alter the balance of the Constitution. The French Revolution reclaimed Walpole altogether. He then no doubt began to think more leniently of Mason's *apostasy*;—but it is not till after a lapse of twelve years, 1784-1796, that one letter from each of the parties testifies that they had returned to some habits of intercourse—though not we presume of friendship.

So ends this curious chapter in the history of faction; and however disgusting and contemptible some parts of the conduct of both Walpole and Mason must appear, we are disposed to forgive the mischief they did for the lesson that they afford. It is some satisfaction to think that they both saw with regret—and we hope with repentance—the mischievous effects of those disorganizing principles which they had so long and so strenuously endeavoured to propagate.

Mr. Mitford has touched slightly on the new hypothesis that Walpole or Mason may have had some share in *Junius*. We will not now enter into that labyrinth further than to venture a prophecy that if ever Junius is discovered, he also will be found to have died at least a penitent, and perhaps a courtier.

ART. VI.—ΟΡΙΓΕΝΟΥΣ ΦΙΛΟΣΟΦΟΥΜΕ-
ΝΑ· Η ΚΑΤΑ ΠΑΣΩΝ ΑΙΡΕΣΕΩΝ
ΕΛΕΓΧΟΣ. E Codice Parisino nunc pri-
mum edidit Emmanuel Miller. Oxonii
1851.

WITHIN the last twelvemonth the country has received several very valuable presents from the Delegates of the Clarendon press. Wycliffe's Bible, especially, has at length issued from that noble institution, complete, in a handsome form; edited—we cannot doubt, from the high character of the gentlemen employed—with trustworthy care and accuracy; and considering the size and splendour of the volumes, at moderate cost:—a work which in its bearings on the history of our national religion and of the English language, will deserve, we trust will receive, a more ample notice in this journal. Nor is it without pride that we find one of our English Universities, so soon as the discovery of a work, or rather the largest and more important part of a work by a writer so celebrated and so influential as Origen, was announced, ready at once to undertake the publication, with no

timid or jealous mistrust as to what theological opinions it might favour, or on what controversies it might throw unexpected light. Satisfied, on due inquiry, that he who had discovered, or at least affiliated, the treatise was perfectly competent to edit it, the Delegates of the Clarendon lend their press, their resources, and the authority of their high name to a foreign scholar, and leave him at full liberty to conduct and accomplish his work according to his own judgment.

The editor, Emanuel Miller, appears in the title-page without any further designation or description. He is, as we understand, by birth a Frenchman, and resident in Paris, of acknowledged eminence as a Greek scholar, and noted for rare sagacity in exploring the hidden treasures of ancient and neglected libraries. M. Miller's researches in the *Ecceurial* did not, we believe, first disinter, but the fear of his active rivalry forced forward the somewhat tardy and dilatory publication, by those who were before in the field, of certain remarkable fragments of Nicolaus of Damascus. These fragments contain an account of the death of Julius Cæsar, more nearly contemporary (Nicolaus lived in the court of Augustus) than that of any other writer now extant. They do not indeed add any new particulars to the history of that great event; but Mr. Merivale does not seem to have been aware that these extracts had been published first, in Germany, and again, within the last year, in a large and useful volume, by the Didots—the second of the Fragments of the Greek Historians. We may possibly, therefore, render some service to more secluded English scholars, by directing their attention to those very valuable and comprehensive compilations, which contain a vast mass of passages saved out of the wreck of the old Greek historians.

The manuscript of Origen was among those brought from Greece by a certain Minoides Mynas, a Greek employed by the French government, under the auspices of M. Villemain, to make literary researches in the Levant. The collection of Mynas contained also the curious and clever fables of Babrias, already repeatedly edited in France and in Germany, and in England by Mr. Cornewall Lewis. This MS. is of the fourteenth century, written by a scribe named Michael, no doubt a Greek monk. In the first official description of the collection it was merely described as 'a MS. on cotton paper, containing a refutation of heresies by an anonymous author.' The quick and experienced eye of M. Miller at once discerned evidence that it could be no other than the long-lost work called the '*Philosophoumena* of Origen.' Of this treatise, known to have comprised ten books, only part

of the first book had hitherto been supposed extant. The three first are wanting in the Mynas codex, as likewise a small part of the fourth, and some leaves at the end. Not merely did the internal evidence suggest at once the author of the text, but it appeared that the copyist had been perfectly aware that the treatise was Origen's, and generally recognised as such when he made his transcript. When, for example, towards the close of the last book, the author states his own opinion on the true doctrines of Christianity, the scribe has written on the margin *Ἀπὸ Ὀριγένης καὶ Ἀπὸ Ὀριγένης δόξα*. On such a subject, even if the case seemed less clear, we should be disposed to treat the opinion of M. Miller with much deference and respect. He seems, from the execution of his present task, fully to deserve his reputation as a sound and judicious scholar: we may indeed rejoice that Paris has one so well qualified to take the place of Letronne.

Accepting then for the present his conclusion that the work is Origen's, we proceed to give some brief account of its contents: selecting those points on which the matter is either curious or new, or throws unexpected light on controverted subjects—such passages more especially as may be interesting to the general reader as well as to the habitual student of Christian antiquities. This is no easy task, for the MS. seems to have been very carelessly written. The editor has corrected many of the most manifest errors. His conjectural emendations, where the blunders and corruptions are less obvious, seem in general acute and felicitous. The former amendments are very properly admitted into the text, the latter subjoined in the notes and submitted to the judgment of the reader. The Greek, as that of Origen usually is, is easy and perspicuous, where the subject-matter is clear and distinct; but treating, as it often does, on very abstruse questions of philosophy and religion, and even on things in common life familiar to the author's contemporaries, but altogether obsolete and unknown in our day, it is in many places not only difficult to comprehend, but still more difficult to render into English. Perhaps we might more prudently have awaited the Essay which the editor has promised to publish in French, on the contents, scope, and value of the work; but we have been so much struck with some passages illustrative and characteristic of a period on which Pagan and Christian historians are all but totally silent—the latter part of the second and the commencement of the third century (from Commodus to Gallienus)—with the whimsical medley of information not only on the philosophy but also on the manners of the times—with one or two fragments of poet-

try of a high order—with details on ancient conjuring, and on the Meers. Robins and Phillips of Rome and the provinces—with new names of heresiarchs and sectarians, and more full accounts of the opinions of others already known by name; above all we have been so startled by some very singular details on the state of the Church and the lives of one or two popes of that period, that we feel ourselves irresistibly tempted to anticipate, by a few brief notices, the more elaborate dissertations of M. Miller.

The work announces itself as a Refutation of All Heresies. The theory of Origen is that all the heresies which are broadly described as those of the Gnostics, and even those concerning the nature of the Godhead, which, commencing from Noetus, through Sabellius, afterwards gave rise to the great Trinitarian controversy, sprung directly from the Greek philosophy. Origen manifestly does not exclude Oriental influences; but his view seems to be that these Oriental influences chiefly worked through the philosophy of the Greeks. The first and most famous of the Greek sages had drawn largely from Egypt, perhaps Chaldaea, and were not, indeed, altogether unacquainted with India. This was a theory likely to be embraced by one whose chief education had been in Alexandria, and who, as it should seem, addressed his treatise almost exclusively to Greek or Roman Christians. The three first books of the Refutation, still lost, except the portion of the first which M. Miller has reprinted from the text of De la Rue, are most fortunately those which we can best spare. They contained a summary of the doctrines of the different schools of Greek philosophy, of which we have elsewhere copious and trustworthy accounts. Taken as a whole, the remaining seven books which, more or less complete, fill this volume, are to us the most living and remarkable revelation of the strange anarchy and confusion of opinions that prevailed among the more learned and cultivated classes, through all which genuine Christianity was slowly working its way.

There was, we are persuaded, a strong under-current—perhaps an upper-current also—of sound religion, more deep, pure and strong. Many humble and simple minds received at once, in quiet and ardent and less inquiring faith, the truths of the gospel. There were those, in no inconsiderable numbers, who believed from the heart—who accepted the glad tidings—the consolations of the gospel—because they were glad and consolatory—who bowed before the irresistible evidence of Christianity presented in the purity of its precepts, in its promise of pardon, peace, everlasting life. There were some of a higher intellectual being, who rose at once to the unincumbered

majesty of its great truths, and who, with instinctive good sense, stood aloof from the subtle and presumptuous questions which Christianity did not profess to solve, or on which it avowedly maintained a wise and lofty reserve; questions, in regard to which the most enlightened of mankind, having gone sounding on into depths which become more and more unfathomable, returns to the shore, falls on his knees, and worships God in the illimitable harmony of his universe—in the wonderful world within himself—with calm hopelessness of comprehending further—hopelessness which has nothing of the gloom, terror, or agony of despair.

But the vast mass of the upper classes had received their whole education in the schools of rhetoric and philosophy—the universities and colleges of those days. And many of these, not only with that specious and disdainful hospitality with which Rome had admitted all foreign gods into her Pantheon; not merely with that cosmopolitan indifference with which all religions and all superstitions were allowed to coexist during the great era of peace—the reigns of Hadrian and the elder Antonines;—but with an honest and eager thirst after truth, were content to give Christianity a fair hearing, and partially at least to admit its purity and sublimity. What they could not and would not comprehend was its pretension to sole and exclusive truth. It might enter into their wide eclecticism, might harmonise itself, as best it could, with Pythagoras, or Plato: above all, it might not presume to set itself above those cosmogonical or theurgic questions on which those who were called the physical philosophers, or the astrologers, or the mathematicians, the whole host indeed of the leaders in the schools, professed to instruct mankind. Such was to a great extent the state of educated society throughout the world. Of the heathen part of this condition of things we have strange glimpses in the writings of Lucian and Apuleius. And all that we know of the Christian Gnostics, from Cerinthus to Montanus and Manes, shows the same wild confusion, if not within the pale, under the denomination, using the language, and resting for the most part on the sacred books of Christianity. This is a kind of border land, where Christianity, heathenism, philosophy, Orientalism, met, mingled, and fermented in incessant turmoil and strife. Christianity had now assisted to a great extent in this total disorganization of ancient creeds and opinions, but it had by no means compelled all which it had cast loose, into the fold of its own organization. Within its own sanctuary—within its own baptized communities—it was *the truth, the way, the life*. But *without* it was one of many religions, of which

each might take what he would, and mould it, whether in seeming concord or glaring incongruity, with tenets and opinions swept together from all quarters and out of all systems. The chamber of Alexander Severus, where Abraham, and Orpheus, and Christ, and Apollonius of Tyana, met together in seeming amity and shared the impartial veneration of the amiable emperor, was the type and symbol of the belief through a large part of the Roman world.

That which was the peculiar excellence and strength of Christianity was at the same time its weakness—its absolutely and exclusively moral and religious spirit: its reserve, its modesty so to speak, which shrunk from, which refused to answer, much on which the Oriental religions, and the philosophy of the Greeks dwelt as an essential, as an attainable part of human knowledge, and of perfect religion. A religion which made no physical or metaphysical revelations—must not presume to displace a religion or a philosophy which professed to interpret all such problems. The plain sublime truth of the one Great Creator, the Father and Ruler of the worlds, as taught in the Churches, was a meagre and unsatisfactory doctrine to those who had been discussing in the schools what God was—one or more of the elements—or all the elements combined—whether fire or water—whether coexistent with or anterior to the original *matter*. The Omnific Word, by which, according to St. John, the Father made the worlds, seemed at once to accord with, but could not be allowed to supersede the countless theories about the Demiurge; whether he were one of the long chain of æons emanating from the Sole Supreme, the Primal, the Dark, the Ineffable, or a hostile and, as commingled with *matter*, a malignant Being. The connexion and mutual relation of the visible and invisible world, of the starry heavens and the earth; the mystic powers of numbers; the prophetic functions of words and letters; allegorical interpretations of the Greek mythology—all was to be blended and fused into Christianity. Discomfited philosophy and discomfited superstition would come to terms; and provided that Christianity would amicably coalesce, and allow full scope for the wildest speculation, they would admit at least much of the language of the new religion. They would receive the sacred books with this privilege of unlicensed interpretation; though some of them are accused of throwing off all the severe constraint of Christian morals—while some no doubt, though on different principles—principles which afterwards worked too deeply into monastic Christianity—vied with and transcended the followers of the simple Gospel in their austere asceticism.

With this view, which deserves perhaps to be wrought out at greater length than our space will permit on the present occasion, coincides the fact broadly stated by Gibbon, that Gnostic Christianity spread chiefly among the higher and more opulent classes. Initiation, it should appear, into the Basilidian mysteries, as into the Eleusinian and Isiac, was a costly proceeding.*

The author of the work now before us, at the imperfect opening of his fourth book, appears in conflict with a certain school, who had mingled up the Chaldean astrology with Christianity. On astrology itself he makes an onslaught with vigour and success. The impossibility of calculating horoscopes is shrewdly and effectively demonstrated, but with a particularity of detail somewhat curious to those who recollect the personal history of Origen. How is it, he asks in one sentence, that since the nativities of so many must have exactly coincided with that of Alexander the Great, none other was so fortunate as Alexander? He soon, however, gets beyond his depth; confounds astronomy with astrology; and offers a memorable example of the great truth, applicable in every age of Christianity, that, if philosophy should respect the province of religion, religion should no less respect that of philosophy. It is not more unwise to demand scientific demonstration on articles of faith, than to decide scientific questions out of the Bible. He taunts no less distinguished men than Archimedes, Hipparchus, and Apollonius, with discrepancies in their respective calculations on the distances of the planets—and then winds up with this impotent sneer against, perhaps, the highest name in Grecian science, that of Ptolemy, 'Who will not be amazed at the thought and toil spent on these calculations? This Ptolemy, who has so carefully studied these things, is not altogether a useless person. I am only grieved by this, that, being of modern times, he could be of no service to the sons of the Giants, who, knowing nothing of these measurements, thought that the heights of heaven were near us, and endeavoured to build their tower to reach them. If he had been there to instruct them, they would not thus have laboured in vain. O idle toil of knowledge, that puffs up the soul! O faithless faith, which is no faith! that Ptolemy should be thought the wisest of men by those who cultivate this kind of wisdom!' *Ὁ ματαιοπῶν καὶ ψυχῆς φυσιώσεως καὶ πίστεως ἀπίστου, ἵνα πάντων Πτολεμαῖος σοφὸς νομίζηται παρὰ τοῖς τὴν ὁμοίαν σοφίαν ἡσυχασίᾳ (p. 50).*

Origen no doubt, when he had written this last sentence, felt as much complacency, as

* Compare Munter, *Primordia Ecclesie Africane*, p. 22, note.

confident an assurance of superiority, as the Inquisitor when he refuted Galileo by the authority of the Church and by the dungeon—as the Dean of York when he has finished a pamphlet to demolish Sedgwick or Lyell.

Origen is more fortunate in dealing with those who, after the fashion of Pythagoras, formed a philosophy out of numbers and letters of words; who set up for prophets on the reputation of one lucky hit out of many, but were utterly and shamelessly regardless of their perpetual failures. Our friends addicted to phrenology, mesmerism, clairvoyance, electrobiology, who *club* together the stories of their scanty successes with such zealous activity, must permit us to submit this prediction of their proceedings in the original Greek:—
 Ὡν ὁμοίους λόγους ἐραυισάμενοι τινες ἀπο-
 πλανῶσιν ἰδιώτας, προγινώσκοντας ἑαυτοὺς φάσκον-
 τες, εἶθ' ὅτε διὰ τοῦ πολλὰ μαντεύεσθαι ἐν ἐπισυν-
 χάνοντες, καὶ ἐπὶ μὲν τοῖς πολλοῖς ἀποσιγῶσι
 μὴ αἰδοῦμενοι, ἐπὶ δὲ τῷ ἐνὶ ἐγκομπάζοντες.

We must say of all whimsical nonsense the ancient science of numbers is the most whimsical—if indeed it was ever adduced with gravity. As explained and applied by Origen, it has much more to do with the interpretation of Homer than of the Bible. Certain powers are assigned to certain letters; and Patroclus killed Sarpedon, not because he was a better warrior, and wore the armour of Achilles, but because the letters of his name make more monads. On the same principle Polydeuces floored Amycus in the boxing-match. The affair of Paris and Menelaus seems to have been doubtful. Ἀλέξανδρος might even have won the victory as he won Helen; but Πάρις, having fewer letters in his name to multiply, could only escape through the aid of Venus. We have then a long list of the bodily and mental qualities which belonged to men born under different constellations. We are not learned enough in that horoscopic science which Lord Brougham and the Society for the Promotion of Useful Knowledge have but so recently routed out of our common almanack, to know whether its hierophants boasted of prophetic succession from the old Roman times. We give as the briefest the type of those born under Pisces:—‘They are of a moderate stature *like fish*; sharp forehead, thick hair; often become grey very early. By nature magnanimous, simple, passionate, frugal; great talkers; in early youth given to sleep; determined to do everything for themselves; held in honour; bold, jealous, accusers of others, versatile, worthy of love, *dancers*, serviceable friends.’

The subsequent part of this book, if fully and accurately translated—(no easy task! for the text is mutilated and corrupt—the subject matter intricate and abstruse)—would be infi-

nately more curious and diverting. It describes many of the conjuring tricks, which the Gnostic heretics, as we presume we are to understand from Origen, did not scruple to borrow from the heathen adepts. We have detailed accounts of the manner in which boys were made to see frightful visions—(we must not forget our Egyptian lads in modern days, and stories nearer home)—to repeat words as from the gods, conveyed to their ears by artificial pipes; receipts for various kinds of invisible ink—which became visible when necessary for the trick; we learn how to make lambs seem to cut off their own heads; how to make thunder; how men were to thrust their hands into boiling pitch, and walk over hot coals; how to make the gods appear to their wondering votaries; Æsculapius—the poetical invocation of this god is, we believe, quite new)—in a flame of fire; Artemis, the huntress, with her hounds, &c. &c. &c. We select (requesting from our friends of more rigid scholarship some indulgence, as it is our design to make our version as intelligible as we may to the common reader) first, the act of divination by a dish—*λεκανομαντεῖαν*—afterwards a few other kindred conjurations. ‘Having prepared a room, closely shut up, and painted the roof deep blue (*κυανῷ τὸν ὄροφον χρίσαντες*), a certain number of vessels of deep blue colour are introduced and arranged around it, and in the middle is placed a stone dish, full of water, which by the reflection of the blue looks like the sky. The floor has a hidden trap; and the bottom of the dish being of glass, the accomplices in a secret chamber below show whatever forms the magician announces that the gods and goddesses are about to assume. On these the poor gull gazes, and in his awe and amazement believes whatever the magician chooses to tell him.’ The author proceeds with his receipt to make a deity appear in a flame of fire. ‘First, the magician draws on the wall whatever form is required, and then secretly smears it with an ointment composed of *Laonicum* and *Zacynthian Asphaltus*. Then, as if to lighten the chamber, a torch is whirled about till brought in contact with the wall; when the ointment catches fire, and burns briskly, and so the God appears in a blaze.’ A more imposing trick was to make Hecate fly all on fire through the heavens. ‘First, having concealed an accomplice in a certain place, the magician leads out his dupes, promising to show them the goddess riding in flames through the air. He has made sure that it is a night without a moon; and enjoins them to take great care of their eyes directly the light appears in the heavens. They are to cover their faces, and to fall flat upon the ground, till he calls to them.’ He then utters this grand invocation, which we request our fair

readers, who have not aspired to learn, and our country readers who have forgotten their Greek, to have 'intoned' to them in all its sonorous and almost untranslatable awfulness.

Νέστερην, χθονίη τε, καὶ οὐρανὴ μολέ Βομβῶ,
Εἰωδιή, τριεδίτι, φασσφορε, νυκτεροποίη :
Ἐχθρὴ μὲν φωτός, νυκτός τε φίλη, καὶ ἑταίρη,
Χαίρουσα σκυλάκων ὕλακῃ τε καὶ αἵματι φοινῶ,
Ἄν νάυσι στειχούσα κατ' ἡρία τεθνηώτων,
Ἄιματος ἡμείρουσα, φόβον θνητοῖσι φέρουσα :
Γεργῶ, καὶ Μερωῶ καὶ Μήνη (orig. Μνημη) καὶ
Πολύμορφε,
Ελθείς ἐναντητός ἐφ' ἡμετέρης θυγαλῆς—

We venture the following rude version :—

Triple Goddess, Bombo come!
Of earth and heaven and nether gloom;
By the wayside thine the seat,
And wheresoe'er three highways meet;
Bearer thou of flashing light!
Walking in the depths of night,
Hater of the sun's glad-power,
Comrade of the darksome hour;
Rejoicing in the savage howl
And the blood of bandogs foul;
Thou above the dead that walkest,
O'er the dismal barrows stalkest,
For the blood-libation red
Athirst, sad mortals' direst dread—
Gorgo, Mormo, and the Moon!
Come! propitious come, and soon!
Thousand-formed, arise, arise,
And share our solemn sacrifice!

As he utters these words, fire is seen whirling through the air: the spectators, shuddering at the strange sight, cover up their eyes, and throw themselves down on the ground in silence. But the telling part of the trick is to come. 'The accomplice, hidden, as before said, has a hawk or a vulture covered with tow;—when he hears the incantation read, he sets it on fire, and lets it fly. The bird frightened by the fire soars up and flutters with the utmost rapidity: the foolish people, thinking that they have seen a god, run away and hide themselves in terror. The bird, blazing all the while, goes wheeling about here and there, and sometimes sets fire to houses or farm buildings. Such is the divination of these magicians.'

The invocations to Æsculapius and to Hecate, the latter of which we have extracted, are by no means the only fragments, certainly not the finest, of Greek poetry scattered through this volume. The author, in his view of the original Gnostics, contrasts the origin and nature of man according to the sect of the Naassenes (from Nabash the serpent, obviously the mystical Ophites of later writers) with the notions of the Greek poets. The Gnostic or Ophite Adam was clearly the

Adam Cædmon of the Cabbalists. For the Greek legend of the birth of man he quotes the following noble passage of Pindar. We accept, of course, the restoration adopted in his note by M. Miller, as the result of the conjectures of 'the learned'—

(Στροφή.)

* * * * *
Πρώτα δὲ γὰρ ἄνδωκεν ἄνθρωπον τότε ἐνεγκα-
μένα καλὸν γέρας
ἄμερου καὶ θεοφιλοῦς μάτρη ἐθέλοισα γενέ-
σθαι γενεάς. Χαλσπὸν δ' ἐστὶν εὐρεῖν—

(Ἀντιστροφή.)

εἴτε Βοιωτοῖσιν ἑλαχομενεὺς Ἀλῖννας ὑπερ Κα-
πισίδος
πρώτος ἀνθρώπων ἀνέσχευεν,
εἴτε καὶ Κουρήτας Ἰδαίῳ ἔσαν, θεῖον γένος,
ἢ Φρύγιοι Κορύβαντες,
οὓς τότε πρώτους ἴδε δεινδροφεῖς ἀμβλασάντας Ἄλιος :
εἴτ' ἄρα καὶ προσελα ναῖον Πελασγὸν Ἀρκαδία,
ἢ Ῥαρίας οἰκήτορ' Ἐλευσίς Δίαυλον,
ἢ καλλιπαῖδα Λᾶμνος ἀβήρτων ἐτέκνωσε Κάβει-
ρον ὀργίων :
εἴτε Παλλᾶνα Φλεγραῖον Ἀλκυονή,
πρὸς βυτατον θρασυγυῖων Γργάντων.

(Ἐπώδος.)

πρωτόγονον Λίβυος δ' αὐτ' Ἰάρβαντα κρατερὸν
φασὶν αἰχμηρῶν πεδίῳ ἀνάδυντα γλυκεῖ-
ας ἀπαρξασθαι βαλάνου Διός. Αἰγύ-
πτῳ δὲ καὶ νῦν Νεῖλος, ἰὼν ἐπιλιπαί-
ων ὑγρὰ σαρκομέναν θερμότητα,
σώματα ζῶντ' ἀνδίδοι.

STROPHE.

— first bare the Earth
Man her majestic birth
Rejoicing that to her was given the grace
To be the mother of that gentle race,
Beloved of heaven! But hard it is to know—

ANTISTROPHE.

Whether within the deep Boeotian glen,
On clear Cephissus' strand,
Rose Alalcomeneus, the first of men;
Or the Courtes upon Ida's side,
That race divine; or yet more old,
The Corybantes in the Phrygian land,
Did first the sun behold
Spring up like trees in beauty and in pride.
Did first Arcadia her Pelasgus bear,
Pelasgus, elder than the moon?
Or hoar Eleusis bear her mystic son,
Dialus, in the Barian haunts to dwell?
Or Lemnos that bright boy so fair,
Cabeiros, him the sire
Of the dark orgies, which no tongue may tell?
Or earlier bare Pallene rude
Alcyoneus, nursed in Phlegrean fire,
The eldest of the huge-limbed giant brood?

EPODE.

Nor less doth Libya boast, that first of all
 From her parched plains did strong Iarbas rise,
 From his own tree the acorn fruits that fall
 Unto great Jove to bring, sweet sacrifice!
 Nilus in Egypt still, as in old time,
 Under her genial influence, moist and warm,
 To embodied life her rich prolific slime
 Kindles, and quickens into human form.

To that distinguished scholar, M. Schneide-
 win, we owe the arrangement, and also the
 few conjectural amendments in the following
 splendid fragments of a hymn concerning that
 mystic personage whom Catullus has sung in
 what (whether it be or be not a translation
 more or less free of some Greek Dithyrambic)
 is certainly the noblest lyric poem in the
 Latin language:—*Super alta vectus Atys*
colori rate maris.

Εἶτε Κρόνου γόνες, εἶτε Διὸς μάκαρος,
 εἶτε Ρέας μεγάλης,
 χαῖρε τὸ κατηχὲς ἄκουσμα ῥέας,
 ἄττι, σὲ καλοῦσι μὲν Ἀσσύριοι
 τρυσίτην Ἀδωνιν,
 θεῖον δ' Αἰγυπτῶς ἰσχυραῖον
 μήνης κέρας, Ἑλλήνες δ' Ὀφίαν,
 Σαμώθρακας Ἀδάμ σεβάσμιον,
 Μαιώνιοι Κορύβαντα καὶ οἱ Φρύγες,
 ἄλλοτε μὲν Παππαν, ποτὶ δ' αὖ νέαν,
 ἢ θεόγοντον ἑκαπτον,
 ἢ χλοερὸν στάχυν ἀμνηθόντα,
 ἢ ἐν πολύκαρπος ἔτικτεν
 ἀμβροτάλος ἀνέρα συμετάν.

The second canticle runs thus :

Ἄττιν κλήσω τὸν Πρωτος
 οὐ κωδωνων σύμ βομβοις,
 οὐδ' αὐλῶν ἰδαίων
 Κουρήτων μύκτητα :
 ἀλλ' εἰς Φοιβείαν μίξω
 μοῦσαν φορμύγγων, θυοί,
 ἐὺαν, ὡς Πᾶν, ὡς Βαρυχέως,
 ὡς ποιμήν λευκῶν ἄστρων.

A few lines of these stanzas we have ven-
 tured to fill out, on our own conjectures as
 to their mythical purport.

Son of Saturn! Son of Jove!
 Or born of mighty Rhea's love.
 Holy name, that sounds so dear
 To that ancient Rhea's ear!
 Thee the old Assyrians all
 The thrice-wept Adonis call.
 To thee for name hath Egypt given
 The holy horned Moon of heaven.
 Thou the Serpent-god of Greece—
 The all-reverenced Adam thou of Samothrace.
 Thee the Lydians, Phrygians, thee
 Invoke, the Corybantic Deity :

Thee Pappas now, and now the Dead :
 Now lifting up re-born the god-like head ;
 Unfruitful now on barren desert brown.
 Now the rich golden harvest mowing down,
 Or whom the blossoming almond tree
 Brought fourth on the free hills the piper blithe
 to be.

* * * *
 Atys, old Rhea's son, I sing,
 Not with the wild bells' clashing ring,
 Nor Ida's fife, in whose shrill noise
 The old Couretæ still rejoice ;
 But with the mingling descant meet
 Of Phoebus harp, so soft, so sweet,
 Evan! Evan! Pan I call
 Evan! the wild Bacchanal!
 Or that bright Shepherd that on high
 Folds the white stars up in the silent sky.

We were somewhat disappointed, as Origen
 accuses Marcion of having derived his whole
 system from Empedocles, that we have not
 found more extracts from his great philoso-
 phic poem. There are but few lines, and
 those not of much worth, which were not
 already well known, and to be read in the
 collections of Sturz, or of Karsten.

The extent and value of the accession to
 our knowledge on the curious if somewhat
 unprofitable history of Gnosticism, and its
 endlessly branching sects, from this treatise,
 can only be ascertained from a close and labo-
 rious comparison of its statements with those
 of Irenæus (whose work, it should be observ-
 ed, Origen had read), of Epiphanius, of Theo-
 doret, and with all the multifarious notices
 scattered over the writings of the earlier
 Fathers. This inquiry lies across the thresh-
 old of Christian history; the student must
 thread his intricate and perplexed way through
 it, or he will be utterly unable to trace with
 any satisfactory result the progress and devel-
 opment of more genuine Christianity. Within
 its dark borders must be sought many of the
 most influential principles which have since
 operated in the realms of religion. Out of
 Gnosticism sprung more or less remotely all
 the later heresies. Even within what is call-
 ed itself the Church, how much, having no
 connection with the primitive element of the
 Gospel, is of Gnostic parentage!

It appears to us, on a hasty and of neces-
 sity somewhat cursory view, that there are
 some remarkable discrepancies in the state-
 ments of this treatise. We find in it, how-
 ever, passages of no disputable importance—
 which may throw light on the obscurest pro-
 blems of Gnosticism. Names hitherto either
 absolutely unknown, or lurking in some ob-
 scure corner of Patristic theology, here assume
 prominence and authority.

We shall confine ourselves to some obser-
 vations on him, whom almost all antiquity has
 recognised as the Father of Christian hereay,

the Hero, as Beausobre has called him, of the Romance of Heresy, Simon Magus. Perhaps the narrow view which is the thesis of Origen's work, that all these heresies were but transmutations of the Greek systems of philosophy, is most objectionable as regards the Samaritan Magus; although there appears to have been more of a Greek,—nay, strange as it may sound, of an Homeric element, in his notions than has been generally supposed. At the outset of the refutation of Simon we find a name new to us, but which seems to have been of some importance, at least to have given rise to a most extravagant legend. As Simon Magus averred himself in some sense to be God, so did Apsethus of Libya. The foolish Libyans sacrificed to Apsethus, persuaded, as they thought, by a voice from Heaven. The trick was incredibly gross. Apsethus shut up together a great number of the parrots which abound in that country. He taught them all to say 'Apsethus is a God.' He then turned them loose, and everywhere throughout the district, nay far beyond its bounds, the report spread and was credited that voices from Heaven had announced Apsethus to be a God. A shrewd Greek, however, detected and ere long counterworked the plot: he caught some of the parrots, and taught them a new 'utterance'—viz., 'Apsethus shut us up, and forced us to say Apsethus is a God.' The Libyans, hearing this 'palinodia' of the parrots, seized and burned Apsethus.

The gravity with which Origen relates this absurd story, and turns it against Simon, we must acknowledge casts some suspicion on his relation of Simon's own acts and doctrines. This legend of Simon (for legend we must presume to call it) was hitherto chiefly known from Irenæus and from those remarkable religious fictions which pass under the name of *Clementina*—the Recognitions and Homilies of Clement. Origen seems to decide one point, which has so divided the learned, that Walch in his History of Heretics (*Ketzer-Geschichte*), the fairest and fullest book on this subject, declines to give any opinion upon it—namely whether there were any writings which in subsequent times passed current under the name of Simon. Origen quotes more than once an *Ἀποκάλυψις*, bearing Simon's name, and which must have been commonly accepted so late as Origen's day as the accredited exposition of Simon's opinions. Of this legend there are two distinct parts, resting on different authority: 1st, the journey of Simon to Rome, and his deification by the Emperor Claudius: 2nd, his conflict with St. Peter at Rome, his attempt to fly up into the air, and his fall, by which he broke his neck and died. The first part of the legend, it is

well known, rests on a passage in Justin Martyr's apology, who appeals to an inscription, *Simoni Deo Sancto*. This strange story passed current in the older uncritical period; it was received by Roman Catholic writers of no less name than Tillemont, Maassuet, Foggini; by Protestants as learned as Beveridge, Hammond, Cave, and Spencer. Even Anton Pagi and Fleury did not venture to avow their manifest disbelief. It was rejected as a fable by later and more severe inquirers—especially after the discovery of a stone with the inscription to a Sabine deity (*Simoni Deo Sancto*)—by Dupin, Valesius, Maffei, of the Roman Church; by Grabe, the Basnage, Le Clerc, Buddeus, Mosheim. Sober students will now hardly do more than inquire into the origin of the myth. To this first story we can discover no allusion in the present work. The second part of the legend, the conflict with St. Peter at Rome, and its disastrous end in the death of Simon, is not found earlier than in writers of the fourth century. Roman Catholic writers have been of course less willing to abandon this tale—although, as respects external authority, it is even worse supported than the former. Those who have doubted, have disguised their doubts in prudent hesitation,—e. g. Valesius, Calmet, Cotelierius. By most Protestant writers it has been thrown aside as unworthy of any remark;—while by Ittig, Beausobre, and Mosheim, it is supposed to have grown out of a story in Dion Cassius and in Suetonius about a flying conjuror at Rome in the days of Nero. In this work we find a different version of the legend, and one, as far as our recollection extends, altogether new. Origen relates, that St. Peter and Simon Magus encountered at Rome; Simon deceived many persons by his magic arts, and was resisted by St. Peter; but of his attempted flying into the air there is not one word. 'At length Simon went to * * [unfortunately the word is illegible], sate under a plane-tree, and began to teach. Being hard pressed by his adversaries, he offered to be buried alive, declaring that he would rise again on the third day. He ordered his disciples to dig a grave, and to bury him. They did as they were ordered; but there Simon has remained till this day (ὁ δὲ ἀπέμεινεν ἕως νῦν), for he was not Christ.

We shall not bewilder ourselves and our readers with an attempt (desperate in such space as we can afford) to reduce the strange and discordant doctrines, exhibited as those of Simon Magus, to order and harmony. We will only gather into one brief statement the sources which Origen indicates, or from which appears more or less distinctly to have sprung, this wild though not absolutely incoherent, certainly not unimaginative system. The

Samaritan Magus draws indifferently from Heraclitus the Dark, perhaps from Anaxagoras, from the Oriental or Cabbalistic Æons, from Homer, from the books of Moses—allegorically interpreted—and even from the Gospels. Simon knew nothing of the theory almost universal among the later Gnostics, and by many writers supposed to have originated with him, the theory so irreconcilably hostile to the Jews, which held the Jewish theocracy to be the manifestation, the Mosaic Law the code, of the malignant Demiurge. On the contrary, Simon's first axiom was derived from the book of Deuteronomy—'God is a burning and consuming fire.' Fire with him was the primal, parental deity—according to his description, infinite power, *ἀείρωνος δύναμις*. This fundamental principle he wrapped up in antitheses borrowed from Heraclitus and Empedocles. From this deity emanated, or manifested themselves, his six Æons, male and female, and these, with the original, the Spirit of God, which moved upon the waters, made up the mystic seven. The Mosaic creation, Eden, Paradise, the four rivers, are all wrought into a confused and, as it appears here, unintelligible allegory, into which, strangely enough, are interwoven the lost sheep of the Gospels and the axe at the root of the tree. But Simon was not content with allegorising the books of Moses; he allegorised the poets, the Trojan war, the wooden horse; the Helen of Troy was in some way the type, if not the previous incarnation of his mistress Helena. His mistress was not only this, but also the lost sheep, which he, the Supreme Power (*δύναμις ὑπὲρ πάντων*) had redeemed—a type of the redemption of mankind by himself. His own Helena he had bought, and lived with her, and framed this fable out of respect for the morals of his disciples. His disciples, however, according to the charge perpetually brought by the orthodox against the Gnostics, followed his licence, and proclaimed universal concubinage as perfect love. We may add that the assertion—no older, we believe, in writings hitherto extant, than Augustine's—that Simon proclaimed himself in Judæa as the Son, in Samaria as the Father, among the other nations as the Holy Ghost, appears in the present treatise in the same express words.

And men, educated, intelligent, acute, reasoning men were found in vast numbers to believe, to enrol themselves as believers, to devote their lives, to form lasting communities, to die (for some of the Gnostic sects had their martyrs) in defence of opinions, according to our habits and modes of thought, so wild, incongruous, contradictory, absurd; of baseless and conflicting theories, which seemed carefully to gather and condense all the monstrous

corruptions, the extravagant assumptions, the unreasoning reasonings, of misinterpreted Christianity and misapplied philosophy.

What then is to be our conclusion? That adventurers—that philosophers in the schools, finding their hearers weary of their old worn-out disputations—that self-appointed instructors of mankind, stimulated by the inexhaustible and unappeased craving of the human heart and mind for some intellectual, or imaginative, or moving religion—stimulated by the success of Christianity, which they understood not, or cared not to understand—set up one after another their rival systems; that mankind, rather than endure the total blank left by the gradual extinction of all reverence for the old effete forms of faith, acquiesced in, allowed itself to be occupied, amused, even stirred by these excitements, and would receive even such religions rather than acquiesce in utter irreligiousness?—Or was it that some at least of these systems had more real depth, order, and harmony, but were not understood, or understood but imperfectly by the uninitiate; that in these, as in all Eclectic systems, there is some real, but more apparent discrepancy; that our practical western wisdom, which even in its Mysticism requires more clear and definite conceptions, and attempts to be logical and consecutive in its wildest flights, cannot comprehend that luxury of orientalism, that lawless creativeness of the religious imagination, that sublimation of words into beings, that impersonation of ideal conceptions, that embodiment of abstractions, that realisation of unrealities, which in some periods and in some regions, becomes, if not the dominant, a widely prevailing religion?—To these elements must be added a certain proportion of what we consider as true Christianity, with not a few lingering remnants of the old classical paganism and its picturesque superstitions. So perhaps Gnosticism, if not more clearly comprehensible, becomes less absolutely unconceivable; we have some dim and indistinct vision of the sources, the developements, the ramifications, the power and vitality for nearly two centuries of this obstinate antagonist—of this (even if we disjoin it from its more vigorous and enduring offspring, Manicheism) almost dangerous rival—of Christianity.

But incomparably the most curious and most unexpected discovery in this volume is that glimpse, or more than glimpse, of historical light which is thrown on a most obscure period in the history of Christianity, and certainly the most obscure part of the history; that of the Church in Rome. The annals of the Church in Rome are, in truth, as far as authentic documents (or any that can lay the least claim to that title) are concerned, almost a total blank from Clement (asserted to have

been the immediate successor of St. Peter, who, as we all know, was, according to ecclesiastical tradition, the first Bishop of Rome) to Pope Victor (A.D. 192-202), whom the controversy about the Easter Festival brought out into distinct historical existence. The false and exploded Decretals have vainly endeavoured to fill up the chasm: even the martyrologies are almost silent, or assign the name of martyr to most of the bishops of Rome with that indiscriminating veneration which shows their total want of authority. After Victor the gloom settles again upon the history of the Church in Rome. But among the few facts which rest on trustworthy grounds is the visit of Origen to Rome during the episcopate of Zephyrinus, the successor of Victor, A.D. 202-219. Eusebius (vi. 14), speaking of Origen under his proper name of *Adamantius*, says that he made a journey to Rome, at the time when 'Zephyrinus presided over the Roman Church.' 'He himself (adds the historian) writes in these words:—*Being desirous to see the very ancient Church of Rome, he passed no long time there, and returned to Alexandria.*'—The work now before us suddenly reveals the result of Origen's journey; the state of Christian affairs in Rome; the heresies and disputes which were distracting the community; the characters of two successive Pontiffs—Zephyrinus and Callistus I.; the whole life, not represented in the most favourable view, of the latter; the part which Origen himself took in the prevailing controversies; with many incidental glimpses of Roman society; all related with simple sincerity and with life-like reality, and—making, of course, due allowances for any bias or prepossession of which Origen may be justly suspected—with every appearance of truth.

The opinions of Noetus had made considerable progress in Rome. Noetus was the author, or one of the authors, of what was called the Patripassian heresy—a heresy the prolific parent of those controversies concerning the Personality of the Godhead, which for centuries distracted, and perhaps, by the powerful abilities which they brought out, strengthened the Church. The history of Noetus has hitherto been so obscure, that the date at which he lived has been usually placed above twenty years too late; and a writer so fairly informed as Theodoret has represented Epigenus (Epigenes) and Cleomenes, his followers and scholars, as his precursors and teachers. A recent writer has thus described Noetus:—

'Noetus, an Asiatic, either of Smyrna or Ephesus, had dwelt with such exclusive zeal on the unity of the Godhead, as to absorb, as it were, the whole Trinity into one undivided and undistinguished Being. The one Supreme and Impassible father united to himself the Man Jesus

by so intimate a conjunction, that the Divine unity was not destroyed. His adversaries drew the conclusion that, according to this blaspheming theory, the Father must have suffered on the Cross, and the ignominious name of Patripassians adhered to the few followers of this unprosperous sect.'—Milman's *History of Christianity*, ii. 429.

The latter sentence is accurate: before the days of Epiphanius and Augustine the Patripassians had died out in despaired obscurity. But in the days of Origen they were neither few nor unprosperous. The school of Cleomenes, the second successor of Noetus, might boast of two Popes; namely, Zephyrinus, who was deceived into the public avowal of this opinion in the most crude and offensive form—and Callistus, who was connected, as will appear, even more closely with the same school.

Noetus, according to Origen, had bewildered himself with the abstruse philosophy of Heraclitus the Dark. Heraclitus among the Greeks seems to have enjoyed that fame, of which Hegel is said to have made his boast—'There is but one man in Europe who understands me, and he does not understand me.' The doctrine of Heraclitus had another resemblance to Hegel's—it seems to have been a vast Pantheism, in which everything was everything else—every opposite was its opposite. But we must be excused from plunging after Noetus into these unfathomable depths; it is not our object so much to examine his opinions, and the conceptions which led to those opinions, as to state his tenets, as, according to Origen, they were openly maintained in Rome, while Zephyrinus presided over that Church. 'Cleomenes and all his school, involving many in this Heraclitean darkness, assert, that He who in his passion was affixed to the cross; who gave up his spirit to himself; who died, yet did not die; who raised himself up on the third day; who was buried in the tomb, pierced with the spear, and transfigured with the nails—was the God and Father of the universe. Callistus was the great strength of this heresy, a man of the subtlest wickedness, and master of all the various arts of deception (*ἐν χαλκῇ πανούργῃ, καὶ σοφίᾳ πρὸς πλάνην*); and Callistus aspired to the Episcopal throne.'

Of the martyrdom of this Callistus, under Fuscianus, Prefect of Rome, Origen gives the following account. Martyrdom (in the ecclesiastical language), we must warn our readers (if it were needful we could quote words of Baronius on this point), by no means implies of necessity the death of the confessor; it is extended to any sufferings endured for the faith. But the whole story of Callistus' life, as now told by Origen, is so characteristic of

the times, that we must translate the passage, though rather a long one :—

‘Callistus was the domestic servant of a certain Carpophorus, a Christian in the household of Caesar. Carpophorus intrusted to him, as a fellow Christian, a considerable sum of money, intrusting him to lend it out at interest. Callistus set up a bank for loans (*ρῆναι*) in what is called the *Piscina Publica*. At his bank in process of time many pledges of widows and poor brethren were deposited, on the credit of the name of Carpophorus. But Callistus, having made away with the whole, fell into difficulties. His proceedings were soon made known to Carpophorus, who immediately said that he would call upon him for his accounts. When Callistus knew this, dreading the danger with which he was threatened by his master, he ran away towards the sea; and finding a ship in port ready to set sail to the place of her destination, got on board and engaged his passage. He could not, however, escape detection; there were those who instantly communicated his flight to Carpophorus. Carpophorus hastened to the harbour, and endeavoured to get on board the ship. She was in the middle of the harbour; the captain slackened her course, and Callistus, recognising his master, became desperate and leaped into the sea. But the sailors, jumping into the boats, took him up against his will. A great cry was raised from the shore, and Callistus, delivered up to his master, was led back to Rome. His master threw him into prison (*εἰς κέρπινον*). After a certain time, it happened that some of the brethren came to Carpophorus, entreating him to release the runaway from prison, for he had confessed that he had money in the hands of certain persons. Carpophorus, being an upright man (*εὐλαβής*), replied that he did not care for his own losses, but for the poor people's pledges: for many had come to him in tears and said that they had trusted Callistus with all the property they had placed in pawn, entirely on the credit of his name. Carpophorus, however, was persuaded to let him out. But Callistus, having nothing to pay, and finding it impossible, being carefully watched, to make another escape, thought of some means of death: and, on the Sabbath, pretending to go out to meet his creditors, he went into the synagogue of the Jews, there assembled for worship, and stood up and made a great disturbance. The Jews, upon this disturbance, fell violently on him, beat him, and dragged him before Fuscianus, prefect of the city. This was their charge:—“The Romans have granted us the privilege of reading in public the laws of our Fathers; but this fellow came in and interfered with us, raising divisions, and saying that he is a Christian.” Fuscianus betraying his indignation at the charges brought against Callistus, some one ran and told Carpophorus what was going on. He, making all haste to the tribunal of the Prefect, cried out, “I entreat you, my lord Fuscianus, do not believe him:—he is not a Christian; he is only seeking some means of death, having made away with money belonging to me.” The Jews thought this a mere trick to screen the criminal from justice, and continued to clamour with more vehement hostility. The Prefect was

moved by them, and having scorned Callistus, transported him to the mines in Sardinia. After a certain time, other martyrs being there, Marcia, the godly (*φιλόθεος*) mistress of Commodus, wishing to do some good work, sent for the blessed Victor, the Bishop of the Church, and inquired about the martyrs in Sardinia. Victor gave her all their names, but left out that of Callistus, being aware of his crimes. Marcia, having obtained the grant of her petition from Commodus, intrusted the order for their release to Hyacinthus, an aged eunuch, who set sail with it to Sardinia, and delivered it to the Governor of the island. The Governor released all the prisoners except Callistus. Callistus fell on his knees, and entreated with tears to be released with the rest. Hyacinthus, yielding to his importunity, asked this favour of the Governor, asserting that it must have been an omission on the part of Marcia, and promising to bear him harmless. The Governor was persuaded to release Callistus also. Victor, however, was much grieved at what had taken place, but, being a kindly man, held his peace. But to avoid reproach (for the misdeeds of Callistus were of recent date) he sent him to live in Antium, making him a monthly allowance for his support.’

After the death of Victor, Zephyrinus, to his own misfortune, promoted Callistus into the ranks of the clergy, removed him from Antium, and set him over the cemetery. The former clause of this sentence is not quite clear—perhaps corrupt. The latter runs *εἰς τὸ κοιμητήριον κατέστησεν*. On this passage, almost literally translated, two observations may be made. The favour of Marcia, the mistress of Commodus, towards the Christians is matter of history. The Epitomator of Dion Cassius has this sentence singularly accordant with that of Origen:—*Ἰστορεῖται δὲ αὕτη πολλὰ τε ὑπὲρ Χριστιανῶν σπουδάζειν, καὶ πολλὰ αὐτοὺς εὐεργετήσκειν, ὥς καὶ παρὰ τῷ Κομμοδῷ πᾶν δυναμένη* (L. lxxii. c. 5). But she is said to have shown great zeal in behalf of the Christians, and to have conferred on them many benefits, having unbounded power over Commodus. The placing Callistus over the cemetery coincides remarkably with the name of the famous catacomb of Callistus near the Apian way, described in Aringhi's *Roma Subterranea* (iii. 12). It curiously confirms the opinion of Aringhi that this cemetery was older than the time of Callistus.

Pope Zephyrinus is described in terms which we acknowledge that we are greatly surprised to find applied to a Bishop of Rome at that early period. The famous and sanguinary contest between Damasus and Ursicinus for the bishopric was nearly a century and a half later, after Constantine, when the Pontificate had become a station of wealth and dignity. Origen was a man of the most profound piety, as far as we know, far from an ungentle and uncandid spirit. The conscious-

ness of vast Alexandrian learning might have seemed to justify a proud notion of his own personal and intellectual superiority; the Greek might have despised (how far did he understand?) the ruder, less subtle, less philosophic Latin. Zeal for his own views of Christian truth, the heat of controversy, might have sharpened and given something of a haughty and peremptory tone to his language. All this we could understand. But not merely is there no deference for the rank, the office (what shall we say of the infallibility?) of the Bishop of Rome, but the most deliberate contempt, and more than contempt, for the person and for the theology of the ruling pontiff. Zephyrinus (p. 279) is an 'unlearned, ignorant man;' and worse than that, 'greedy of filthy lucre, who for gain permitted the Christians of Rome to crowd to the schools of Cleomenes.' Nay, Zephyrinus, he adds, was so entirely governed by the crafty and unprincipled Callistus as to resort to these schools himself. In a second passage, Zephyrinus is not only 'unlearned,' but 'altogether without knowledge of the terms and definitions of the Church (*ἄπιστος τῶν ἐκκλησιαστικῶν ὄρων*) whom Callistus led and governed at his will; he is moreover 'accessible to bribes, covetous of money.' The Bishop, we read, was thus the cause of infinite divisions among the brethren; 'shifting his opinions for his advantage—sometimes to conciliate their friendship, siding with the friends of truth—sometimes veering towards the tenets of Sabellius, whom he drove to extremities, when he might have kept him within bounds.' Zephyrinus did not disdain the admonitions of Origen; 'but when he was alone with Callistus he inclined again to the tenets of Cleomenes, and declared them to be his own.' Callistus even brought forward Zephyrinus to declare in public, 'I acknowledge *one God, Jesus Christ, and none other beside him*, that was born and suffered.' At other times Callistus said, 'It was not the Father that died, but the Son.' 'So that there was endless confusion among the people. Origen resisted these doctrines with manly and steadfast resolution: when Callistus prevailed with the many, and Origen stood alone, Callistus poured out all the secret venom of his heart, and called Origen a ditheist.

But, if Origen expresses profound contempt for the feeble, wavering, misguided, avaricious Zephyrinus, his feelings towards Callistus darkened into what he, no doubt, considered righteous hatred. The first act of Callistus when he obtained the object of his ambition, the bishopric of Rome, was the *excommunication* (*ἀπίστωσεν*) of Sabellius as heterodox. 'This he did from awe of me; and in order to do away the reproach made against the Church, of erroneous opinions.' But, accord-

ing to Origen, Callistus, though he obtained by his craft and subtlety numerous followers, fell from Scylla into Charybdis, from one heresy into a worse; he was embarrassed by his own accusation of Origen as a ditheist, and pressed by Sabellius as having abandoned his former faith. The substance of this new heresy, which the profound student of Christian history will find in nearly a page (p. 289) of nicely balanced theological metaphysics, seems to have been—that the visible, the man Jesus, was the Son; the Holy Ghost, comprehended within the Son, was the Father; so that the Father suffered *with* the Son, but did not suffer *as* the Father. Thus he thought that he avoided the imputation of saying that there were two Gods, Father and Son. 'So wavered he, backwards and forwards, from Sabellius to Theodotus.'

But this speculative heresy, which till the great contest of Athanasius and Arius had not assumed the awful and all absorbing importance which it has since that time maintained in the Church, is not the only charge brought by the author of this treatise against the successor of Zephyrinus.* Callistus is accused by Origen of having introduced, the Church of Rome of having sanctioned, universal laxity of morals, more particularly among the clergy. Origen, it must be remembered, belonged to the more austere school on all these questions. He may have repented of the rash act of his youth, by which he secured himself against carnal temptations, but he was not less stern and severe against all carnal indulgences. Callistus, apparently, on these points followed the gentler and more merciful course; he admitted all offenders to repentance, and upon repentance granted them absolution. To our amazement we find Origen setting up a school in direct opposition to the Bishop in Rome, excommunicating certain individuals,† and complaining that by the admission on easy terms of persons troubled in conscience for such offences,

* We had almost begun to entertain charitable doubts whether this Callistus was the same with the successor of Zephyrinus. But on that point the editor seems to entertain no doubt, nor, on consideration, can we. There is a peculiarity in the expression relating to his succession to the Bishopric—*οὐ μὲν ἴσως τετυχηκέναι ἐν ἱερῷ* (pp. 288, 289); but exactly the same word is used of the episcopal administration of Zephyrinus—*Ζηφυρίνου διέπειν οὐ μὲν ἴσως τὴν ἐκκλησίαν* (p. 279).

† We know not how otherwise to understand the phrase *τινὲς δὲ καὶ ἐπὶ καταγνώσει ἐκβλητοί τῆς ἐκκλησίας ὑφ' ἡμῶν γενόμενοι, προσχωρήσαντες αὐτοῖς ἐκλήθησαν τὸ διδασκαλεῖον αὐτοῦ*. This term *διδασκαλεῖον*, or school of Christian teaching, is remarkable. Our first certain information as to the Church—a building set apart for Christian worship and instruction—it is well known, is from a passage in a heathen author, relating to the time of Alexander Severus.

as well as for heretical opinions, Callistus filled his own Church. This man too taught as a dogma, that if a Bishop should be guilty of a sin, even of a deadly sin, he was not to be deposed.' What Origen esteemed a deadly sin appears from the next sentence. 'From that time men who had been twice, nay thrice married, were admitted to the rank of deacons, of priests, even of bishops; nay, if one already in the clerical order chose to marry, he was allowed to remain in it as if he had committed no sin.' The Apostle's saying was quoted as justifying this—'Who art thou that judgest another man's servant?' The parable of the wheat and the tares, the ark of Noah which contained the clean and unclean, were also alleged. It was only, says Origen, by flattering these passions of the multitude, by the concession of pleasures which 'Christ had not conceded,' by this facility of absolution, that the places where Callistus and his partisans taught were thronged with eager votaries. And yet there is a more hideous charge to come. Widows were permitted, if in the state implied by the strong expression of the Apostle, not only to marry again in their own rank, but to take to themselves a slave or a freed man, whom they could not legally marry. Hence, abortion by means of drugs, and other enormities to conceal disreputable connexions. 'See then,' winds up the indignant Origen, 'to what a height of impiety has this lawless man advanced, teaching adultery and murder; and yet they who blush not at these misdeeds presume to call themselves the Catholic Church; and many, thinking that they are acting rightly, go with them all their length. They too first dared to administer a second baptism. Such were the acts of this most wonderful Callistus, whose school still exists, teaching these usages and these traditions, making no distinction with whom they communicate, admitting all to an indiscriminate communion. From their founder, Callistus, these men are called Callistians.'

Now there is at once a very singular illustration and perhaps confirmation of these charges, in a well-known passage of another ancient writer. Tertullian, especially after he had joined the Montanists, was of the same extreme and austere school with Origen. In the first chapter of his treatise *De Pudicitia* are these words:—

'I hear that an edict has been promulgated, and that a peremptory one. The Supreme Pontiff forsooth, the Bishop of Bishops, declares—I will remit the sins of adultery and fornication to those who do proper penance. (Pontifex scilicet Maximus, Episcopus Episcoporum, dicit: *Ego et machiæ et fornicationis delicta penitentibus junctis dimitto*).'

The Jesuit Petavius supposed this Pontifex Maximus to be the Pope Zephyrinus: other writers, Gieseler for instance (vol. i. p. 287), have thought it improbable that titles of such lofty import, even if only applicable to the West, and to Africa the provinces of Rome—the African Churches sprung from that of Rome)—had been assumed so early by a Bishop of Rome. They have therefore conjectured it to be more probable that it was the Bishop of Carthage who thus took on himself metropolitan power. We are not quite sure whether the dates of Tertullian's writings are so accurately ascertained as to preclude the supposition that the passage we have quoted refers rather to Callistus. Even if that should be the case, Zephyrinus, acting so notoriously under the influence of Callistus, may have issued such an edict as Tertullian recites. After all, possibly, this accumulation of haughty titles may be the bitter irony of Tertullian, to introduce more emphatically the fierce taunts with which he as it were tears in pieces and tramples on the offensive edict, condemning it and repudiating it as a license to all lust, in the very stronghold of the most wicked and shameless lusts. On the whole, however, nothing can be more striking than the coincidence between the two passages of the *Philosophoumena* and the *De Pudicitia*.

Such are the singular revelations of what we may presume to call up to this time the pre-historic state of the Church in Rome. It is by no means difficult to account for the loss in the West, until our own days, of this treatise; for the total ignorance of its contents in the Latin Church; for its seclusion in its own untranslated Greek. Origen, our readers are no doubt aware, though the ablest, most powerful, most learned, most copious Christian writer before the fourth century, enjoyed but a doubtful and contested reputation. He was hardly dead before his fame became the object of as fierce a strife as the body of Patroclus, though with different weapons—fierce and interminable polemic tracts. But it was not on the great question of the Personality of the Godhead that the opinions of Origen were chiefly obnoxious. On this subject his definitions might want the severe and jealous precision of the post-Athanasian period. He was claimed, if not by Arius, by Eusebius and the semi-Arians as on their side; but he was also triumphantly adduced by Athanasius himself as at least the harbinger of rigid orthodoxy. In the long profession of faith which closes this book—a confession which we must leave it for the learned editor to compare minutely with the views of Origen, elsewhere recorded—we can discover no expressions which it would be fair for the most rigorous theologian

to except against in a pre-Athanasian writer. Other tenets of Origen certainly jarred harshly against the dominant creed—his notion of an infinite succession of creations, as many perhaps as might satisfy the portentous demands of modern geologists—his notion that the present state was part of a vast purgatorial system—that finally the wicked, even the wicked angels, would be absorbed into the all-comprehensive love of the Great Creator.

The warfare ceased not with ancient times. The question whether the soul of Origen is in hell was debated after the revival of letters, with eager zeal on both sides. Bayle, in his shrewd, cold, characteristic article on Origen, gives a summary of the controversy. Among the nine hundred propositions which John Pico Mirandula offered in the chivalrous spirit of reviving scholarship to maintain against all comers, was the possible salvation of Origen. He was rebuked by the Church of Rome; not only had the doctrine of Origen been condemned by an Œcumenic council (the fifth), not only had ten distinct anathemas been uttered against his tenets, but his person was under the unrepealed censure of the Church. A Jesuit, Stephen Binet, did not venture openly to propound the milder doctrine; he was forced to disguise his own manifest bearing, and set up in his treatise some of the most distinguished theologians to debate the doubtful point. The foremost advocate of Origen was Erasmus—his determined adversary Baronius. Among the arguments *contra* one was this: That a good man, in a vision, obtained by the prayers of a holy hermit, beheld a sort of hell open before him, in which he saw and heard a roll-call of all the more famous heresiarchs, and among them stood Origen, covered with horror, flames, and confusion. On the other hand, the side of critical suspense at least, was alleged a revelation to the Holy Abbess Mechtildis, 'that God would not let the world know what was become of Samson, Solomon, and Origen—(singular associates!)—in order to strike terror into the strongest, the wisest, and the most learned men of this world, by keeping them in suspense and uncertainty.'

How far the publication of this treatise will affect that question in the estimation of some, we presume not to conjecture: we fear that if it depend on a certain Church, his chance of getting out of hell will not be improved. The *Philosophoumena* of Origen may perhaps find a place in the Index Expurgatorius by the side of Archbishop Whately's *Logic*, and then, alas! for poor Origen. For ourselves, as to the fate of Origen, we may have some lurking tenderness for a man of such unimpeachable Christian holiness, though that holiness may have wrought itself up to ascetic

austerity—some quiet admiration for a man, in his own time, of incomparable learning; we may have some humble presentiment that the God of infinite love will not severely visit for the offence of entertaining notions, however erroneous, of his power, which certainly tended not to lower the awe of that power—of that mercy, which Origen only made more vast and comprehensive than others; we, therefore, are content to await in complacent ignorance the solution of that terrible secret.

To conclude in a more grave and serious tone. As our ideal of pure, infallible, impeccable Christianity rests undisturbed within the sacred and defined circle of the New Testament, and is condensed and concentrated only in the lives of our Lord and His Apostles—as we are not bound to assert the immutability of any particular church or succession of prelates—it is matter of supreme indifference to us whether two Patripassian popes, or popes, according to later phrase, infected with Patripassianism, gave a sad and ominous precedent for later aberrations—the compulsory Arianism charged against Liberius—the Eutychianism against Vigilus—the Monothelitism against Honorius; the theological freak about the beatific vision, which John XXII. was obliged to recant, in order to die in peace. To us it is far more melancholy to hear of avarice, intrigue, ambition, at so early a period—that the fine gold of evangelical meekness, incorruptible integrity, unselfish generosity, perfect charity, had so soon become dim. It seems by no means unnatural or improbable—it seems indeed worthy of all candid consideration—that Latin prelates should at first be bewildered and perplexed by questions raised out of Greek philosophy, and treated with all the subtlety, the inexhaustible versatility, the fine precision of the Greek language, to which the hard and unpliant Latin could not readily adapt itself: that before these questions had been fully discussed, and before any deliberate determination of the Church, Bishops in Rome should have floated about and wavered—perhaps have been betrayed into dangerous concessions, or misguided into logical consequences altogether unforeseen. But for the other heads of the indictment there is no similar apology to be suggested.

Meanwhile the question of most immediate interest to critics is the truth and historic value of the document. Possibly it may be impugned. We can hardly doubt in these days that the most consummate ingenuity and learning will be brought to bear on its authenticity, authority, authorship; but to our present judgment it opens a page of history, new, original, and, with due allowance of course for the character and position of the writer—

though of course a witness so unexpected must be submitted to the severest cross-examination—ingenuous, truthful, and credible. We as yet see no reason whatever to suspect that the writer appears under a misnomer, that he is not the real Origen, and that Origen was not himself present, and personally and busily engaged in the transactions of which M. Miller assigns to him the only record.

ART. VII.—ΕΤΡΗΠΙΔΟΥ ΙΦΙΓΕΝΕΙΑ Η
ΕΝ ΤΑΥΡΟΙΣ. ΕΑΕΝΗ. Textum emen-
davit et notulas subiecit Carolus Badham,
A.M. Londini, MDCCCL. 8vo.

We have always regretted that the philological studies of our Universities should have swerved so widely from the old direction in which they were impelled by the great English scholars at the beginning of this century. Much progress has doubtless been made since that time in the study of things Greek and Roman—law, customs, arts, and domestic life: in a word, of everything belonging to either people, except their speech. Since the death of Dobree, it has been the growing fashion to consider the old languages as the shell, and the other antiquities as the kernel—as if language were not among the most characteristic properties by which a people can be distinguished. This fashion has told upon the text of classics; the efforts which were beginning to rescue them from the innumerable errors and absurdities gathered by continual transcription, came to a halt; nay, a curious reactionary ingenuity by and bye emerged which did battle in defence of every corruption—even the grossest. Thus, barbarous inflexions were explained to be forms adopted from the speech of the vulgar; intolerable constructions were accounted for by the writer's forgetting the commencement of his sentence while he was inditing the end; words, used contrary to all propriety, were justified by a comparison with the vagueness of modern language, or by an appeal to etymologies sometimes arbitrary, always inconclusive.

Lately the current of opinion has, we fear, been setting in against classical studies altogether. From a signal and grievous misconception as to the true source of recent mischiefs produced in one of our Universities, from which her supposed mathematical sister has been comparatively exempt, certain ominous challenges of the real use and effect of this same study of antiquity have been heard. The best answer that Oxford can make to such objections is, to revive that old textual philology—that classi-

cal scholarship, as Elmeley understood it; revive it, by making it an indispensable attainment—and, above all, promoting and encouraging conjectural criticism, by which alone it can be kept active and useful. We scruple not to declare that the decay of this branch of philology is chiefly to be deplored in our Universities, because in those bodies a pursuit of this kind is absolutely necessary to counteract the otherwise mischievous tendency of the studies distinctively academic. The over-refining ingenuity which dialectic and formal sciences are sure to produce, if cultivated to the exclusion of matters of fact, is no argument, most assuredly, against the cultivation of them within their proper limits; but that these limits are absolutely necessary was never more plainly shown than by the recent examples of dialectical acumen driving understandings pre-eminently endued with it into the most irrational bondage.

The only faculty that we can oppose to an over subtle intellect is common sense—and this common sense is in no study more imperiously demanded or more severely trained, than in criticism. When a youth is set down to read, not the book, but the author—to learn what was his peculiar mode of thought as well as what the condition of the language was in his day; when, having acquired a certain tact in discerning his sentiment and style, he re-applies this knowledge to particular passages, and demands whether or not they are genuine or correct—common sense is the faculty which is called into play. His whole business is the weighing of evidence: the evidence for or against the author being himself in fault, if anything is found in his work that is obscure, or extravagant, or contradictory. And when, having duly allowed for bold strokes of diction, intentional vagueness, or natural mistakes, he still persists in condemning any phrase as impossible either in form or in sense; if by chance a careful consideration of what the author would naturally say under such or such circumstances *hints* to him some word or phrase, which when written down scarcely differs in outward shape from the object of his suspicions, the coincidence between what he would expect to read, and what the letters before him suggest, amounts in many cases to such conclusive proof that it is impossible for moral certainty to advance further.

Mr. Badham's work is a professed endeavour to revive among us the now much-neglected art of emendation. It appears that he owes his convictions of the importance of this pursuit to Professor Cobet of Leyden. We remember to have seen an inaugural discourse of that scholar, which struck us as especially useful, because it contained the most brilliant examples of the very art which he desired

to see once more based on the sure ground of palæography. Professor Cobet, having to illustrate the principle that there is a ground of certainty in conjecture, carefully abstained from any examples of uncertain guesses. We wish Mr. Badham, though, in dealing with a single author, he was more liable to the temptation of mixing certain and uncertain conjectures together, had scrupulously followed the pattern which was before him. But although he has not done this, he has shown how much may yet be done for the text of Euripides by careful and critical study. Rejoicing in a *début* of such promise, we propose to lay before our readers a few specimens of what seem to us corrections of the true sort.

In the early part of the *Iphigenia in Tauris*, Orestes and Pylades are introduced conferring together as to the possibility of penetrating the temple wherein is enshrined the statue of Artemis, which Orestes has been commanded by the oracle to take back with him into Greece. The difficulties which present themselves are thus set forth by Orestes:

τί δρῶμεν; ἀμφίβληστρον γὰρ τοίχων ὄρεῖς
ὑψηλά· ποτέρα δωμάτων προσαμβάσεις
ἐκδησίμεσθα; πῶς ἂν οὖν μάθοιμεν ἂν;
ἢ χαλκότευκτα κληῖθρα λύσαντες μόχλοις
ῶν οὐδὲν ἴσμεν; ἢ δ' ἀνοίγοντες πύλας
ληφθῶμεν, εἰσβάσεις τε μηχανώμενοι,
θανούμεθ'.

96 &c.

We agree with the new editor in the necessity for adopting in the third of these lines the reading of one excellent codex *d p'* for the first *dv*—and also Reiske's correction *λάβοιμεν*. Instead of *ῶν οὐδὲν ἴσμεν*, which no commentator has ever been able to explain with the least approach to probability, Mr. Badham, happily, we think, gives us *ᾧ δ' οὐδὲν ἔσμεν*. His reason for the alteration is, that there can be but two ways of entering the temple; both of which must be mentioned by Orestes in order that he may show the difficulties of the case. *How can we escape notice?* is the natural objection to climbing up and getting in between the triglyphs; but to what is the other remark an objection? *If we are found opening the gates, we shall be put to death.* This applies obviously to a proposal of entering the building in the usual way.

The same consideration of natural circumstances has enabled Mr. Badham to get rid of a most ridiculous interpolation of a passage in the speech of the messenger, where he is describing the attempted escape of Orestes and his companions:—

χ' ὡ μὲν τις εἰς θάλασσαν ὠρμήθη ποσὶν,
ἄλλοι δὲ πλεῖστας ἐβανήπτον ἀγκύλας.—1874,
5.

The rushing into the sea, and the endeavour to cast nooses over the prominences of the ship, are the efforts of the barbarians desiring to secure the fugitive crew. No one, when once told of this, can doubt the truth of it; but it is not a little singular that in the Cambridge edition, and in that of Hermann, great pains are taken to show why *the crew of Orestes threw themselves out of the ship, or endeavoured to fasten it by nooses to the rock!*

We agree with the editor that the very troublesome line—

ἀ μναστρευσθεῖσ' ἐξ Ἑλλάνων.—200.

in the first choric part of the play ought not to be cancelled, but merely placed after the following line, so that it may be understood of Clytemnestra. We also are disposed to take *χιλιοναύτα* (140) as a genitive, and to change *μυριοσέχοις* into *χοῦς*, not into *χῆι*: but we do not accept either *στράτου* or *στρατίας* as the lost noun. In the description of the Fury (279)

ἢ δ' ἐκ χιτώνων πύς πνέουσα καὶ φόνον—

Mr. Badham's conjecture *χέλυνων* is ingenious enough, but, in our humble opinion, he had no business whatever to place it in the text; indeed, we should be very glad to know if there is any authority for *χέλυναι* in the plural, except that of Hesychius. Hermann's reading, which makes the Fury breathe fire from her jewel-box (for *χλιδών* must signify the place wherein *χλιδή* is put), seems even more absurd than *χιτώνων*. In the lines which follow (282, &c.):—

παρῆν δ' ὄρεῖν
οὐ ταῦτά μορφῆς σχήματ' ἀλλ' ἡλλάσσετε
φθογγὰς τε μόσχων, καὶ κυνῶν ὑλάγματα,
ἃ φασ' Ἑριννύς ἰδοῖν μμήματα—

we cordially accept the simple emendation *ἄφασχ'*. On the other hand, the alteration in line 384 we reject as rash and unwarrantable; nothing appears to us more certain than Reiske's reading—

τὰ δ' ἐνθάδ' ἡμῆς δόσια φροντισόμεθα:—

the example of Sophocles is rarely sufficient to account for unusual inflexion of the middle voice in a word so middle in its signification as *φροντίζειν*; but Mr. Badham atones for this fault by defending with spirit and success the lines immediately following against the attacks of the Cambridge editor.

The note on line 361 will, we think, convince any reader that *ὃν μοι προσείπας πόνον* is quite inadmissible; but it seems very

doubtful whether of the two very similar corrections proposed by the editor he has not in *περσεύας* chosen the less probable. There appears to us to be no force in the objection that the other is unpoetical; on the contrary, it is by far the most figurative expression, and we, on the whole, take the liberty of believing that Euripides wrote—

ὦν μὲν προσείσας πόνον, ἐν ἀρμάτων ὄχλῳ
εἰς αἰματηρὸν γάμον ἐπὶ δόμουσας δόλῳ.

We regret to observe that there has been no certain rule followed in assigning places to emendations, according to their probability. A more impartial and less arbitrary principle would have placed such a possibility as *δρῆσους* (437) in the margin or amongst the notes, and *ἄπων* (461) in the text; in the former context we much like the reading *ἡμαίμεσιν ἐμβαίνειν δόμοις*—but how is it to be reconciled with the antistrophic passage?

In verse 548, *ὡς οὐ καλὸν δίκαιον ἐξεπραξατο* seems to us a very happy emendation for *ὡς εὖ καλὸν δίκαιον ἐξεπραξατο*. In verse 564, on the contrary, the sense of Mr. Badham's *σύνου*—*κ. τ. λ.* is decidedly inferior to that of the ordinary text. The reflection which we naturally expect is, that agreement of plans and intentions secures common prosperity; the quotation, therefore, from the Phœnissæ does not bear upon the question, because there the other sentiment is more appropriate, namely, that discordancy of ideas is a fruitful source of strife. Still we do not pretend to justify *γ' οὐτω*, nor even *γ' ὥδε*. Perhaps Euripides wrote *τὸ δ' εὖ μάλιστα γίγνεσθαι φιλεῖ*. In line 750 we are much struck with the improvement introduced by reading—

τὸ σῶμα σώσας τοὺς λόγους σώσεις ὁμοῦ,

which last word is substituted for a languid and ungrammatical *ἐμοί*. The common text gives (878, 879)—

σοφῶν γὰρ ἀνδρῶν ταῦτα μὴ ἔβαντας τύχης
καιρὸν λαβόντας ἡδονας ἀλλὰ λαβεῖν.

Here Mr. Badham happily reads *ἡδονῆς*, ἀλλῶς:—but we cannot approve his *μὴ ἔβαντας τυχη*:—*μὴ ἔβαντας τύχης* ought to have been let alone:—‘deserting the vantage ground of fortune’ is surely a sense upon which no one need seek to improve. We agree with Mr. Badham in considering the word *ἀποφθεγγετον*, line 922, as violating the analogy of the language, if understood as Hermann and others have explained it, *unad-dressed*; but we observe that in a small appendix Mr. Badham has wished to cancel the

conjecture *ἀποφθεγγετον*, which was first suggested to him by Herrmann, and he has rightly explained the passage by the well-known formula *λέγουσ' Ἰάσον' ὡς κακίστος ἦν ἀνὴρ*. *Ἐρεκτήναντο μὲν ἀποφθεγγετον ἔπας γενέμεν δίχα* is simply ‘they secretly contrived as to me that I should be made separate.’

The happiest of all the restorations in this play is certainly that in the scene between Thoas and Iphigenia, which students will, no doubt, remember as remarkable for the edifying variety in the order in which the lines follow each other. Mr. Badham, who seems to have a wholesome dread of transpositions, has restored the order of the MSS. and the sense of the passage (v. 1178, &c.) by a most easy and natural remedy:—

Ιφ. καὶ πόλει πέμψον τιν' ὅστις σημανεῖ. Θο.
ποίας τύχας;

Ιφ. ἐν δόμοις μέμνειν ἅπαντας. Θο. μὴ ξυναν-
τῶσιν φόνῳ;

Ιφ. μυστὰ γὰρ τὰ τοιαῦτά ἐστι. Θο. στείχε καὶ
σημανεῖ σύ—

Ιφ. μηδὲν εἰς ὅπιν πελάζειν. Θο. εὖ γε κη-
δεύεις πόλιν.

Ιφ. καὶ φιλῶ γ' οὗς δεῖ μάλιστα. Θο. τοῦτ'
ἐλεξας εἰς ἐμέ;

The reading of the Florentine MS. seems to be *φίλων δ' οὐδεὶς*. The first source of error, as we are informed in a note, was mistaking the sign of the circumflex accent for the straight line drawn above the preceding vowel which is the compendium of the letter *ν*. From the same cause *πλεῖ* was corrupted into *πλεῖν*, in *Helena*, 1667, until Professor Cobet pointed out the error.

Another specimen of gentle but effectual emendation is the more worth mentioning, because it shows how extremely scrupulous the collators of manuscripts ought to be in marking down even those varieties of reading which may at first sight appear nothing but useless blunders. In the *Helena*, at line 517, the Chorus gives an account of the success which has attended Helen in her endeavour to meet with Theonoe, and to ascertain from her the real condition of the absent Menelaus:—

ἤκουσα τὰς θεσπιμῶδου κόρας,
ἃ χρήζουσ' ἐφάνη 'ν ευράνοις
δόμοις.—*κ. τ. λ.*

Here the reading of the best MS. is *ἐφάνην*, which Mr. Badham has adopted and written thus *ἐφάνη 'ν*. Of the conjectures in the *Helena*, the happiest appear to us to be the following: 183, omit *δυσβάσσειν*, and place a sign of hiatus after *ἐλακεν*; 277, *ἀφ' οὐ* for *οὐτος*; 507, *σχῆσι* for *ἐχσι*; 688, *εἰς* *μοι* for *ὧμοι*; 907, *καιρίως* for *μαχα-*

πίως; 1000, πανήστρα; for πανήσομαι; 1279, ἐξέλου for ἐξελω; 1457, αὔρας for αὔραις.

A large proportion of the notes is taken up in exhibiting instances, many of them highly amusing, of palæographical confusions: among them the illustrations on the last Chorus of the *Helena*, of compendia mistaken for complete words, and *vice versâ*, are the most interesting—and the restoration of a passage in Livy is so felicitous that we cannot forbear transcribing it:—

‘In Liv. l. 22, cap. 34, *Consulatum unum certe plebis Romanæ esse: populum liberum habiturum ac daturum ei qui magis vere vincere quam diu imperare maluit*. Verba sunt Ter. Varronis in Fabianam cunctationem acerbè concionantis. Nemo semel monitus dubitabit quin mature legendum sit, quod in *mā uere* facile potuit corrumpti.’

We now take our leave of this performance, and of the preface thereto, which contains many ingenuities of a like kind, with the expression of much satisfaction at the endeavour here manifested, and with the hope that, in any future attempts, the editor will remember that he is an *editor*, and not suffer himself, in a fit of hastiness, to become the most useless of all possible *authors*, by supplying from mere invention the gaps of an author whom it would be presumption to rival. From Aristophanes downwards Euripides has been the public butt and the private favourite of all philosophical minds. This is why so many more of his plays have reached us than of *Æschylus* or *Sophocles*: why he was, as well as is, so much oftener quoted—witness the number of his fragments which have been preserved. He is not to be compared with *Æschylus* for the sustained poetry of his diction; nor can he, as a dramatist, in the strictly technical sense of the word, compete with *Sophocles*—for action is not his forte. He who excelled in this, and had the skill to preserve an unity of plot through a curious complexity of details, was doubtless well appreciated by a refined auditory educated in austere principles of art; but Euripides addressed himself to a larger class; his aim was to teach the people, to educate them into a capacity for sentiment and reflection. Hence he must needs become less dramatic, and deal more with the feelings and thoughts of those whom he impersonates; and if sometimes we are offended by this licence pushed to an extreme, so that the poet himself obviously talks through his character, we may fairly plead for him that, in his desire to communicate his mind to even the meanest of his countrymen, he designedly set aside the rules of an art which he must have thoroughly

understood. If his kings talk like beggars—or again his domestics utter thoughts worthy of philosophers—it is owing to the conviction which filled him that there is a common ground of humanity which brings men far closer in reality than the accidental differences of life seem to indicate. Of course, the haters of popular education hated him as they hated Socrates—charged him with sophistry and impiety as recklessly as they had charged his great teacher; but neither the one nor the other was answerable for the spirit of speculation that was then extending through all classes, much less for the direction which it finally took; they could neither allay nor excite it: to give it wholesome tendencies, to make it subservient to moral good, was the honest endeavour of both. But to teach, whether children or people, you must begin by pleasing them; and that which pleases the multitude will be very different from that which is addressed to the more strictly schooled intellect. This accounts for all those peculiarities in Euripides which are commonly called marks of a degenerating drama; the too florid lyrical measures, the excessive variety of unconnected incident, the strangeness of the story, the bustle of the stage. A dramatist must write for an audience; but the only audience which he thought it worth his while to labour for was one which could be gained only by the condescension of his genius to their capacity; and were they not worth gaining? Could a man who felt conscious of possessing such an exquisite power of pathos help believing that it was a faculty most nobly employed in taming democratic fierceness? Assuredly, if any virtue can be instilled by education, it is that of humanity; most cruelty, especially of a mob or of children, is thoughtlessness, and in numberless cases nothing is needed for the removal of it but awakening gentler sympathies by skillful delineations of suffering. It is here that Euripides is strong, and it is here that he is nobly simple. Yet this great popular instructor passes with some for a caviller, this most tender-hearted poet for a woman-hater, this author of pure eloquence for a maker of phrases!

ART. VIII.—1. *Horæ Liturgicæ; containing*—I. *Liturgical Discrepancy, its Extent, Evil, and Remedy, in two Letters to the Clergy of his Diocese.* II. *Liturgical Harmony, its Obligations, Means, and Security against Error, whether Popish or Puritanical; in a Charge to Candidates for Holy Orders.* By the Right Reverend Richard Mant, D.D., Lord Bishop of Down and Connor and Dromore. 1845.

2. *How shall we Conform to the Liturgy of the Church of England?* By James Oraigie Robertson, M.A., of Trinity College, Cambridge, Curate of Boxley. 1843.
3. *Church Difficulties. A charge delivered to the Clergy of the Archdeaconry of Middlesex, in May, 1851.* By the Ven. John Sinclair, A.M., Archdeacon of Middlesex, and Vicar of Kensington. 1851.
4. *Lights on the Altar not in use by authority of Parliament in the Second Year of the Reign of King Edward VI.; with Remarks on Conformity.* By the Rev. S. L. Vogan, A.M., Prebendary of Wightring, and Vicar of Walburton-with-Yapton, Sussex. 1851.
5. *On the Use of Lights on the Communion Table in the Daytime.* By the Honourable and Reverend A. P. Perceval, B.C.L., of All Souls College, late Chaplain to the Queen. 1851.

THOSE of our readers who recollect the view which we took in May, 1843 (Q.R. vol. lxii.) of the *Innovations* attempted of late years in the ritual of our Church by a class of the clergy commonly called Puseyites, will be prepared for, and, we trust, participate in, our satisfaction at the admonitory letter recently addressed by twenty-four English Prelates to the clergy of their dioceses. The intrinsic importance of that document—its, as we may say, *synodal* character—and its close connexion with subjects already so often discussed in our pages, induce us to place it in *extenso* at the beginning of this article:—

‘We, the undersigned Archbishops and Bishops of the Provinces of Canterbury and York, do most earnestly and affectionately commend the following Address to the serious consideration of the clergy of our respective Dioceses:

J. B. (Sumner) CANTUAR.
 T. (Musgrave) EBOR.
 C. J. (Blomfield) LONDON.
 E. (Maltby) DURELM.
 C. R. (Sumner) WINTON.
 J. (Kaye) LINCOLN.
 C. (Bethell) BANGOR.
 H. (Percy) CARLISLE.
 G. (Murray) ROCHESTER.
 J. H. (Monk) GLOUCESTER and BRISTOL.
 C. T. (Longley) RIFON.
 E. (Denison) SARUM.
 G. (Davys) PETERBOROUGH.
 C. (Thirlwall) ST. DAVIDS.
 H. (Pepys) WORCESTER.
 A. T. (Gilbert) CICESTR.
 J. (Lonsdale) LICHFIELD.
 T. (Tutton) ELY.
 S. (Wilberforce) OXON.
 T. V. (Short) ST. ASAPH.
 J. (Graham) CHESTER.
 S. (Hinds) NORWICH.

A. (O'Hanlon) LLANDAFF.

Auckland (Lord) SODOR and MAN.

‘Beloved Brethren,—We have viewed with the deepest anxiety the troubles, suspicions, and discontents which have of late, in some parishes, accompanied the introduction of ritual observances exceeding those in common use amongst us.

‘We long indulged the hope that, under the influence of charity, forbearance, and a calm estimate of the small importance of such external forms, compared with the blessing of united action in the great spiritual work which is before our Church, these heats and jealousies might by mutual concessions be allayed. But since the evil still exists, and in one most important feature has assumed a new and more dangerous character, we feel that it is our duty to try whether an earnest and united address on our part may tend, under the blessing of God, to promote the restoration of peace and harmony in the Church.

‘The principal point in dispute is this—whether, where the letter of the Rubric seems to warrant a measure of ritual observance, which yet, by long and possibly by unbroken practice, has not been carried out, the clergy are either in conscience required, or absolutely at liberty to act each upon his own view of the letter of the precept rather than by the rule of common practice. Now, as to this question, we would urge upon you the following considerations:—First, that any change of usages with which the religious feelings of a congregation have become associated is in itself so likely to do harm that it is not to be introduced without the greatest caution; secondly, that, beyond this, any change which makes it difficult for the congregation at large to join in service is still more to be avoided; thirdly, that any change which suggests the fear of still further alterations is most injurious; and, fourthly, that, according to the rule laid down in the Book of Common Prayer, where anything is doubted or diversely taken “concerning the manner how to understand, do, and execute the things contained in that book, the parties that so doubt, or diversely take anything, shall always resort to the Bishop of the diocese, who, by his discretion, shall take order for the quieting and appeasing of the same, so that the same order be not contrary to anything contained in that book.”

‘The fair application of these principles would, we believe, solve most of the difficulties which have arisen. It would prevent all sudden and startling alterations, and it would facilitate the reception of any change which was really lawful and desirable. We would, therefore, first urge upon our Reverend brethren with affectionate earnestness the adoption of such a rule of conduct. We would beseech all who, whether by excess or defect, have broken in upon the uniformity and contributed to relax the authority of our ritual observances, to consider the importance of unity and order, and by common consent to avoid whatever might tend to violate them. In recommending this course as the best under present circumstances, we do not shut our eyes to the evil of even the appearance of any discrepancy existing between the written law and the

practice of the Church. But there are many cases where the law may be variously interpreted; and we believe that we are best carrying out her own principles in urging you to have recourse in all such cases to the advice of her chief pastors.

But beyond mere attempts to restore an unusual strictness of ritual observance, we have to deal with a distinct and serious evil. A principle has of late been avowed and acted on, which, if admitted, would justify far greater and more uncertain changes. It is this—that as the Church of England is the ancient Catholic Church settled in this land before the Reformation, and was then reformed only by the casting away of certain strictly defined corruptions; therefore, whatever form or usage existed in the Church before its reformation may now be freely introduced and observed, unless there can be alleged against it the distinct letter of some formal prohibition.

Now, against any such inference from the undoubted identity of the Church before and after the Reformation we feel bound to enter our clear and unhesitating protest. We believe that at the Reformation the English Church not only rejected certain corruptions, but also, without in any degree severing her connection with the ancient Catholic Church, intended to establish one uniform ritual, according to which her public services should be conducted. But it is manifest that a license such as is contended for is wholly incompatible with any uniformity of worship whatsoever, and at variance with the universal practice of the Catholic Church, which has never given to the officiating ministers of separate congregations any such large discretion in the selection of ritual observances.

We, therefore, beseech any who may have proposed to themselves the restoration of what, under sanction of this principle, they deemed a lawful system, to consider the dangers which it involves; to see it in its true light, and to take a more just and sober view of the real position of our Church; whilst with equal earnestness we beseech others, who, either by intentional omission or by neglect and laxity, may have disturbed the uniformity and weakened the authority of our prescribed ritual, to strengthen the side of order by avoiding all unnecessary deviations from the Church's rule.

'Such harmony of action we are persuaded would, under God's blessing, go far towards restoring the peace of the Church. This happy result would more clearly exhibit her spiritual character. The mutual relations of her various members would be more distinctly perceived, and our lay brethren would more readily acknowledge the special trust committed to us as stewards of the mysteries of God "for the edifying of the body of Christ." They would join with us in asserting, and, if need be, defending for themselves, as much as for us, the true spiritual freedom of the Church. They would unite with us in a more trustful spirit, and therefore with a more ready will, in enlarging her means and strengthening her powers for the great work she has to do amongst the swarming multitudes of our great towns at home and of our vast dominions abroad; and that Church, which has so long re-

ceived from the hands of God such unequalled blessings, might continue to be, yea, and become more and more, "a praise in the earth."

'March 29, 1851.'

To the spirit and principle of this paper we hope we shall not be thought presumptuous in offering our cordial assent. We subscribe to its doctrine; we admire its temper; and we anticipate for it the hearty concurrence of the vast majority of those to whom it is with so striking a combination of argument and authority addressed. But we hope also that we shall not be accused of an opposite kind of presumption and of being over-difficult to please, when we venture to point out two or three circumstances, as to which, though incidental and accessory only, and in nowise subtractive from the value of the document, it would be uncandid in us, and (as we think) unfair to the great cause we advocate, to suppress some expression of regret.

First, we believe everybody must lament that it has come at least ten years too late—come after matters had grown desperate with some, inveterate with others, uneasy and vexatious to all. And perhaps, in the *wording* of the preamble, it might have more exactly met the facts of the case as well as the views of the Prelates themselves, if the 'anxiety' expressed about the 'troubles' occasioned by resisting the Puseyite innovations had been directed more distinctly against the Innovations themselves. Nor should we have chosen such an occasion for treating the 'external forms' of the Church as in any view of 'small importance.' We are well aware that such words are merely conciliatory *forms* used in the conciliatory spirit of the whole document; and we notice them *as such*, that they may not be hereafter misconstrued as an admission that there was room for 'mutual concessions'—an inference directly at variance with the main object of the Address, which in fact concedes and compromises nothing; and which, with God's blessing and a firm resolution on the part of the subscribing prelates to see it executed, will, we trust, leave nothing of this at once serious and silly schism, but clearer views of the true *principle* of ritual uniformity, and a sharper vigilance against the insidious arts with which Romanism so ingeniously contrived to mask its approaches.

A second regret arises at first sight from observing that the Irish branch of our United Church appears to be *absent* from this important and synodal movement; particularly as the work of Dr. Mant, late Bishop of Down, the title of which stands at the head of this paper, was the most direct and decided episcopal encouragement which the innovators had received. But the fact is that the Irish clergy

have been, by their closer acquaintance with practical Popery, protected against the Puseyite infection. Even Bishop Mant's book produced no ill effect but for one moment in one narrow neighbourhood; its general and permanent result was the very reverse of what the bishop intended. It was therefore thought inexpedient to embrace the clergy of the sister island in an admonition which was necessary only in the '*provinces of Canterbury and York*.' It is satisfactory that this last phrase tacitly, at least, recognises the identity of the Church in England and Ireland; and we believe we may safely add that, if local circumstances had required it, the Irish bench would have given its unanimous assent to the Address. We the more gladly record this explanation, because we are convinced that any separation of the two branches of our Church would inevitably cause the early and total extinction of both—not, of course, as a form of Christianity—not as a spiritual Church; *as such* she will endure as long as human intelligence and society—but as an *Establishment*! If the Irish branch be rent away, the sister branch will die by the same wound—a more lingering, perhaps, but an equally certain death. And let us add another solemn truth—the fate of the Church will be the fate of the countries! The Countries and their Church, their monarchy, their power, and their rank among nations, must stand or fall together!

The third topic is more grave—that the Address wants the concurrence of four English bishops, Dr. Bagot of Bath and Wells, Dr. Hampden of Hereford, Dr. Lee of Manchester, and Dr. Phillpotts of Exeter. The three former have not given, that we are aware of, any reason for their refusal. It has been suggested that Bishop Bagot's state of health may account in some degree for his silence. Of the motives of Bishops Hampden and Lee we have heard nothing, and can only say that the general dissatisfaction at their original appointment will not, we fear, be diminished by this additional contrast to the majority of their colleagues. But the Bishop of Exeter has not been silent. That eminent prelate has in a recent Pastoral Letter announced very emphatically the reasons, or we might perhaps rather say the *reason*, for there seems to be practically but one, of his dissent:—namely, that it appeared to him '*little short of a mockery*' to address the Clergy upon such '*small matters*,' instead of remonstrating with the Crown on the great question involved in what for shortness we will call the Gorham Case; and his Lordship informs us that, instead of a measure so '*manifestly nugatory*,' he proposed to his Right Reverend brethren an Address to

the Queen to rescue the Church from a state of '*paralysis*' by summoning the Convocation.

We need not, we hope, profess our affectionate reverence for the Bishop of Exeter. We do not doubt that in the Gorham case his Lordship was entirely right in point of doctrine, and we cordially sympathise with his natural and reasonable feelings of dissatisfaction at the result, as well as at many of the incidents, of that vexatious affair: but serious as we may think the doctrinal importance of the Gorham Case, we cannot persuade ourselves that it is of so engrossing, so absorbing a nature, as to require or justify the suspension, much less the dereliction, of other, even though minor, considerations and duties. The evils in question are not *ejusdem generis*; heresy is one thing, ritual irregularity is another. Surely it can be no valid reason for not attempting to cure or to stay a lesser evil, that you cannot previously remove a greater one of an altogether different character. Let us, for instance, adopt the Bishop's own metaphor, and suppose that a person afflicted with *paralysis* has had the additional misfortune of breaking one of his limbs; would you prevent the surgeon's setting it until a consultation of physicians should have cured him of the palsy? Nor can we admit that these Puseyite innovations are *small matters*, though they are, we confess, very silly ones. If they were merely *nugatory*, we might yet again answer, *hæc nugæ seriâ ducunt in mala*; but we have too respectful a remembrance of the Bishop of Exeter's former Charges to admit that, though there may be greater matters, *these* in their results and consequences are to be regarded as *small*. On the 19th of November, 1844, the Bishop addressed a '*Pastoral Letter to his Clergy on THE OBSERVANCE OF THE RUBRIC*,' which commenced thus:—

'Reverend and dear Brethren,—I address you on a subject of *very deep interest* to us all—the diversity of practice in the worship of *Almighty God*, which, in concurrence with *other unhappy* events, has threatened to involve us in a state of painful, I had almost said *perilous* disunion.'

The Pastoral Letter proceeds to treat these subjects as involving the highest obligations of law and conscience; and it closes with a solemnity that would surely not have been employed on '*small nugatory matters*':—

'I conclude with entreating you to join me in fervent prayer to Him who is the *Author of Peace and Lover of Concord*, that he will accept and bless this our humble endeavour to promote peace and concord amongst us within his own house and in his own immediate service.'

We confine ourselves in this to us particu-

early painful discussion to the reason given by the Bishop for his dissent; and however much we may regret the absence of a name so high in learning, talents, and piety, it is some satisfaction to find that the specified point of difference seems rather formal and occasional than substantial; and that it neither does nor could have been intended to invalidate the intrinsic value and transcendent authority of the Address of so large a majority of the prelates. Nor do we apprehend that the dioceses of the recusant bishops are likely to exhibit any unseemly discrepancy from the rest of England—even if they dissented from the substance of the document, which does not at all appear—for it must be recollected that they, bishops and dioceses, are still—to a degree sufficient, we believe, to ensure uniformity—under the, at least, appellate jurisdiction of the Metropolitan.

But there is still another topic of consolation to be found in these otherwise regrettable differences. They can hardly fail to afford a most salutary lesson to the Church, and a lesson the more forcible from the circumstances in which and the person by whom it is conveyed. We have of late heard much, too much we think, of the legal authority and practical advantages of Convocations and Synods for quieting dissensions in the Church. The Bishop of Exeter, as we have just seen, considers them as not merely a sovereign, but the *only* specific remedy for such disorders. But does not this very occasion authorize us to ask what can be rationally expected from any such assemblies when we find that the result of friendly and confidential conferences of eight-and-twenty prelates, met in the library at Lambeth, in a common interest for a common purpose, with every incentive to conciliation and no disturbing causes, has been to widen the breach by the open secession of four important dioceses from the rest of England?

We are satisfied that the few thinking men who may have hitherto been inclined to adopt the idea that national synods and convocations would insure unity of either doctrine or discipline, will now be convinced that the Houses of Convocation—upper or lower—would probably have no great resemblance to the Temple of Concord.

While we regret that the declaration of our Prelates has been so long delayed, we admit that there were serious difficulties in the way of an earlier demonstration. What were the real feelings and intentions of certain members of the University of Oxford in originating what may be called the Tractarian movement, we are not called upon to conjecture; but we have repeatedly expressed, and still adhere to the conviction, that it was mainly supported from

pure and pious motives. Undoubtedly, at all events, some of the most amiable and personally respectable, if not the most prudent and profound of the clerical order, soon joined zealously in what professed to be an endeavour to conduct the service of our Church on a higher principle of conformity and unity than had been, *it was said*, recently practised. The heads of the Church could not but approve such a spirit, and, as the innovations affected to be no more than a restoration of observances directly required by the *rubrics*, which, it was alleged, were (even though partially disused) irrevocably binding both in conscience and in law on the whole clergy, they were naturally reluctant to take any step that might seem to contravene the strict rubrical code. They may also have very naturally hoped that any excess of zeal in so right a direction would ere long correct itself: and to a certain degree this expectation was confirmed. A majority of the clergy and nearly all of the laity speedily discovered—if indeed they had ever for a moment lost sight of—the important share that *usage* has always had in our Church services:—not a few even of those who had made themselves prominent in the movement perceived in good time that they were getting out of their depth, and hastened to regain *terra firma*. But a large portion still held out; some neophytes (to say nothing of their first leaders) were already Papists at their hearts—yearning after an infallible guide; some were influenced by a kind of clerical *esprit de corps*; others by a variety of self-delusions more or less venial. One or two of the Bishops, in a well-intended but ill-judged attempt at conciliation, gave, as all half-measures and compromises with perverse antagonists are sure to do, consistency to what they meant to discourage, and discouraged what they would rather have supported. The innovators entrenched themselves behind what they called the *written law*, which they affected to regard as the *whole law*. It was not for the heads of the Church to impugn that authority; and *as yet* there was no tangible proof, though there were growing indications, that this over zeal for the rubrics was (with a considerable class) the *shibboleth* of Popery.* Many and ingenious were the ways in which the artful machinists

* Archdeacon Sinclair in his very sensible Charge recalls the important fact, often noticed by ourselves, that the earlier *Tracts* *avowed* the most uncompromising hostility to Popery. From No. III., for example, he quotes these words:—

'A union [with Rome] is impossible. 'Their communion is infected with heterodoxy. We are bound to flee from it as from a pestilence. They have established a *lie* in the place of God's truth, and by their claim of immutability in doctrine cannot undo the sin they have committed. They cannot repent. Popery must be destroyed. It cannot be reformed.'

worked. The chief demonstrations were made on points which, if not absolutely *small matters*, would have been in themselves of no serious importance,—but they became so when they were by and by recognized as the sign and symbol of a *Romanising party*.

All this anxiety, however, for the general authority of the rubrics was a mere deception—the rubrics generally had never been disputed, nor systematically nor wantonly departed from. The whole question in fact turned on *one single rubric*, viz., that in the Communion Service, which seemed—contrary to a general and immemorial usage—to require the use of the Offertory and of the Church-militant prayer, even when there was no Communion; and as this interpretation obliged the minister—instead of dismissing the congregation with a blessing from the pulpit—to return first to the vestry room again to resume his surplice, and again to the Communion-table for these supplemental services, it afforded an argument *ab inconvenienti* for the revival, or rather for the introduction of the practice that Laud had in vain endeavoured to impose on the clergy two centuries before, of ‘*preaching in their whites*.’ We do not believe that there was any particular interest felt about the Church-militant prayer—which, however excellent in what the clergy and congregations had so long decided to be its *proper place*—seems superfluous when used as an *adjunct* to the ordinary Morning, Litany, and Altar services; but it was now contended for because it was the most prominent, if indeed not the only rubrical deviation that afforded a flag of distinction, and because the rubric that provided for it seemed also to include the ‘Offertory’ and the ‘*preaching in whites*.’

But though this was the first object, logic as well as party soon drove these ultra-rubricians—as we may well call them—to look out for other flaws and blots, and, finding nothing really worth quarrelling about, to eke out their system by inferential or imaginary rubrics for credence-tables—candlesticks—worshipping to the east—standing on the west* side of the table with their backs to the congregation—genuflexions, bowings, crossings,

intoning, rood-screens, acolyths, and the like, for which there was not only not a shadow of rubrical countenance, but against which there was a combination of rubrical, canonical, historical, and legislative authority, confirmed, as far back as our evidence goes, by the uninterrupted practice and usage of the Church of England ever since the Reformation.

Neither the clergy nor public at large would tolerate these superstitious practices, and at length, finding that England was not to be Romanized either by false logic in interpreting the rubrics, or by the glare of Puseyite pomp and paraphernalia, all the most eminent and distinguished among the first practitioners and partizans of these innovations (except a very few who must forgive the world for suspecting that they prefer their emoluments to their theories), have thrown off the mask under which they had for a dozen years been endeavouring, and not without some success, to delude their brethren and their congregations, and have at last given us tardy evidence of sincerity by passing over into the Roman camp. We have not a reproachful word nor a derogatory thought for those converts, *as such*. We respect their consciences, if not their understandings. We hope they may find comfort in the bosom of their new mother; and we are so far from regretting their secession on our own account that we congratulate the Church at being relieved from their ‘half-faced fellowship!’ and we trust that any, who still profess our faith but think with them, may hasten to follow their example. Our only complaint is that they did not earlier relieve themselves and us from those embarrassments, and that they should have gone on—while this apostacy was smouldering in their hearts—*cineri dolose*,—enjoying the preferences and exercising the influence and authority of that Church whose destruction they meditated. For the *individuals*, it is a kind of apology, that such Jesuitical double dealing is one of the most remarkable characteristics of the accommodating faith they have embraced.

We are convinced that a number of these who take a lively interest in these questions—many even who have thought seriously, and some who have written largely upon them—are very imperfectly aware how little of our Church service is regulated by these rubrics, and how infinitely more by unwritten and traditional habits and customs. For this, among other reasons, we are induced to attempt a rather detailed examination of the general subject, which, although we and others before us have touched on particular points, has not, that we know of, been systematically treated. Whether we consider ourselves as addressing persons who conscien-

* It was curious to observe that some Puseyites, who did not venture on this flagrant irregularity, but were still desirous of giving the table the character of an altar, used slyly to place themselves just at the north-west corner of the table, thus half complying with the Rubric, which enjoined the north, and half indulging their Romanising propensity for the west—like an obstinate child that, if forbidden to put its hand on a table, will out of perverseness put on its finger. We have seen this puerility actually practiced and persisted in by several, and particularly by two leading persons, who have since openly gone over to Rome. We suspect that it was a kind of free-mason’s sign amongst them.

tiously advocate a large revision and emendation of the rubrics—or those who hold the, as we trust, far more general opinion—namely, that of the *sufficiency of the present rubric taken in connexion with the ancient and general usage of our Church*—in either of these views, we think it an object of considerable importance and interest to show in what an unexpected number of cases the rubric neither affords, nor professes to afford, any direct instruction for our ritual guidance.—Such an attempt seems indeed to be the more called for at this moment, since we find, to our great regret, that some demur seems to be already made to the Address of the Prelates, as giving too much authority to Usage. Vague apprehensions are expressed at any supposed ‘departures from the Rubrics of the Prayer Book’—and we are asked ‘how can custom make a thing lawful, or absolve the conscience from a promise not to do it?’ (*Vogan*, 74.)

We purpose to answer all such questions by showing that if it was not by the help of *custom*—supplying the omissions, explaining the obscurities, and reconciling the inconsistency of the rubrics—it would be absolutely impossible to take *one single step* towards the performance of divine service. The rubrics are lights placed *here and there* for or general guidance, but they are not, as we shall, we believe, be able to prove, the active principle that enables us to walk.—We are as well aware as any one can be, to how little weight our opinion may be entitled, and how deficient we are in those higher requisites that create authority, but we think the facts which present themselves are so decisive, that even in our hands they cannot fail to establish the proposition which we have thus advanced.

We must begin by a short notice of the *Horæ Liturgicæ*, published some eight years since—a work of which we cannot approve either the object or the execution, and should, if the author was still living, have ventured to complain of *ad hominem*. As it is, we produce it merely as a piece of evidence in the discussion. Bishop Mant, a most respectable, learned, and amiable man, was over-persuaded (as we have heard) to adopt, contrary to the *practice of his own long and respectable ministry*, the Puseyite construction of the Church-militant rubric; and it was thought favourable to the cause of *Rubric versus Usage* to exhibit the monstrous extent and danger of diversity, in a catalogue of no less than *seventy* different modes of performing Divine Service—an indictment against the Clergy of seventy counts for neglect or disobedience of the Rubrics of the Church. If all or any serious number of these charges had been well founded, it is obvious that the right reverend critic himself, after an episcopate of five-and-twenty years,

would have been the person really responsible for such irregularities. But it was not so. The Bishop of Down had not neglected his duties—his clergy were and are as orderly, and in every way as respectable, as any in the United Kingdom—the variations he was prompted to complain of were either accidental or trivial, or wholesome—and were, we believe, suggested by his officious advisers to the old bishop’s censure only for the sake of the three great innovations about the surplice, the offertory, and the Church-militant prayer—to justify, by so large a catalogue of discrepancies, an attempt to enforce these points, by confounding them with sixty-seven others, most of them insignificant, and none of them important;—a device as ingenious, but not more successful, than that of Dean Swift’s celebrated Irish footman, who thought he had performed a most dexterous exploit in passing off a clipped shilling in a handful of halfpence.

A few examples of the kind of difficulties conjured up for this occasion will justify both the levity and severity of our observation:—

‘1. In some Churches the service is commenced with a psalm, in others not.’—*Mant*, p. 11.

7 and 10. When a psalm consists of an uneven number of verses, sometimes the minister reads [out of his alternate turn] the first verse of the *Gloria Patri*. Sometimes he leaves it to the people.—p. 12.

13. Some ministers in giving out the lesson say “Here beginneth such a chapter of such a book;”—others *erroneously* say “The first (or second) lesson appointed for this morning’s (or evening’s) service is such a chapter of such a book.”—p. 13.

15. At the conclusion of every lesson, while one minister says “*Here endeth*,” another will say “*Thus endeth*.”—p. 14.

22. After the lessons some clergymen confine themselves *exclusively* to the *Te Deum* or the *Jubilate*;—others use occasionally the *Benedicite* or *Benedictus*.—p. 15.

26. Some give out the collect—saying the collect for such a Sunday; some read the collect without announcing it.—p. 16.

32. The prayer for the High Court of Parliament is read by some from the opening of the session to its prorogation; others disuse it during a recess or long adjournment.—p. 17.

Some of these, and of fifty or sixty similar questions, are no questions at all, being in fact left optional by the rubric; others are quite indifferent, some merely accidental, others we believe altogether fanciful, and none of the discrepancies of any real importance, or more than a word from the bishop or one of his archdeacons would have removed. A few of the items that affect more serious points we shall have occasion to notice as we proceed with our more detailed examination of the

service. But the general effect of these capricious complaints on our mind is only to prove the substantial uniformity in which the service has been conducted throughout both countries; and that 'there was never anything by the wit of man so well devised' in which ingenious or litigious men might not find or make petty differences and distinctions. The whole system of the Puseyite nicety proceeds on the assumption that the Rubric is in itself a complete and perfect code, which not only does not require, but utterly rejects the aid and the authority of traditional Usage. This, however, everybody but the wilfully blind must see is a degree of perfection and infallibility which even the most carefully worded laws and statutes do not pretend to, and which courts of justice as well as common sense, and the *prefatory Rubric of the book of Common Prayer itself* admit to be unattainable in any human production. The Rubric itself makes no such exclusive pretensions. It distinctly recognises the existence and maintenance of *usages* which it does not specify; and there is not, we believe, one page of the liturgy in which the rubrics would be sufficient to guide public worship without the help and illustration of tradition and usage. Without that help the very first essential elements of divine service would be unsettled. For instance, the rubric determines neither the *time* nor the *place* of the service, nor the *person*, nor the *vestments* of the *minister*, nor a number of accessory but necessary items in the performance of the officers. By the light of rubrics alone the parson could not get into his surplice, nor into his reading-desk, nor into his pulpit, nor even determine the great Feasts of the year. If we were to ask for a rubric at every step, the minister would never get out of the vestry.

To begin with the beginning—the Calendar—and with the chief and cardinal point of the Calendar—Easter:—

∴ 'EASTER-DAY (on which the rest depend) is always the first Sunday after the full moon which happens upon or next after the 21st day of March; and if the full moon happens on a Sunday, Easter-day is the Sunday after.'—*Rubric to the Calendar.*

This is sufficiently clear—rather more so than directions about the use of the Church-militant prayer—or the *proclaiming* of psalms—it is a case on which no difficulty seems possible—it stands on the face of the Prayer Book not merely as a rubric of 1662, but as advisedly confirmed by the statute drawn up with so much consideration and care for the reformation of the Calendar and the alteration of the Style in 1751. What can be more ex-

plicit, more certain? Well, 'tis all a delusion! In the year 1845—as it was in the year 1818, and as it must be at other encyclical periods—the first full moon after the 21st of March fell on Sunday the 23rd, at 8 o'clock in the evening, and so clearly Easter-day should have been on Sunday the 30th of March—but no such thing; a subsequent and unexplained line in one of the tables following the Calendar appoints Easter-day for the 23rd of March;—and all the solemnities of Easter-day were completed and finished even *before* the change of the moon—the fundamental rule having carefully provided that they should not take place till *a week after* the change of the moon. We need not remind our readers that this discrepancy arises from the assumption in early times that a month consists exactly of twenty-eight days, and that therefore the *fourteenth day* of the moon must be the full moon—an error of a day and a half;—and this *fourteenth day* having been Saturday, the 22nd, Easter was held, in defiance of law, nature, the general rubric, and even St. Paul's injunction—'*Let no man judge you in respect of a new moon*'—on Sunday the 23rd, the real full moon happening only at 8 o'clock on the latter evening;—the fact simply being that the rubrics (copied into the statute) confound the ecclesiastical, that is, an imaginary full moon with the real one. Thus, then, *in limine*, we find that the clearest of rubrics, and the most solemnly sanctioned, gives way before a *practice* founded on considerations which the Rubric does not explain.*

Being thus condemned to keep all the movable feasts of such years as 1818, 1845, &c., in defiance of the leading Rubric, let us proceed to Church; but, even before we enter it, we are met by a difficulty. The rubric prescribes, decidedly and repeatedly, a '*daily morning and a daily evening service throughout the year.*' We all know how imperfectly that indisputable injunction is observed. The Bishop of London, in his Charge of 1842, which showed so much respect to some obsolete and ambiguous rubrics, was, we surmise in self-defence, obliged to suppose that 'the framers of this rubric never intended that it should be obeyed.' We expressed our opinion in March, 1843, that the framers of the rubric probably meant it to be effective, as it had no doubt been in old times; but we fully agreed that it had, by the change of circumstances, become, in a great majority of cases, morally and even physically impracticable; and we drew a conclusion, which we now repeat, that if the clearest and most important rubrics are thus set aside for extraneous con-

* A member of the University of Oxford published in 1818 a protest against the mis-observance of Easter.—See *Comp. to the Alm.* 1845, p. 34.

siderations, it seems very inconsistent to be so zealous about other rubrics of certainly less value and importance. But even on the service days, before a word can be uttered, some serious—very serious—matters are to be settled.

The order for morning service is prefaced by this preparatory Rubric:—

‘And here it is to be noted that such ornaments of the church, and of the ministers thereof, at all times of their ministration, shall be retained and be in use, as were in this Church of England, by the authority of Parliament, in the second year of King Edward VI.’

Our readers are aware that for the class of subjects we are now discussing this is the most important Rubric in the whole book. It is the sole rubrical authority for the decoration of our churches and the habits of our ministers, and by it must be determined the questions, lately grown so serious, of gowns and surplices, candle-sticks, credence-tables, and so forth. Of course, then, we might naturally expect to find in the book itself some practical explanation of what is thus enjoined. We find none! Such of us as happen to have access to the statutes at large, refer to them for the alleged parliamentary authority—but, again, we find nothing like what we are in search of. The second year of King Edward VI. began on the 28th of January, 1548, and ended on the 27th of January, 1549. Now we assert that in that year there was no authority of Parliament on any such subject. In the first year of Edward VI. he had published certain Injunctions concerning those matters, and there then existed a statute, 31 Henry VIII., ch. 8, which enacted that ‘Proclamations made by the King’s Highness with the advice of his Honourable Council shall be obeyed and kept as though they were made by Act of Parliament; but that act was repealed in the first of Edward VI., subsequent to the Injunctions, in these large words, ‘all and every branch, article, and matter in the same statute mentioned or declared, shall be from henceforth repealed and utterly made void and of NONE EFFECT.’ It cannot be rationally argued that the Injunctions thus repealed by Parliament in the first of Edward had the authority of Parliament in the second of Edward. If they continued in use at all it could only be by the King’s prerogative authority, and not assuredly by what the Rubric requires, *the authority of Parliament*. Moreover, whatever pretence of royal authority they might have is utterly annihilated by subsequent Acts. The question, however, as to these Injunctions is of no importance, except as to the single point of the legality of the two lights on the altar, which they ‘suffered to remain.’ Mr. Robertson, of

whose diligence and judgment we beg leave to repeat our former acknowledgement, shows that the Bishop of London’s partial compliance with the restoration of ‘*candles, provided they were not to be lighted*,’ was a double mistake, for even during the short time that they were by law *suffered to remain*, it was as being ‘*on-light*,’ and not as what were satirically and truly called ‘*lumina cæca*.’ Mr. Vogan and Mr. Perceval in their pamphlets examine more especially the mere law of the case; and all three decide the question against the candles, whether *on-light* or *cæca*, by a train of legal and historical argument which leaves no possible doubt upon the subject. If there could be any doubt on the point of law, the opinions of Mr. Vogan and Mr. Perceval would be in this matter entitled to peculiar weight, for Mr. Vogan is one who carries the authority of rubrics very high, and Mr. Perceval tells us that he himself had presented a pair of candlesticks for the Communion table of All Souls’ College. This was because he thought them decent ornaments, knew them to be usual in colleges where they had been ‘*suffered to remain*’ and did not like to see his own college deficient of them:—but when he subsequently found candlesticks introduced in parish churches, where they had never been before, *symbolically* and *systematically*, he began to inquire into the matter, and soon satisfied himself, and his arguments must, we think, satisfy any one, that the symbolism is childish, and the authority for it a pretence without a colour of legality or reason.

In truth this whole Rubric, literally read, is an egregious blunder. There was indeed a statute, *not of the second year of Edward*, but of what is legally called the *second and third of Edward VI.*, and which was not to take full effect till *Pentecost* in the *third year of the King*, by which this question of ornaments and vestments was decided, not immediately nor specifically, but with reference to what a Liturgy then in preparation was to contain. This Liturgy, however, was not promulgated till near well on in the *third year of Edward VI.*, and it is to the provisions of that Liturgy—(which, be it observed, prohibited candlesticks altogether)—legalised by anticipation by the act of Parliament of the *second and third Edward VI.*, that the Rubric is supposed to refer as being in use in the ‘*second year by authority of Parliament*.’

But—this point being settled and the Rubric of the Liturgy of 1549—the *third Edward VI.*—being admitted to be what is referred to in the existing Rubric—we shall find our difficulties by no means removed; for when we inquire after the book so referred to, we learn that it is so rare as to be a typographical curiosity, found only in the choicest

libraries—indeed, we might rather say not found, for it turns out that the Oxford University Press in 1838 and Mr. Keeling of Cambridge in 1842, purposing to give a reprint of this book, both published a wrong one, and Mr. Keeling has only just now, in a new edition, published the right one. Such has been the condition of this our great canon of ecclesiastical vestures and ornaments—and yet, by the help of usage, no inconvenience had for two centuries ensued.

At last, however, by these modern reprints, and reprints of reprints, we presume that we have now arrived at what we might naturally have expected to find in the place whence it now derives its authority—the Book of Common Prayer. At the end of King Edward's first book are these general directions, now admitted to be the existing rule:—

'CERTAIN NOTES FOR THE MORE PLAIN EXPLICATION AND DECENT MINISTRATION OF THINGS CONTAINED IN THIS BOOK.

'In the saying of MATINS and EVENSONG, BAPTISING, and BURYING, the ministers in parish churches, and chapels annexed to the same, shall use a SURPLICE; and in all cathedral churches and colleges, archdeacons, deans, provosts, masters, prebendaries, and fellows, being graduates, may use in the CHOR, besides their surplices, such HOODS as pertaineth to their several degrees; but in all other places any minister shall be at liberty to use a surplice or no. It is also seemly that graduates, when they preach, should use such hoods as pertaineth to their several degrees.'

So far regards the ordinary ministrations; but at the beginning of

'THE HOLY COMMUNION, commonly called THE MASS,'

we find these different and special directions:—

'¶ Upon the day appointed for the ministration of the Holy Communion, the priest that shall execute the holy ministry shall put upon him the vesture appointed for that administration—that is to say, a white ALB, plain, with a VESTMENT or COPE; and where there be many priests or deacons, there shall so many be ready to help the priest in the ministration as shall be required, and shall have upon them the vestures appointed for the ministry—that is to say, ALBS with TUNICLES.'

'¶ And whenever the BISHOP shall celebrate the Holy Communion in the Church, or execute any other public ministration, he shall have upon him, beside his ROCHET, a SURPLICE or ALB, and a COPE or VESTMENT, and also his PASTORAL STAFF in his hand, or else borne or holden by his chaplain.'

These Rubrics, besides offering some discrepancies and obscurities in other details, would allow the minister in any but the specified services to 'use a surplice or no,' that is,

'or nothing,' at his pleasure, while it prescribes albs, copes, and tunicles to all ministers for the Communion, and rochets, albs, copes, and croziers to the Bishops on all occasions. We need not say into what total disuse these rubrics have fallen—yet they are, as far as we can discover, the only rubrical directions for the vesture of her ministers that the Church of England now possesses.

There followed, in King Edward's first book, the following rubric applicable to the whole service:—

'¶ As touching kneeling, holding up of hands, knocking upon the breast, and other gestures, they may be used or left, as every man's devotion serveth, without blame.'

This last rubric was repealed in King Edward's second book, and not afterwards revived, as the two rubrics preceding were.

One of the reasons of this first book of King Edward's being so rare, is, that it was in force but a short time. It was thought by the more zealous reformers to lean too much to popish views and practices, and accordingly another *Book of Common Prayer* was prepared, and in 1552 promulgated by the sanction of a fresh Act of Uniformity (the 5 and 6 Edward VI.), which is set forth at the commencement of the book, and which continues and applies to the new book all the 'force and strength' of the former Act (which, however, it does not set forth)—but with one most important alteration in the point we are now discussing;—for it provides that

'the minister at the time of the Communion, and in all other times of his ministration, shall use neither ALB, VESTMENT, nor COPE, but being archbishop or bishop, he shall have and wear a ROCHET; and being a priest or deacon, he shall have and wear a SURPLICE only.'

But this state of things was of still shorter legal duration than the former, for the next year brought the accession of Mary, whose first statute repealed both these Acts, and restored the ancient practice of the Mass. On the accession of Elizabeth (1559) she re-established, with trifling alterations, King Edward's second book, and passed an Act of Uniformity of her own, which is still in force (1 Eliz.). This Act did not re-enact the 2 and 3 Edw. VI., nor indeed the 5 and 6 Edw. VI.; it simply repealed the statute of Mary which had repealed them; but it had an express provision which for our present object may be considered as a repeal of the 5 and 6 Edw. VI., and a renewal of the 2 Edw. VI.:—

'§ 25. Be it enacted, that such ornaments of the Church, and of the ministers thereof, shall be

retained and used as was (*sic*) in this Church of England, by authority of Parliament, in the second year of the reign of King Edward VI., until other order shall be thereon taken by the authority of the *Queen's Majesty*, with the advice of her Commissioners appointed and authorized under the Great Seal of England for causes ecclesiastical, or of the *Metropolitan of this Realm*.'

This clause appears to have been introduced into the Act not merely for re-establishing the ornaments and vesture—for the rubric in the book would have sufficed for that—but for the double purpose of promising an early modification of the Act's provisions, and of indicating the authority by which such future changes might be made—not by act of Parliament, still less by Convocation, but by authority of the Queen, with the advice of an Ecclesiastical Commission, or of the *Metropolitan*.

At all events, this clause annulled the rubric of King Edward's second book (1552) for the exclusive use of the surplice, and restored, not all the rubrics of the first book (1549), but only those relating to the ornaments of the church and clergy, *surplices, albs, tunicles, vestments, copes, and croziers*; and that seems to be the present state of the law—this Act of the 1st Eliz. having been confirmed by the 1st of James I., and 'so far as relates to the Church, made perpetual by the 5th of Queen Anne, c. 5,' and being, in fact, the first Act of Uniformity that now stands in front of our prayer-books. How far all the injunctions issued under it (some of them apparently inconsistent) may be still in legal force, we do not inquire; but have we not good reason to ask those learned prelates who have shown so much conscientious zeal in endeavouring to enforce rubrics of much less importance, and of doubtful or at least questioned and impugned authority, how it is that they do not in their own persons practise, and in their dioceses enforce, this other, clear, indisputable rubric, which meets them at the very threshold of their cathedrals—which stares them in the face—*ad aperturam libri*—on opening the prayer-book—the very first instruction that the Law and the Church imperatively enjoin? And how will those of the clergy who feel or affect to feel themselves painfully constrained to a strict observance of the doubtful rubric about the church-militant prayer, or the misapplied rubric about *proclaiming* the psalm, or the imaginary rubric about *preaching in the surplice*—how, we say, do they reconcile to their scrupulous and timid consciences the utter neglect of this the first, and, as to forms, most important rubric of the whole system? We confidently assert that to this neither prelate nor parson can give any satisfactory answer, nor have they any defence whatsoever

but that very usage which in other lighter cases they so absolutely repudiate. We are every day, and by every fresh consideration of the subject, more and more convinced that the bishops possess, in *strict law*, no power whatsoever to oblige their clergy to preach in the surplice—that it is a matter in which they happen to have no *legal* authority; but even if they had such a power, surely in decency and common sense they ought to abstain from enforcing upon others a strictness which they reject in their own persons. 'I cannot listen,' a parish-minister might say, 'to your lordship's directions to wear my surplice in the pulpit until I see the marks of your authority to issue them, in your *cope* and *pastoral staff*.'

While we are on the subject of ministerial attire, there is a circumstance which we cannot help bringing to the attention of the episcopal body as an intrusive innovation, now in rapid progress, which it is their clear right, and in strictness their duty, to suppress. We mean the practice which has *recently* become so general with the inferior clergy of wearing what they evidently consider an ornamental vesture, one unknown either to rubric or canon, called a *scarf*—that is, a length of black silk passed round the back of the neck and hanging down in front on both sides nearly to the instep. This ornament had been heretofore worn, as Mr. Palmer and Mr. Robertson—both very zealous for the scarf—admit, and as we well remember, only by bishops, dignitaries, prebendaries, and chaplains. There is a letter in the 'Spectator,' No. 312, 27th February, 1712, which proves that in that day the scarf was the distinctive mark of a chaplain, and that it was the custom of many a chaplain in the pulpit or bidding prayers to pray (sometimes too ostentatiously) for the patron or patroness 'who had given him his scarf.' We see in Wooll's *Life of Warton*, 1806, that 'when Sir George Lyttelton was advanced to the peerage in 1756, one of his first acts was to confer a scarf on Doctor Warton.' We read (Robertson, p. 80) of Lady Huntingdon's 'bestowing her scarf' on one of her ministers; and we ourselves have known more than one instance in which peers' chaplaincies were solicited by eminent clergymen for the avowed purpose of being entitled to wear the scarf. But it now seems to be worn by whoever pleases. Mr. Palmer admits that the origin of this ornament is obscure, and that the wearing of it even by the superior clergy is not warranted by our rubrics. Nor can Mr. Robertson advance any authority for it; but he finds in the times of Henry VIII., Mary, and Elizabeth, frequent mention of *tippetts*, as a kind of ecclesiastical vesture; and in the canons of 1604 those tippetts are allowed to

be worn by the clergy in certain cases and under certain limitations. It seems very doubtful what those tippetts were—from the canon it would seem that they were a kind of substitute for the academical hood. Mr. Robertson, with his usual diligence, has collected all that is known of the tippet, and would willingly conclude that it is the same thing that is now called the *scarf*. This, however, cannot be Mr. Palmer's opinion, for, strange to say, he does not mention the word *tippet*; nor, though he has hunted up with some pains the Latin and Greek names of his *scarf*—*stola*—*orarium*—ὤραριον—ἐπιστραχίλιον—does he notice the Latin names given to the *tippet* by our divines, viz., *epitogia* and *liripipium*. We do not think that Mr. Robertson has at all established the identity of the *scarf* and the *tippet*; on the contrary, we are satisfied, from the use of the latter word in statutes and canons, as well as from Ducange's and other explanations, that the *tippet* must have been some kind of covering resembling the hood, and not at all like the ornamental *scarf*. But still more widely do we differ from Mr. Robertson in his opinion, as to the legality of its being *universally* used:—

'It is,' he says, 'commonly worn with the surplice and hood by *doctors, dignitaries, and chaplains*; but if the clergy generally should feel disposed to adopt it, I suppose that we may be all justified in wearing it without further order, and even that it may be *assumed* without raising any great outcry in any quarter.'—*How to Conform*, p. 80.

This broad assertion that the clergy in general have a right to *assume* a sacerdotal ornament hitherto limited to particular classes, and that so strange an assumption would create no dissatisfaction, is quite at variance with the usually prudent and judicious spirit of Mr. Robertson's work, and seems to have no foundation whatsoever, nor any other pretence than a mistake—very unlike Mr. Robertson—of an act 24 Henry VIII.—one of those general *sumptuary laws* which our ancestors used to pass from time to time, and *not* for the regulation of ecclesiastical dress in the ministration of Divine service. But even if it had been so, it was superseded by all the Acts of Uniformity from Edward VI. downward—and finally—which, indeed, we might have as well mentioned first—it was expressly repealed, with a crowd of other absurd and obsolete statutes, by the 1st of James I.

We could pursue Mr. Robertson's *liripipian* fancies into some very ludicrous results, but we restrain ourselves to the expression of a clear opinion that the clergy '*in general*' have no more right to *scarfs* (even if they be *tippetts*) than they have to lawn sleeves or mitres, and,

we need hardly add, that the '*assumption*' has an appearance of vanity and dandyism, derogatory (as all but themselves must feel) from their personal dignity.

Our readers now see that, however simple the *practice* of the ministerial vesture may appear, the theory of it is rather intricate; but let us at length suppose that the minister is *duly* attired; the next question is *when* Divine Service is to begin. The Rubric says nothing of *hours*. The Church of Rome had—in imitation of the Jews, but with reference to the events of our Saviour's passion—introduced so many prayers and ceremonies about and for particular *hours*—(her prayer-books are popularly called *Horæ, Heures, Oras*)—that the Reformers seem to have been unwilling to give any direction about time; and here accordingly our Rubrics entirely fail us. All that is specified is, that there shall be *morning and evening service daily throughout the year*; and *usage* has established (not without some diversity of opinion) that *any time* before noon shall be morning and *any time* after noon shall be evening. On week days the morning generally means six, seven, eight or nine o'clock; on Sundays and holy-days ten, eleven, or even on the verge of twelve. The evening service is usually about 3 P.M. We sometimes (in town parishes) find about this hour what is called an *afternoon* service (though no service is appointed *eo nomine*, and it is the *evening* service which is, in fact, performed)—but in this latter case a proper *evening* service is frequently given about six or seven. The only restriction on the minister's discretion, and the only guide to the people in this matter, seems to be the prefatory rubric which prescribes that before the daily service the Curate shall 'cause a bell to be tolled that the people may come and pray with him.' The 15th Canon, indeed, further requires that on the Wednesdays and Fridays, when the Litany is to be said, the minister '*shall give warning to the people by tolling a bell*'—and hence another difficulty. Surely it could not have been intended that on Wednesdays and Fridays a bell should be again tolled between the Morning Prayer and the Litany. The canon no doubt meant that the tolling for the Litany should be when it was separately performed; but the directions are general and imperative. By the help of *usage*, however, all these difficulties disappear, and the latitude as to hours produces little diversity and no inconvenience—except indeed that in the *afternoon*, or early evening service, the typical collect of *Lighten our darkness* is not altogether so appropriate when pronounced in broad sunshine, which its framers certainly never intended it to be. In some populous parishes, where there is not room for the whole congregation

at once, the zeal of the clergy has of late introduced two or more morning as well as evening services; and for this—on *Sundays* and *holy days* and their *eves*—there is, subject to the approbation of the bishop, canonical authority. We so interpret the words of the 14th canon which provide that on *Sundays, holy days, and their eves, Common Prayer shall be said* at such convenient and usual times of those days, and in such place of every church, *as the bishop shall think meet, for [on account of] the largeness or straightness of the same.* If this was not meant to allow a plurality of services, we do not see what it could mean. In King Edward's first book there are special directions, Collects, Epistles, Gospels, &c., for a first and a second communion on Christmas-Day and Easter Sunday—as had been the practice in the Unreformed Church. The double communion was expunged from King Edward's second book as too popish, but it was probably with an eye to this practice, that, on the reformist grounds of public convenience and accommodation, the power was given to the bishop of ordering double services. But this creation of a special authority in the bishop for Sundays and holy days seems to presume that on week days there is no such power; and it recognises the predominant authority of *usage* by providing that even the bishops cannot vary from *usual times*. Archbishop Laud himself expressly says there is no authority as to hours except *usage*, but that the morning service should always *end* before noon—which be it observed on Sundays and holy days it *now never does*. Thus then again, in this important matter, the rubrics are silent, and the commentators vague and discordant, and yet a general uniformity had been preserved by the unwritten usages of the Church and the enlightened discretion of its ministers.

The *when* being thus—but only by Usage—disposed of, we next arrive at the *where*. In what part of the Church is the minister to take his place? At the reading desk to be sure. Not quite so sure—for some of the Puseyite clergy have abolished the reading desk altogether. But independently of this very recent scandal, which (if continued) the respective bishops ought immediately to inquire after and correct, the proper place of the ministrations of the ordinary service would be—if we were to reject *usage* and stand exclusively upon *rubrics*—by no means clear. The existing rubric, first promulgated in Queen Elizabeth's book, runs thus:—

‘¶ The Morning and Evening Prayer shall be used in the accustomed place of the church, chapel, or chancel, except it shall be otherwise deter-

mined by the ordinary of the place. And the chancels shall remain as they have done in times past.’

If this rubric were now first promulgated, the *accustomed place* would in most churches admit of no question; but at the time it was enacted that was a matter of great doubt and contention. Under King Edward's first book, as in all former times, the *whole service* was performed in the *choir or chancel*. But at this the reforming spirit soon took offence, as a Popish exclusion of the people from *common prayer*, and there was even a talk of forcibly pulling down the chancels. This agitation produced in Edward's second book the following amended rubric:—

‘¶ The Morning and Evening Prayer shall be used in such places of the church, chapel, or chancel, and the minister shall so turn himself, as the people may best hear. And if there be any controversy, the matter shall be referred to the ordinary, and he or his deputy shall appoint the place: and the chancels shall remain as they have done in time past.’

The closing words, which, though the occasion for them has so long gone by, still appear in our rubric, refer to the design of destroying the chancels, and mean nothing but the preservation of the *edifices*. The former portion undoubtedly led in many if not most churches to the establishment of ‘*reading-pews*,’ or desks in the body of the church; and it appears from the Rubric for the Communion, then introduced and still existing, that were Rubric to be our sole guide, the communion service should uniformly at this day be performed at the same place:—

‘¶ The table, having at the communion time a fair white linen cloth upon it, shall stand in the body of the church, or in the chancel, where Morning and Evening Prayer are appointed to be said.’

Let us now see what is to be understood in the Elizabethan rubric, above quoted, by ‘*accustomed place*.’ Wheatley, who had a great leaning to forms and ceremonies—of whom, be it said, once for all, that his zeal, diligence, and learning are very much superior to his logic, judgment, or good sense—Wheatley, we say, thinks decidedly that the *choir* was meant:—according to him, the short interval in which Edward's second book was in force before Queen Mary re-established the Mass, not having been enough to constitute a custom, it must follow that the place provided in Edward's first book, and which had been in Mary's and all antecedent time the *accustomed place*, to wit, the *choir*, was intended. We cannot admit the soundness of this opinion,

for the Act of Elizabeth revived the Act of the 5th and 6th of Edward, which had changed the *place* of performing the service, and only re-enacted so much of that of the 2nd and 3rd of Edward—that is, his *first* book—as related to *ornaments*; all the rest stood repealed. But this matter is not of much importance now-a-days; for Wheatley admits that the bishops began immediately to sanction reading-pews in the body of the church; and they were expressly established by the canons of 1604, and are now, beyond all question (unless there be in obscure corners of the country some few exceptional cases where no change was originally made), the *accustomed places*. We trust the bishops will take care that the recent Puseyite abuses of some chancels more within view shall not make *them* the *accustomed places*.

The Communion rubric, however, cannot be so easily disposed of. This rubric is a literal repetition of the *last* rubric of Edward, directing that the Lord's *table* should stand in the *body of the church* or in the chancel *where morning and evening prayer are appointed to be said*. This, as we have already remarked, seems to determine that all these services shall be said in the same place;—in other words, that where morning and evening service are performed in the body of the church, *there also the table shall stand* when the communion office is performed. This seems to be the rational interpretation of the intention of Edward's advisers, and is the grammatical construction of the words; it is, moreover, authoritatively corroborated by the 82nd Canon (the same that orders the reading-pew), which expressly provides that the table shall be not only moveable, but actually moved for the administration of the Communion:—

'We appoint that the same [Communion] tables shall be covered in time of Divine Service with a carpet of silk or other decent stuff, and with a fair linen cloth at the time of ministration, as becometh that table; and so stand—*saving when the said Holy Communion is to be administered: at which time the same shall be so PLACED* in so good sort within the church or chancel, as thereby the minister may be more conveniently heard of the communicants in his prayer and ministration, and the communicants also more conveniently and in more number may communicate with the said minister.'—82nd Canon.

God forbid that we should ever see this kind of ambulatory table, or any such irreverent and offensive innovation on the practice of two centuries; but is it not one which would be, under the letter of rubrical law, quite as defensible as many of the Puseyite innovations which have forced themselves on general notice? Mr. Robertson may well suggest

'that if we provoke puritanically-disposed churchmen by introducing unauthorized and unfamiliar ornaments and ceremonies about our altars, they may be able to give us considerable trouble by a reference to the authorities for the position of the table at times of Communion.'—*How to Conform*.—p. 9.

What safeguard, indeed, have we against such an application and execution of the rubric and canon but *usage*, which, in this case, as in so many others, stands as a barrier of common sense and public opinion between antagonist Puseyite and anti-Puseyite innovations and pedantry.

We learn from an article in the 'Ecclesiologist' for the present month (June, 1851), that this 82nd Canon has recently given rise to an unexpected and, as we think, heedlessly provoked controversy between the minister of St. Philip's Church at Birmingham and some of his parishioners. The minister—a zealous, able, and, we believe, popular parish priest—(not at all addicted, it is stated, to Puseyism)—had, it seems, furnished his communion table with a covering of crimson velvet, with the letters I.H.S. and a cross embroidered in gold on the centre. Such embroidery the original framers of the canon might not have meant to sanction; but these ornamental covers have become so common, we may say so general, that they almost amount to a usage, and at all events may fairly be defended under the epithet *decent*—that is, a *becoming ornament*, to which no bishop would refuse his sanction; and it would not, we dare say, have been objected to by any one, if not followed by another and more unusual circumstance. This minister, at the communion, covered—not the *table*, as the rubric requires, but—the mere *surface* of the table with a *fair linen cloth*—leaving the embroidered front of the carpet glaringly conspicuous; and against this novelty (which we have never seen or heard of any where else) the parishioners complained to the ordinary, the Bishop of Worcester. With all respect for the Bishop of Worcester, we regret to be obliged to say that we think he came on this point to a most erroneous conclusion. He approves the proceeding of the minister, because, he says,—

'When the Canon directs that the table be covered with a fair linen cloth during the administration of the Sacrament, it is not meant that the *legs* of such table should be all covered by the said cloth, but that the *top* on which the elements are placed should be so covered?'

His Lordship seems to have overlooked that the word '*covered*' in the English Canon applies *equally* to the *decent carpet* for ordinary service and to the *fair linen cloth* for the com-

munion; and that the table is to be covered in one case by the cloth in the same sense and to the same degree as in the other by the carpet. Two different interpretations cannot be given to the single word; and if the carpet is to conceal the legs of the table, it is plain, both in grammar and common sense, that the linen cloth must cover both them and it. The meaning seems to us so clear, that it is like superelevation to add that the word which in the translation of the canon is rendered covered, is, as to the Communion linen cloth, in the original Latin, *vestiantur = clothed*:—a word of more significance, and not liable to the narrowed construction now given to covered—a man with his hat on might possibly be said to be covered, but, while his legs and body were naked, he could not be said to be clothed. Neither the minister nor the Bishop can be suspected of Puseyism, but we must be permitted to regret—and more especially in such times as these, and just after his Lordship had signed the Address against Innovations—that so entire a novelty should be introduced for no object, that we can see, but its quaintness, and no excuse but an obvious misreading of the 82nd canon.

We have at length, by the help of *Usage*, and in spite of the uncertainties and contradictions of Rubrics and Canons—which are really 'harder and more intricate' than 'the Pie'—placed the Lord's table in the choir or chancel, and the minister, duly attired in surplice and hood, in his reading-pew; and the order of the Morning Service is about to begin—when the Bishop of Down once more interposes. He complains that in some churches the service opens with a psalm—a practice which he pronounces unauthorised, and accordingly prohibits—as did the Bishop of London. For this interdiction neither prelate seems to have assigned any reason—unless it be Bishop Mant's objection to the metrical psalms in general, that they are not authorised by the rubric; for that, 'when the rubric was framed, metrical versions of the psalms were not in existence' (p. 49). It was a strange lapse of memory in the editor of the Prayer-Book to forget that Sternhold and Hopkins' version was annexed to King Edward's Prayer-Book in 1559, and with this special prologue:—

'Set forth and allowed to be sung in all churches, of all people together, before and after Morning and Evening Prayer, and before and after Sermon.'

This is, no doubt, only an allowance, and the matter is left properly to the discretion of the

minister. In a scattered country parish the Psalm at opening may sometimes afford a convenient addition to the time for the assembling the congregation; and we cannot, in the face of the prologue above quoted, hold it to be prohibited because it is not enjoined by the rubric.

This obstacle being disposed of, the morning service is ordered to proceed thus:—

'¶ At the beginning of Morning Prayer the minister shall read with a loud voice some one or more of these Sentences of the Scriptures that follow, and then he shall say that which is written after the said sentences.'

But here again, before a word can be uttered, we meet a grave difficulty. The minister is directed to read certain sentences, but it is not stated in what posture either he or the people shall be at the reading of these sentences. The usage is to stand; but usage, we are told, is nothing. The original rule, when the three services—now melted into one—were distinct and comparatively short, was, we believe, that all should stand throughout the whole service when not kneeling. That, however, in the present combined services would be impossible, and sitting during certain parts has been tacitly permitted ever since the union of the services. What then is there to forbid our sitting at the Sentences as we do at other parts of the service that are read to us? It may be inferred from the next rubric, which directs that 'all shall kneel,' that they were not to kneel in the first instance—but that is only an inference; and, at all events, does not forbid the sitting posture. Standing, kneeling, and sitting, being thus compatible with the rubric, what is there but unwritten usage to prevent a most indecent diversity in the very first step of the holy office? Of postures in a subsequent part of the service we shall treat hereafter.

But we have not yet done with this prefatory rubric. It is ordered that 'the minister shall read the sentences and then say what follows'—i. e. the *Exhortation*. This, we are told by Bishop Mant—

'some ministers read, as in other parts of the service; others use a modulation of voice called *intoning*, approaching to singing or chanting.'

The Bishop decided very properly against *intoning* the Exhortation, but he left it to be inferred that all the rest of the service might be intoned. Let us, however, ask, can any man point out the slightest existing rubrical authority for intonation anywhere? *Saying* is, throughout all the services, contradistinguished from *singing*; the same things may be 'said or sung;' but, if sung, are not said

—if *said*, are not *sung*. So far is *saying* from being a nearer approach to singing than *reading*, that in the rubrics of King Edward, Queen Elizabeth, and King James, it is ordered as to '*reading the lessons*' that,

'to the end that the people may better hear, in such places as they do sing, there shall the lessons be sung in a plain tune,* and likewise the Epistle and Gospel.'

But even then there is no hint of *intoning* the prayers; on the contrary, the singing is confined to places 'where they sing' and to parts of the service which laymen can perform. But there is a natural and even elegant distinction between *read* and *say*, which must satisfy any man of taste and sense that *saying* was the fit expression here. The *Sentences*, like other portions of the Scriptures, are *read*—one or more—by way of preface, and while the congregation may be supposed to be settling themselves in their places; but the Exhortation is *said*—because, though the book be open before the minister, his memory needs little help from it—and his eye, his voice, and his gesture are directed towards the people—and he *says*, with a kind of personal earnestness, that which would appear cold and colorless if merely *read*.

The next Rubric furnishes the Bishop of Down with another difficulty, which shows the insufficiency of the rubrics to prevent doubts and discrepancies.

'¶ A general confession to be said of the whole congregation after the Minister, all kneeling.'

The Bishop says—

'Some congregations follow the minister immediately through each successive clause; others taking up each clause and repeating it apart from him.'

That is, in some cases the minister and the people *with* him go on continuously, and almost simultaneously; in others, the minister pauses at the end of each clause till the people have repeated it after him. The Bishop decides for the simultaneous mode, erroneously, we think—and against the Rubric. The Rubric says the people shall say '*after* the minister'—not '*with* the minister.' If we are to split hairs, let us do it neatly; the rubric appears to make a distinction—not very broad, indeed, but still intelligible—between '*after* the minister' and '*with* the minister.' It states that the *Lord's Prayer* shall always be said

* Not what would now be understood by the words 'a plain tune,' but the kind of *level* chant on two or three notes, called in Latin *planus cantus*, and by the French '*plain-chant*.'

by the people '*with* the minister,' and 'the Creed by the minister and people'—that is to say, *simultaneously*—because the people are expected to have the Lord's Prayer and the Creed by heart, and can therefore follow him *immediately*;—but they are told to say '*after* the minister' the Confession and a somewhat similar exercise in the Communion Service, neither of which they can be supposed to be able to say quite simultaneously *with*, but only *after* him.

The next Rubric is that before the Absolution:—

'¶ The absolution or remission of sins to be pronounced by the PRIEST alone standing, the People still kneeling.'

This involves more than one important question. That the title *Priest* is here *advisedly* employed to exclude *Deacons* from pronouncing the absolution is a common, but, we believe, an erroneous opinion. It contributes, however, more than one item to Dr. Mant's catalogue:—

'§ 5. When the officiating Minister is a Deacon, a Priest, being present, sometimes reads the Absolution. Sometimes it is omitted altogether. If a Priest be not present, the Deacon sometimes passes at once from the Confession to the Lord's Prayer—sometimes he inserts a Collect.'

The Bishop decides, agreeably to the general opinion, that—

'When a Deacon officiates, a Priest, if there be one present, should pronounce the Absolution: if no Priest be present, the Deacon should pass on to the Lord's Prayer.'—*Hor. Lit.* 43.

He adds, against the usage, 'without inserting a Collect.' But we must be allowed to express our strong doubt as to the principle on which the whole question rests, and to which the Bishop does not allude—but seems to take for granted—that a Deacon is entitled to perform all the daily and communion services except this Absolution and the Consecration Prayer. We confess that we cannot discover on what *rubrical* or *canonical* foundation this opinion rests—though undoubtedly it is a very general one, and has the sanction of a very long usage. It is, indeed, not merely countenanced, but asserted by an authority *ex facie* ancient and venerable—namely, that of the *Answers of the Bishops* in the Savoy Conference, 1661. At that conference the Nonconformist Commissioners proposed (*inter multa alia*) that the term *Minister* should be adopted throughout the Liturgy—but the Bishops are alleged to have replied—

'It is not reasonable—for since some parts of

the Liturgy may be performed by a *deacon*—others, by none under the order of a *priest*, viz., Absolution, and Consecration, it is fit that some such word as *priest* should be used for those offices, and not *minister*, which signifies at large every body that ministers in the Holy office, of whatsoever order he may be.—*Cardwell's Conferences*, p. 342.

There seem to us so many errors both of fact and reasoning in this reply, that we can only account for them by what Dr. Cardwell states—that we have not these ‘Answers’ in their authentic form, and that the copy we possess has been compiled in fragments extracted from the rejoinder of the Nonconformists (*Card. 262*), who themselves complained that it was ‘*surreptitiously and falsely printed*.’ (*Baxter's Life*, *ib.*) We therefore feel ourselves justified in doubting its accuracy.

First, Let us observe that the very letter of the Absolution itself referred to in the alleged Reply states that ‘*God had given power and commandment to his MINISTERS to declare and pronounce to his people, &c.*’ Secondly, Is it not most strange that—at the very time that the foregoing reason was assigned against the use of the term *Minister*—the existing Prayer-Book (as well as all former books) did actually assign the Absolution to the MINISTER *eo nomine*—the change to *Priest* being made in the Revision subsequent to the Conferences? Thirdly, We find the terms *Priest* and *Minister* used throughout the service indiscriminately, and where there is no distinction of persons, character, or duty, either intended or possible. See for instance the very next rubric to that of the Absolution:—

‘*The MINISTER shall kneel and say the Lord's Prayer—*

‘*Our Father, &c.*

‘*Then likewise shall He say—*

‘*O Lord, open thou our lips.*

‘*Answer.* And our mouth shall show forth thy praises.

‘*PRIEST.* O Lord, make speed to save us, &c.’

Thus he says the first suffrage as *Minister* and the second as *Priest*. Then again, just after—

‘*The MINISTER, Clerks, and People shall say the Lord's Prayer—*

‘*Our Father, &c.*

‘*Then the PRIEST, standing up, shall say—*

‘*O Lord, show thy mercy, &c.*’

And this is not mere accident—(if it were possible to imagine accident in such grave and keenly disputed matters)—for it runs with the same systematic irregularity, if we may couple the terms, throughout Morning and Evening services and in all the editions of the Prayer-Book. In the Communion Service the confu-

sion of the terms is, if possible, more remarkable—and if the principle of the so-called Savoy Answers were admitted, incomprehensible. In the prefatory and post-communion rubrics we find mention of Minister, Priest, and Curate, but, the latter term is used in the proper and distinctive meaning of *curator*, or person having *cure of souls* and ecclesiastical responsibility in the parish; and accordingly, to the Curate, so styled, all the matters of discipline and business antecedent to, or consequent on, the Holy Offices are committed; but those who perform the actual rite and administer the sacrament are denominated—we must not presume to say capriciously, but to our understanding indiscriminately—*Priest* and *Minister*. For example—

‘*¶ Then shall the PRIEST, turning to the People, rehearse distinctly all the Ten Commandments, as followeth:—*

‘*MINISTER.* God spake these words and said, &c. &c.’

Again, the *Priest* is to read the Collect, and the *Priest* is to say the Offertory, and the *Priest* is to say the Church-militant Prayer—all which *Deacons* do not hesitate to do—but we have never known them go farther; though the supposed Answer of the Bishops would seem to restrict them from the Consecration Prayer alone.

And, again—the ‘Answer’ states that the term *Minister* necessarily includes *Deacons*. This is directly contrary to the 32nd Canon, which says—

‘*The office of Deacon being a step or degree to [not of, but to] the ministry, no Bishop shall make any person a Deacon and a Minister both together one day, &c.*’

But in fact, throughout the Canons, *passim*, the words *Priest* and *Minister* are convertible terms, and both used in clear contradistinction to *Deacon*.

In conclusion, we can allow but little intrinsic weight to this unauthenticated Answer—the only circumstance in its favour being the subsequent adoption of the term *Priest* in the Absolution rubric—and even that might be otherwise accounted for.* But the most important and cardinal point of the case is the exact statement of the Deacon's duties detailed in his Ordination service:—

* The new rubric did not follow the old English form, but adopted the different and more extended formula of Archbishop Laud's *Scottish liturgy*, in which he had used the Scottish term *presbyter* as synonymous with our *minister*; and in transferring this rubric to our book the compilers translated as it were *presbyter* into *priest*—a term which they all along used—as the canons do—as synonymous with *minister*.

‘It appertaineth to the office of *Deacon* in the Church where he shall be appointed to serve, to assist the *Priest* in Divine service, and especially when he ministers the Holy Communion, and to help him in the distribution thereof, and to read Holy Scriptures and homilies in the Church, and to instruct youth in the Catechism. In the absence of the *Priest* to baptize infants, and to preach if he be admitted thereto by the bishop, &c.’

Then follow some directions about visiting and distributing alms to the poor, and so forth; and the formula of Ordination pronounced by the Bishop is equally limited:

‘Take thou authority to read the Gospel in the Church of God, and to preach the same, if thou be thereby licensed by the Bishop himself.’

But not a word about any independent performance of *Divine service*, or any rite, except *infant baptism*; and that exceptive permission is very remarkable, for the same books that established this ordination service, also allowed even of *lay baptism*; so that all that was thereby given to the Deacon seems to be, that he might in the absence of the Priest do at the font what any *layman* might in a like urgency do at home. And then comes a very curious fact—which totally overthrows all the ‘Answers’ and arguments about the word *Priest* in the absolution rubric—namely, that the right of Deacons to baptize being thus undoubted—there are none of all the services of our Church in which the terms *Priest* and *Minister* are so indiscriminately applied to the officiating minister as the two forms for *infant baptism*—though the technically sacramental words are—we cannot suppose by mere accident—assigned to the *priest*; and if the officiating *deacon* cannot use the words, there, and in twenty other places, given to the *priest*, he cannot baptize at all. As to the Deacons assisting in Divine service, there is no doubt that he (or indeed any one) may read the Lessons—and by King Edward’s first book the Gospel—and by inference the Epistle; and by the 24th canon still in force—though never, that we have seen, practised—the Priest may at the table be specially ‘assisted with a *Gospeller and Episteller*,’ or as he was sometimes (seriously) called ‘*Pistoler*’ (Strype’s Parker, 183) who might be deacons. Any other assistance which a Deacon was to give at the Holy Communion and in the distribution thereof was only provided for in the first book of King Edward:—

‘If there be a deacon or other [than the officiating] priest, then shall he follow with the chalice, and as the priest ministereth the Sacrament of the body, so shall he for more expedition minister the Sacrament of the blood in form before written.’

This was omitted in the second book and never restored—the duty of ‘helping the chief ministers’ being now given to ‘other ministers’;—but the Ordination Service was not altered—probably because Deacons might still continue to assist as *Epistellers and Gospellers*; and perhaps assist manually in the arrangement and carrying about of the sacred vessels. From all these premises it seems to us to follow in strict logic and law, that a Deacon has no right to perform—per se—any portion of Divine service—nor any other rite but *infant baptism*. But if this be a case in which long usage can confer clerical rights, there has been no doubt an Usage of near two centuries in favour of the diaconal ministration; and if it be admitted that Deacons can by usage have acquired authority to do the rest of the Holy office, we do not see how we can refute Dr. Bennett’s opinion that they have an equal right to pronounce the Absolution;—though even in this case we should be reluctant to depart from the usage.

From this discussion, which we can hardly call a digression, we return to the order of the rubrics—and the next is that following the Absolution:—

‘¶ The people shall answer here and at the end of all other prayers—AMEN.’

The use of the word *other* in this rubric is not critically correct, as the Absolution is not exactly a prayer, but Bishop Mant informs us that from the use of the word ‘answer’ some of the clergy suppose that the minister should leave the word *Amen* in every instance to the people. This expands itself into two or three discrepancies, which a little attention to the rationale of the forms may explain. We cannot indeed discover why the answers of the people are sometimes called answers and sometimes only designated to be such by the *italic* type; it seems another of the inconsistencies of the rubric. But the difficulty noticed by Bishop Mant is solved by observing that the *Amen* is sometimes printed in the same type as the prayer or office to which it belongs, and that other *Amens* are in *italics*; this distinction is intended, we presume, to mark, as a general rule, that the minister is to say the *Amen* when in the same type as the prayer, and to leave to the people alone the *Amen* in *italics*.

We now reach the rubric preceding the *Venite*:—

‘¶ Then shall be said or sung the Psalms following: except upon Easter day, upon which another anthem is appointed, and on the 19th day of every month, when it is not to be read here, but in the ordinary course of the Psalms.’

On this we note first that the *Psalm* is here called an *anthem*, on which we shall have to make an observation presently; and as to the second contingency, in which the *Venite* on the 19th of the month is to be read, *not here*, but in the *ordinary course of the Psalms*, it is to be remarked that this seems a distinction without a difference; for the 95th Psalm happens to be the first in the ordinary course of the Psalms for the 19th of the month, and *must* therefore be read exactly *here*. The same observation extends to the *Cantate* (98th Psalm) in the Evening Service. This direction is but a clumsy way of saying that this Psalm shall not be read *twice* over on the same day; but it has led to another difficulty. The obvious intention and usual practice is, that the *Venite* should be read once every morning in the year; but it sometimes happens that the 19th falls on a day when there are *proper Psalms*, of which the 95th is never one;—and then the rubric becomes absolutely inexecutable, for the day is the 19th, and the Psalm cannot be read in the *ordinary course*. We have known a nice rubrician so puzzled with this discrepancy as to omit the *Venite* altogether, when perhaps, as on Whit Sunday for instance, it might be very appropriate, and when there can be no doubt it was intended that it should be read or sung.

We next have the rubric for the Psalms:—

‘¶ Then shall be said or sung the Psalms in order as they are appointed.’

This short and apparently plain rubric opens to Bishop Mant several questions—some we think trifling—one or two others of greater gravity, but all proving one thing, the imperfection of the rubric as an universal guide. The trifles are—whether the minister should always begin the new Psalm, though he had ended the last;—then, in what precise words the Psalms should be announced—whether by the day of the month or the number of the Psalm, or by both; and, again, whether one should say—‘*The first day of the month—Morning Prayer—the first Psalm*’—or—‘*The first morning of the month—the first Psalm*,’ &c., &c.

But leaving these futilities—of which we might exhibit half a dozen more—we may observe that this rubric involves a question that would be of real gravity and interest if the strictness of rubrics is not to be tempered by the equity of usage. By what rubrical or even canonical authority is it that the *Venite* and other Hymns, and the Psalms, are repeated *alternately* by the priest and the people? The *Gloria Patri* is especially, and therefore exceptionally, ordered to be so repeated—but there is not a shadow of rubrical authority for,

and therefore—according to the new doctrine that the want of a rubric, or, as Bishop Mant calls it, ‘the silence of the Church,’ is *conclusive* against any usage—there is clear authority *against* any such alternation in the Hymns and Psalms themselves. The explanation of alternation is, we presume, that the original and proper form was that the Psalms and Hymns should be sung or chanted by the choirs, as they still are in cathedrals, colleges, and indeed several parish Churches; and that the singers, for their own ease, sang them antiphonically: whence—as well perhaps as from very ancient custom—in places where they did not ‘sing,’ a usage grew up by which the verses are pronounced antiphonically—that is, alternately—with the doubly wholesome effect of lightening the duty of the minister, and of connecting the people more immediately with what was always intended as a popular and choral exercise. Nothing surely can be a stronger proof that the successive framers of the rubrics did not intend them to be as a perfect and rigidly inviolable rule than their omission to recognise—except only in the *Gloria Patri*—the general, and, we cannot doubt, very early practice of alternation.

‘¶ Then shall be read the Lesson as it is appointed in the Calendar, except there be proper lessons assigned for that day.’

‘¶ Note that before every Lesson the minister shall say, Here beginneth such a chapter, or verse of such a chapter, of such a book; and after every Lesson, Here endeth the first or the second Lesson.’

These rubrics occasioned it seems various small discrepancies, of which we have already given a sample. But there are two questions of a somewhat graver character. Some of the clergy, when a Saint’s Day happens to concur with a Sunday, prefer reading the collect and lesson appointed for the *Lord’s Day*. But can it ever have been questioned that when Christmas Day, for instance, falls on a Sunday, the proper festival service should supersede the ordinary Sunday service? And what rubrical difference can be alleged between Christmas Day and the other holy-days enumerated in the same ‘table of proper lessons’? Bishop Mant decided for the holy-day service; but the Bishop of London, in his celebrated charge of 1842, says, ‘authoritatively,’—

‘When a Saint’s day falls upon a Sunday, the Collect for the Saint’s day, as well as that for the Sunday, should be read, and the Epistle and Gospel for the Saint’s day, but the Lessons for Sunday.’

We beg pardon; but we think we can show that the rubrics are *clear* against his Lord-

ship's decision. First, as to *double collects*—the rubric is decisive that there should be only *the* collect of the day, with the two other collects for *Peace* and *Grace*—making, as is expressly directed, '*three*' collects, and not *four*, except in some special instances, as Advent and Christmas week, &c., where there are especial rubrics for double collects—an exception that confirms the general rule.

Again a special rubric says,—

'*Note. That whensoever proper psalms or lessons are appointed, then the psalms and lessons of ordinary course, appointed in the Psalter and Calendar (if they be different), shall be omitted for that time.*'

It is true that, the *Sunday* lessons being *proper lessons*, as well as the *holy day* lessons, this rubric does not in precise terms give the latter a preference over the former; but does it not do so in spirit? Is it not clear that the *Sunday* lessons are an '*ordinary course*,' which '*for that time*' the special and accidental service for the *holy day* is meant to supersede? and, finally, as there is a positive rubric that the *Sunday* collect shall be used every day in the following week, what rubrical difference can be alleged for its use on one day and its disuse on another? The argument is still stronger for the lessons, as there are many *Sundays* for which no second lessons are specially appointed, and several *Saints' days* for which there are special second lessons, and in that case the Bishop of London's rule would make an inevitable and unseemly jumble. But on this point another and stranger difficulty has been started. Bishop Mant tells us that, when the lesson for the *Saint's day* happens to be from the *Apocrypha*, he approves of the substitution of

the *Sunday lesson* from a canonical book, as on the whole preferable.—*Hor. Lit.*, p. 45.

What, we must ask, is the use of authorities—why do people stickle for ambiguous rubrics, when the plainest are thus set aside? Why should any individual minister be allowed to exercise his *individual* 'preference' against the clear directions of the rubric, and to reject and stigmatize as unfit to be read passages which the Church, both ancient and modern, had, after long and mature consideration, adopted and enjoined? The sixth of our XXXIX *Articles* says that—

'the Church does not apply the *Apocrypha* to establish any doctrine, yet it doth read it for example of life and instruction of manners.'

The Church, then, in its *Articles* and its *Rubric*, says *Read*, but some innovators, it seems,

say *No*! But see the consequence of these qualms about the *Apocrypha*. The commemoration of the Conversion of St. Paul happened in the year 1846, on *Sunday* the 25th of January, the proper lesson being '*5th Wisdom*,' one of the most beautiful and appropriate lessons in the whole ritual of holy days; but it is from the *Apocrypha*, and these gentlemen decline to read it. Very well. But the year after the day fell on a *Monday*,—and then, no other lesson being provided, there was no help for it, and they were forced to read the identical lesson repudiated the year before; and so on ten or a dozen holy days which have lessons from *Wisdom* or *Ecclesiasticus*,—those lessons, as the learned inform us, having been selected for those days from these Apocryphal books 'for especial reasons,' into which we need not enter. But this is not the worst dilemma in which this scruple about the *Apocrypha* will involve those who indulge it, for there are no less than forty-one days in the year for the services of which—either morning or evening—no other Lessons are appointed than from the *Apocrypha*; and if the anti-Apocryphalist should haply escape reading the *5th Wisdom* on the commemoration of the Conversion of St. Paul, or the *51st Ecclesiasticus* on that of St. Luke, he will nevertheless be obliged to read the former on the 15th of October, and the latter on the 19th of November!

But now, supposing the proper lesson settled and about to begin, we are met by another of those questions which the strict rubricians do not find it convenient to notice, though it falls peculiarly within their province, and which, if we were to be guided by rubrics and nothing else, would be of serious difficulty and urgent importance. We mean the *posture* in which the congregation should hear or join in the several offices. We have touched this question lightly as regarded the prefatory Sentences; but as it now arises more directly as to the position of the people at reading the Lessons, and is from this point forward of frequent, indeed constant, recurrence, we shall now collect into one view all that occurs to us on this subject in course of the daily and communion services.

Since the Church has thought fit to give any directions on this subject, it will, at first sight, seem strange that they are neither so frequent nor so full as a student might expect to find them. In truth, it seems that, after the repeal of the rubric concerning *kneeling and crossing* in King Edward's first book, there was a great disinclination in the succeeding legislators to meddle with habits and usages on which, even when they were mere forms, they felt that the people would be very

jealous of any alteration; but as postures are sometimes prescribed it is only fair to suppose that, a certain posture being directed, it is meant—without specially repeating the rubric—that such posture shall continue till another is substituted. This is the common sense way of interpreting any such matters, and we shall therefore adopt it as our guide. Thus at the outset we have supposed the people to be standing, because they are directed to kneel at the Confession, and they therefore continue to kneel (though the priest, by special directions, twice changes *his* posture) till after the responses at the end of the *Lord's Prayer*, when '*all stand up*,' and the service proceeds in that position; and when by the next rubric the '*Venite*,' and by a subsequent rubric, '*the Psalms are to be said or sung*,' without saying anything of a change of posture, it follows that, all having been left *standing*, it is intended that the *Venite* and the daily *Psalms* are also to be repeated standing. But then comes the rubric for the *First Lesson*, at which the minister is specially directed to stand—not as an order to *stand* merely, for he was already standing—but to stand in a particular way so that the people might hear—but no direction is given for the rest of the congregation, who also had been left *standing*. In primitive times, as we have said, there were no seats at all for the people, and there was no thought nor any great necessity that the congregation should ever sit during the comparatively short services of the Roman Catholic Church, or in the original practice of our separate services; but when by the junction of the different offices the time of attendance became so much lengthened, some intervals of sitting became necessary for the congregation in the naves and bodies of the churches:—as there must always have been for the select congregations in the choirs, as is attested by the existence of stalls and *sedilia*, though we know of no indication as to the particular portions of the service during which the occupiers of stalls were to sit. Nothing can show more strongly the prudent—some years ago we would have said the *over* prudent—reluctance of the Church of England to make any change in its rubrics, than the great and most striking fact that the introduction of seats and pews, and of consequent intervals of *sitting*, produced no alteration in the rubric, which in its theory would leave us still standing during the Lessons. We sit then by usage. We are aware that some of the stricter Rubricians are candid enough to feel this difficulty, and—in their zeal to erect the rubric into an infallible guide—for the sake of preserving the Church-militant and one or two other pet rubrics—have proposed that the congregation should *not* sit at the lessons. We have seen this

proposition in print, but we do not believe that it has ever been attempted in practice. Even those *Anglo-Catholics* who may secretly wish for a wholesale return to '*Catholic forms*,' are too wary to risk such a storm of indignation and vengeance as *this* innovation could not fail to bring down upon them. They have made war on pews by arguments that would equally apply to seats of any kind, but they have not yet ventured to interfere directly with that most unrubrical habit of sitting—and so we go on sitting at the first Lesson and standing at the *Te Deum*, and sitting again at the second Lesson and rising again at the *Benedictus* and *Jubilata*, by the prevalent authority of Usage. But here comes an anomaly which disturbs the defence we make for the *theoretic* consistency of the rubric:—at the *Creed*, which comes next, we are specially directed to stand—as if we had repeated the previous psalms in some other posture. The explanation of this we suppose is, that in the old mass, and by King Edward's first liturgy, the *Kyrie Eleeson* (*Lord have mercy upon us*, &c.), during which all were ordered to *kneel*, preceded the *Creed*—at which also it seems the people then knelt, as they still partly do in the Romish service; but when in the second book (adhered to by all subsequent) the *Creed* was put into its present place, it was thought advisable to warn the congregation that a change had been made from the old posture, and that they were now to *stand*. This guess, if correct, accounts for the special, though in our day, superfluous direction for *standing* at the *Creed*.

The *Kyrie Eleeson* now follows the *Creed*, *all kneeling*; and so it would seem to be intended that we should continue throughout the Collects and prayers, &c. to the end of the service. But unluckily at the end of the third collect comes this rubric:—

'¶ *Inquires and places where they sing, here followeth the Anthem.*

Are we to kneel while the Anthem is singing? So the strict construction would indicate. This difficulty does not exist in any of the older books, as the anthem rubric was added at the last revision; but in rubrics as well as in garments *patching* will betray itself. We find that even in Wheatley's day—above 140 years ago—this rubric had already fallen into desuetude; and it seems probable that it *never* was used since the union of the services. If an Anthem were to be sung at the about morning service, without the Litany, this no doubt would be a proper place for it—and the rubric would be imperative; but there never has been, we believe (unless exceptionally

in cathedrals), any anthem singing in this short daily service. So that in fact this anthem could only be used between the Collect and the Litany, and its introduction in this place would be now an interruption of the course of devotional exercises without visible motive or excuse, and it is much better postponed to the interval created by the new arrangement between the Litany and the altar service.

But moreover it is evident that this rubric applied only to *quires* and places where the *full singing service*, including *the*—not *an* but *the*—anthem, was performed, and had no reference at all to places where there were no better singers than the parish clerk and charity children;—*the* anthem could never have been expected from them—and therefore Wheatley's reluctant device of carrying out the rubric by singing a psalm here instead of *the* anthem utterly failed, and never for 180 years was thought of till these recent struggles for the *strict letter* against the *evident spirit* of the rubrics brought it to life again.

We resume the question of postures. There is no rubric for the posture of either priest or people at the Litany—which is certainly a strange omission in the rubrical code; but it is supplied by the 18th Canon, which, however, is in other respects a very imperfect guide, for though at its date *sitting* must have been to some extent introduced, it does not mention that posture; but directs us to kneel 'when the general Confession, Litany, and other prayers are read, and to stand up at the saying of the Belief;'—as if that were the only standing place in the whole service. It directs also the audible repetition *with* the Priest of the Lord's Prayer, Confession, and Creed, and affords the only human authority for bowing at the name of our Saviour.

No other question of posture or position occurs to us on the rest of the *daily service*; but on arriving at the *Communion* service we find considerable doubts and many rubrical difficulties. The first that presents itself is as to the local and personal position of the Minister for that portion of the service usually called the Sunday Altar Service. Wheatley himself admits that the question is not clear of doubt, and that even in his time this service 'was very frequently performed at the desk' (Wheatley, xxx. § 2). Mr. Robertson, whose personal feelings are strongly in favour of the service at the table, produces, with his usual candour, indisputable instances that—the provision of the first book of King Edward for reading it at the Table having been dropped in the following books—a habit grew up of reading it from the *Desk* and even from the *Pulpit*, and that such was the practice till 'Land attempted to introduce a change.'

The matter was debated at the Savoy Conference. The Bishops stickled for a return to the Communion-table, 'but did not,' says Mr. Robertson, 'at the ensuing revision of the Liturgy, make the rubric imperative' (p. 92). Perhaps not distinctly and in terms imperative—but we do think that all the rubrics, prefatory as well as incidental, create such a body of inferences as amounts to an injunction, and renders it impossible to separate this service from the north side of the Communion-table, whether there be, or be not a communion.

But the minister's personal position at the table is occasionally liable to slight irregularity. He is expressly directed '*to stand at the north side of the table*'—not the *right* nor the *left*, but the *north* side of the table. This was on the supposition that the table was to stand with its ends north and south; but when the table was moveable into the body of the church, that was not always the case, and it gave rise to much contention; and even in our day, though the tables are in a vast majority of cases placed altar-wise, yet a few old and some modern churches and chapels not being built east and west, the ends of their tables do not stand north and south. So that the Minister, to comply with the spirit of the rubric, is forced to violate its positive injunction and to stand at the *east* or *west* side of the table according to its local position. We have been we had almost said amused at seeing a distinguished Puseyite, since gone over to Rome, who happening to officiate in a church which ran north and south instead of east and west, was ostentatiously during the whole service directing towards the *north* the worship that he devoutly intended for the *east*.

About the posture of the people in the *first portion* of the Communion service there is no rubric; but there can be no great doubt that, in obedience to the 18th Canon, they are to *kneel*, as being at *prayers* and (it may be inferred) in the same part of the church where they before stood or knelt—and in that position they hear and respond to the Commandments and the Collect for the King or Queen.

'¶ Then shall be read the Collect of the day'—still of course kneeling—

'And immediately after the Collect the Priest shall read the Epistle.'

Thus then, these canons and rubrics, taken together, require that, if we kneel at the Commandments and Collect, we should also *kneel* during the *Epistle*, which is *immediately* to follow the *Collect*—the word *immediately*, otherwise unnecessary, seeming to be added—in this place alone—to ensure this posture;

and as if to make this more clear, at the Gospel the people are especially directed to *stand up*—as if, we say, to mark more emphatically that they had been previously *kneeling*, for nowhere either in canon or rubric is there the slightest hint of *sitting*.

We readily admit that this manifest absurdity could not have been intended—but it is rubrical; and we notice it as an important instance of the folly and mischief into which an over-scrupulous and too rigid adherence to the very letter of the rubrics might lead, as we think it has done in the case of the Church-militant Prayer.

Then follows the *Sermon or Homily*. We shall have presently some important points to discuss before the Minister passes from the table to the pulpit, but, at this moment, we confine ourselves to the question of posture, and we find no direction for the place of delivery or the posture of the auditor during the sermon. The rubric nowhere mentions a *pulpit*, and nowhere, as we have just said, authorises *sitting*; the Homily has been occasionally read from the table, and the Epistle and Gospel from the pulpit—and pulpits have assuredly in former days stood in places where there were no sittings prepared for the auditor—but who questions the convenience and decency of the practice of the Sermon from a pulpit and the congregation seated? yet all this is by *usage*.

After the sermon no direction is given as to the Minister's place when he returns to the table. King Edward's first Liturgy assigns him throughout pretty nearly the position ' *afore the midst of the altar*' that the Romish Priest occupies, but that was omitted in all subsequent books; and the Clergy, very properly, we think, '*return*' to the *same place*, that is, the north side of the table, from which they had departed, though the rubrical direction only requires them generally to return to the *table*.

In a subsequent rubric they are desired on one occasion to stand *before the table to order the elements*, and that seems to imply that, except for that purpose, they are not to stand before the table at any other time. The direction is not as express as, considering the seriousness of the occasion, we might have expected to find it, but tradition and the unvaried usage of 250 years had decided the matter, and maintained an entire uniformity of practice—till the Puseyite Romanisers, under pretence of rubrical exactness, found that there was no exact rubric on the point, and have attempted to negative the inferences which had been so long and, we think, so justly drawn from the former rubric, by kneeling, the bold ones in front of the table, and the tyros in

Romanism at the north-west corner, as we have before stated.

At the Offertory which follows, and at the Exhortation, it is the custom—there being no special direction—that the Minister stands and the people usually sit, though some kneel during the Exhortation. Bishop Mant, however, decides without assigning, or, as far as we can see, *having* any authority for the decision, that—

'Standing, not sitting, is the proper posture for the congregation while the sentences are in reading. Standing, and not kneeling, is their proper posture during the Exhortation.'—*Hor. Lit.*, p. 61.

We cannot satisfy ourselves that the first of these decisions is correct. It seems—besides being unwarranted—repugnant to good order and common sense. It is obvious that the duty of presenting the plate to every one cannot be satisfactorily nor indeed *safely* performed unless the people are regularly seated.

This argument does not apply in the same degree to the Exhortation—but we incline to think that the congregation had better not stand when they are not themselves participating in the exercise of the rite; and if they do not kneel they should sit here, as they do at the lessons, the epistle, the sermon, and everywhere else when they are not themselves taking a part—except only at the Gospel, where there is a special rubric directing them to stand—*honoris causâ*:—but here again, either posture is decent, and the usage of the place ought to be preferred.

There is no rubric for the posture of either priest or people at the Church-militant Prayer. Bishop Mant says nothing about it unless he meant to imply that the Minister is to *stand*, by saying (p. 61), that 'He is to kneel but three times during the *Administration*—at the *General Confession*—the Prayer *We do not presume*—and when he receives'—but as the Church-militant Prayer is no part of the *Administration*, but, *ex hypothesi*, is to be said whether there be an *Administration* or no, his Lordship leaves, we think, that point—the only really doubtful one—undecided. The general custom is—under, we presume, the general authority of the Canon—that both kneel; and this, we think, seems most consistent with general principles;—but we have seen many of the Clergy still stand at the north side of the table while they recite this prayer.

But when the full Communion is to be celebrated a general change of place is at this period suggested, if not prescribed, to the people. By King Edward's first book it is directed that the *Communicants shall tarry in*

or near the Quire—the men and women separated—all non-communicants departing out of the Quire. We need not examine whether this meant that the non-communicants should depart altogether out of the Church as well as out of the Quire, because the whole rubric was omitted in King Edward's second and all succeeding books, and must be held to stand repealed; and there is now nothing that we see to prevent the non-communicants, if their curiosity should so incline them, from continuing in the Church, or even in the Quire—Usage alone protects us from so unseem'y a practice. But a rubric, added at the revision in 1662, provides that those who intend to communicate shall now

'be conveniently placed for receiving the Holy Sacrament.'

This clearly means that the communicants should now take the places in which they are to receive, and would, according to Wheatley, justify the minister in carrying the Sacrament about the church to wherever the people may have placed themselves:—'A custom,' says that writer, 'still retained in some country churches, where the communicants kneel down in rows behind one another, and there continue till the minister comes to them';—(c. vi. s. 13)—a custom which we have never happened to see, but in some colleges where there are neither chancels nor communion-rails, and where the elements were carried down the body of the chapel and administered to the communicants in the same places they had occupied during the service. The general usage, however, of coming up to the Lord's table is more convenient and decent, and, to our own feelings, more edifying. Nay, it seems to us distinctly enjoined by the words of the prayer—

'We do not presume to come to this thy table, O Lord, trusting in our own righteousness.'

In large churches, and where there are galleries, while the non-communicants are withdrawing, the communicants generally come from the more distant parts, and take their seats in the neighbourhood of the table: but in small churches there seems no need of any special approach to the table at this time.

But then—after all the communicants have been directed and are supposed to be already *in situ* and in the places where they are to receive—come the words of the invitation—

'Ye that do truly, &c. Draw near'—

which would, if obeyed, disturb all that was before ordered. To prevent this, the words *'with faith'* were added at the last revision,—

which words reconcile the invitation with the former rubric, by intimating that only a spiritual 'drawing near' was here meant. Yet Wheatley strangely says, 'I think it would be more proper if all the communicants were, at these words, to come from the remote parts of the church, as near to the Lord's table as they could';—forgetting, it seems, the rubric for the convenient placing which he had just before discussed, and which was, we can have no doubt, meant—with the addition here of the words *'by faith'*—to prevent any such disturbance of the rite as would take place if, at these words,—*'Draw near'*—the whole congregation were suddenly to crowd round the Lord's table.

Thus, then, if we were to be guided by the rubrics alone, we should be liable to conflicting and afflicting diversities at the most awful moment of our whole religious existence.

The only remaining point that can afford any doubt is, what should be the position of the people at the two hymns—*Ter sanctus* (*Therefore with angels, archangels, &c.*) and the *Gloria in excelsis* (*Glory be to God on high, &c.*). By the rubric they are presumed to be kneeling; but, by analogy with all other hymns, it has been the general (we know not whether universal) custom for the congregation to rise *spontaneously* at these two offices, and to kneel immediately when they are over; for these, and some other spontaneous movements of the congregation—such as standing at *'Now to God the father, &c.'* at the close of the sermon, and then kneeling for the Blessing—the minister is not responsible, nor can he afford a personal example, for he is certainly at the first hymn, and, we presume, at the second, *standing* at the table; but the clerk, habituated to the usages of the place, gives, as it were, a signal to the rest of the congregation.

And here, being the first place we have had occasion to mention this officer who takes so prominent a part in leading and directing the congregation, we must notice that there is no rubrical authority whatsoever for his appearance or even existence. In the service of matrimony a clerk is mentioned, with a view, we presume, to the *registry* of the marriage, but where clerks are elsewhere mentioned, they are *clerici*, either *singing clerks* or ministers. Here again the rubrics fail.

We have now concluded that portion of the task we originally proposed to ourselves of bringing to notice some of the many instances where the rubrics—either designedly silent or accidentally imperfect, or from change of circumstances inapplicable—are not and cannot be, and could not by their authors have been intended to be perfect, exclusive, and all-sufficient guides through all the details of our various and, in strict theory, incoherent services.

And this brings us at last to the real and, we might almost say, only object of this long and complicated struggle—the *gown and surplice*—to which *all* the other questions of ‘*Psalm before sermon*,’ and ‘*pulpit prayers*,’ and ‘*offertory*,’ and ‘*Church-militant Prayer*,’ are mere corollaries. It is, as we have before stated, for the sake of *these* particular rubrics that so much zeal has been shown for all the other rubrics, and such efforts been made to give them the character of a complete and absolutely imperative code. And we confess that it is with a like view to these rubrics, but in the opposite direction, that *we* also have taken so much pains to show that the rubric has no such claims to absolute perfection and infallibility; and we have been the more anxious to support this opinion, because it gives still greater force to and ensures a more complete acquiescence in the Address of the Prelates, which is essentially founded on this principle. It has been a *cant*, even with those who are most vehement on this question, to call it ‘a thing in itself indifferent.’ The feeling it has everywhere created, and the zeal with which it is contested, is a sufficient proof that it is *not* ‘a thing indifferent.’ Why should it? Are the royal mantle, or the peer’s robe, or the judge’s ermine, or the bishop’s lawn, or the ribands of knighthood, or the soldier’s colours, or the seaman’s flag, things indifferent? The gown and surplice are as significant as any of these—nay, more so, if we were to listen to the fancies of some rubricians, who see, in their very shapes and colours, divers mystical meanings; but, at all events, they have been by a usage as old, we believe, as any ecclesiastical vestures, severally and in contradistinction appropriated to separate and different offices—the *gown*, or ordinary clerical dress, to the *preacher*, who is then delivering a lecture or essay of his own composition, always fallible, often erroneous, sometimes blameable, occasionally punishable—the *surplice* to the *minister*, for the performance of the strictly sacred offices where nothing can be pronounced but the written Word of God and the prescribed language of the Church. The distinction then, is sufficiently obvious, and the principle at issue abundantly important. Nor is it a new one. ‘*Preaching in his whites*’ was, we repeat, one of Archbishop Laud’s favourite objects; and, indeed, there is hardly one, (not a single one, we believe) of the changes recently attempted, even down to *crossings* and *candlesticks*, for which we cannot find a precedent in the proceedings by which that unhappy prelate, through his well-meaning but wrong-headed and too adventurous zeal, contributed so largely to the ruin of himself, his king, his church, and his country. Laud was, we are willing to believe, no Papist

—the Bishops of Down, Exeter, and London, who have in our day countenanced the *preaching in whites*, and some other of the Laudian practices, are certainly obnoxious to no such reproach; but this fact is undeniable, that of the numbers of the clergy and laity who have recently apostatised to Rome, there was *not one who had not distinguished himself by his zealous and ostentatious addiction to those practices*. This single fact is an abundant, a superabundant justification of the interest which is felt about these so-called ‘indifferent matters,’—of the increased jealousy with which they are looked upon by all thinking Protestants,—of our own anxious endeavours to counteract them; and, finally, of the *sera tamen* intervention of the English Prelates in March, 1851.

In pursuing this subject, we must again have recourse to the *Hora Liturgica*, because—though we firmly believe that if Bishop Mant had seen the recent apostacies he would have changed his opinion on these points—they afford the shortest as well as most authoritative exposition of this part of the question.

The struggle commences at the conclusion of the Nicene Creed. Here there usually follows a psalm, and as this psalm would give the minister an opportunity of changing his surplice for a gown before ascending the pulpit, the psalm is somewhat slyly, and as if for another reason, forbidden—

‘55. Singing after the Nicene Creed is *out of place* and *disturbs* the appointed order of the service. The Church’s direction, “Then shall follow the sermon,” is a plain indication of her *mind and will*.—*Mant*, 57.

Now this is the very most unfortunate assertion that could be imagined; for this place, where we are thus told that ‘a psalm would disturb the proper order of service, contrary to the mind and will of the Church,’ is the very place, and the *only* place, in the whole service where the Church makes a real interruption dedicated to ‘*notices, briefs, citations*,’ and other worldly matters, and where, *if the giving out the psalm be* (according to the Bishop of London’s former fancy) *a proclamation*, is the express place for proclaiming it. This proves beyond all question that if Bishop Mant’s other doctrine, of not interrupting the service, be of the least weight, this is not merely the proper, but the *only* proper place for the introduction of the psalm. This is conclusive. Yet, to clench the nail, we beg leave to remind the reader that the metrical psalms attached to King Edward’s, and Queen Elizabeth’s, and King James’s, and King Charles’s

Prayer-Books, were allowed by authority to be sung before sermons. And their present use is in general terms sanctioned by the authority of the King in Council—Temp. Will. III., when Tate and Brady's version was substituted for that of Sternhold and Hopkins.

This endeavour to get rid of the psalm, that there might be no pause in which the clergyman might change his surplice for the gown without inconvenience, is followed up by saying that

'In some congregations the minister here withdraws from the Church to the vestry-room to change his surplice. In others the minister proceeds at once from the communion-table to the pulpit without,' &c.—*Mant*, 23.

Candour will not approve this invidious representation—which we were sorry to see also in the Bishop of London's Charge of 1842—of the going into the vestry as a withdrawing from the Church; nor another phrase of the same character:—

'56. Neither at this nor at any other time of the service should the minister separate or absent himself from his congregation;'

A truth that no one would deny. But who would have imagined that passing into the vestry should be called in a criminary sense, 'separating or absenting himself from his congregation?'

But having thus disparaged the change of dress by inuendo, he directly forbids it:—

'The Church imposes on him no such necessity [for a change of dress]. She neither enjoins, nor sanctions, nor permits, nor recognises a change of dress.'—*Mant*, 57.

This is bold, in the face of those rubrics—the only ones now in force on this point, which we have before quoted, but must here produce again:—

'In the saying of matin or evensong the minister shall use a surplice.'

But at the communion the minister

'shall put upon him the vesture appointed for that ministration—that is to say, a white alb plain, with a vestment or cope.'

How can it be said that 'the Church neither enjoins, nor sanctions, nor permits, nor recognises a change of dress, when the Church does not only permit and sanction, but enjoin so certain and remarkable a change—and not once but twice during this office?'

It would be no excuse, on this occasion, to

say that *cofes* have been long disused; for *surplices in the pulpit* had also been long, we believe equally long, disused; and the surplice and the cope stand on the same authority.

Now comes another difficulty. The rubric, after the Nicene Creed, directs that there shall be then given out the warning for the next celebration of the Communion; and this is generally done by reading the first two or three sentences of the Exhortation, which a subsequent rubric directs to be read after the sermon. Wheatley admits that here is a difficulty arising from some 'inadvertency,' and Bishop Mant calls it an 'oversight.' We, however, will not insist upon this as an absolute discordance between the rubrics; for, as we showed in our former liturgical article, the notice may be one thing, and the Exhortation another. It is, however, quite clear that the strict rubric requires the Exhortation to be pronounced (as it never is) *in extenso*, and after the sermon.

But supposing that any one should now attempt to introduce this practice, he would find another difficulty, for there is no direction where the Exhortation is to be read. The rubric says it shall be read after sermon or homily ended, which implies immediately after, and, of course, from the pulpit; but it is placed after the Church-militant Prayer, which implies that it shall be read from the table. The difficulty—indeed, we think, the impossibility—of settling this point is the justification of the clergy for having adopted the apparent irregularity of reading a portion of the Exhortation by way of notice after the Nicene Creed.

We are now arrived at the sermon or homily; and those who have not looked closely at these matters will be surprised that we are here met with a most serious, and, as far as the rubrics go, insurmountable difficulty. Where is the sermon to be pronounced? The rubric makes no mention of a pulpit, and we have recently seen one or two Puseyite attempts at building and repairing churches in which the pulpits are altogether omitted. Wheatley himself can find no other authority for the sermon's being preached from the pulpit but very vague inference:—

'Observing in the next rubric that the priest is ordered to return to the table, it must be supposed that he was in the pulpit, since he was at the table before.'—c. vi. a. viii. § 4.

So that really if we are to be guided by the rubrics alone, those who have attempted to abolish the pulpits would have some excuse, for Wheatley's inference would not conclude them; first, because they deny that inferences can supply the place of rubrics; and, secondly,

because 'returning to the table' does not necessarily imply that he returned *from the pulpit*, for he might have returned to the table from the front part of the chancel, where, in order to be better heard, he might have delivered his sermon—just as the direction given in the middle of the marriage ceremony for the priest to 'go to the Lord's table' certainly does not imply that the former part of it had been performed in the pulpit.

See to what confusion, and may we not say absurdity, a rigorous and exclusive application of the rubric would lead us. Usage and the canon remove all these difficulties—the canon provides a pulpit, and usage guides the minister to mount it at this period of the service.

The omission of the prayer before sermon is for several reasons a great object with this party. Some clergymen, says the Bishop of Down, use a prayer of their own—*others* a form from the Prayer-Book—*some* this—*others* that—'*others* deliver their text and begin the sermon at once.'—p. 24. Of course he decides in favour of these last '*others*.' We can only say that, except in one or two Ultra-Puseyite cases, we never saw nor heard of those '*others*' who did not preface the sermon by a prayer.

The Bishop says—

'I can find no authority for it.'

He adds:—

'The 55th Canon, which is the *nearest approach* to an authority, contains a form, which, however, is not *precatory*, but *injunctive* and not *monitory*; "*ye shall pray for Christ's Holy Catholic Church*"—so that this form (whatever may have been and may be its authority for the purpose to which it was directed) is *no authority for a prayer*.'—*Hor. Lit.*, 58.

This extraordinary statement, which throws the *Canon* overboard, as at best no more than an approach—a misinterpreted approach—to an authority, is the more extraordinary, because the pulpit itself has, since Queen Elizabeth's Injunctions, no authority for its existence but the *Canon*: and that it should be asserted that the *Canon* is no authority for *prayer*, passes our understanding, and will still more astonish our readers when we present them with the *ipsissima verba* of the *Canon*:—

'CANON 55. The form of PRAYER to be used by all Preachers BEFORE their Sermons.

'Before all lectures, homilies, and sermons, the preachers and ministers shall move the people to join with them in prayer in this form, and to this effect, as briefly as conveniently they may, "Ye shall pray," &c.'

And this is *no authority for PRAYER*! But

still more wonderful is this assertion when we read to the end of this '*form*,' and find that the *Canon* farther directs,

'Always concluding with the LORD'S PRAYER.'

And *this*, as it was the canonical rule, has been the invariable practice. We stated in our article on Liturgical Reform (vol. lxxii.) a doubt whether the *bidding prayer* was not originally meant for occasional sermons, not forming a part of Divine service, and as a check on the preacher's political opinions. We are still of the same mind as to the original intention, but sermons of that kind are forbidden by the Act of Uniformity, and there can be no doubt that, in fact, a kind of bidding prayer has always been used to ordinary sermons. We have already mentioned the case in the *Spectator*, which in 1712 talks of it as an old practice. There is a pleasant and much earlier anecdote to the same effect—'Lord Halifax (Savile) was at church, and his chaplain preaching prayed as usual for his patron, but made an indifferent sermon; my Lord said, "Though the fellow was a fool, he need not have said *whose fool* he was."'*—Hart. MS.*; and Pepys, as early as the fourth year after the promulgation of the present liturgy, notes—'23rd Dec. 1666: To church, where a vain fellow in a periwig, preached. Chaplain as by his prayer appeared—to Lord Carlisle.'—*Diary*, v. III. 365. The political object of the bidding prayers appears so late as George I., who, shortly after his accession, issued his royal mandate to all the archbishops and bishops to enforce a strict compliance with the *Canon* as to these pulpit prayers. The immediate cause of issuing this mandate was, we know historically, that several of the jacobite clergy evaded the reading of the pulpit prayer, which contained a direct recognition of the *title* of George I.—and a smart political and ritual controversy ensued; but ultimately the clergy—availing themselves of the latitude given by the words in the *Canon*—'in this form, or to this effect, as briefly as conveniently may be'—thought that the conditions of *brevity and convenience* would be better fulfilled by the adoption of a collect instead of the cumbersome and tautologous model given in the *Canon*, and of the adulatory abuse which had been engrafted on it.

But though Bishop Mant so, to us, incomprehensibly denied the existence of *any* authority for pulpit prayers, we find that in practice he softened a little, and admitted them as matter of indulgence to the prejudices of the people:—

'If, however, popular prepossessions should be in favour of a prayer here, and the minister

should think it desirable to indulge such a prepossession, he might perhaps, *I will not say justify, but excuse* his indulgence on a plea of *long-continued usage, &c.—Id.*

But if long-continued usage can excuse the indulgence of a popular prejudice, against which the Church's opinion is asserted to be 'conclusive,' why not allow a similar indulgence to *long-continued usage* in the case of the psalms and surplice?

After the sermon (and the Exhortation if here pronounced)

'¶ The Priest is to return to the Lord's Table and begin the Offertory.'

Here is another inaccuracy in the Rubric; for the preacher need not be, and very often is not, the *Priest*. Nor does the Rubric here distinguish the cases of there being or not being a communion to follow; but that is of no importance—the Offertory is of course included—for the post-Communion Rubric decides that—

'¶ Upon the Sundays and other holy days (if there be no communion) shall be said all that is appointed for the Communion until the end of the general prayer for the whole state of Christ's Church Militant.'

This is the Rubric on which the great contention turns, and we must endeavour to explain it, and, we hope, excuse the disuse into which it and the Offertory which depends upon it have fallen when there is no Communion. It is the only authority for the performance of what is popularly called the *altar-service*, answering to the *Missa sicca* or *dry Mass*, of the old Church; it limits its performance to Sundays and holy days, but it does not, nor does any other rubric, authorise, or even seem to contemplate, its conjunction with the Morning Service or the Litany, with which it is by usage now invariably conjoined. If Usage authorises the conjunction of this service to the two others, surely it may equally authorise the abridged form in which it has been as invariably, we believe, so conjoined, and, when so conjoined, reasonably abridged not only because it is an unauthorised lengthening of the service, but because the Church-militant prayer becomes almost tautologous when used with and after the Litany. If the altar-service were to be performed, as all the rubrics seem to contemplate, alone, no one would dream of omitting the Church-Militant prayer, which would then be essential to the integrity of the office. But there is an antecedent rubric which is obviously inconsistent with this post-Communion Rubric as respects the Church-militant prayer:—

'¶ When there is a Communion the Priest shall then [after the Offertory] place on the table as much bread and wine as he shall think sufficient. After which done the priest shall say,'

the Church-militant prayer. This is clear; the prayer is to be said after *that* shall have been done which can only be done when there is a communion, and therefore it cannot be said when there is no communion. These are contradictory or at best ambiguous directions, between which the clergy had to choose, and when the short services were combined into a large one, they naturally and, we think, wisely chose that construction which was least tautologous. In aid of this motive came another and a stronger. The post-communion rubric coupled the Offertory and the prayer; but as the Poor Laws superseded 'the *poor man's box*,' into which (and not on the *table*) the collection was, under the earlier rubrics, to be put, the special use and necessity for the Offertory became less apparent, and the alms would naturally dwindle away;—so that in the subsequent Church-militant prayer a note was introduced to meet the case of no alms being given; and when it was found that this came to be the ordinary result, it seemed to the clergy, we will not say a 'mockery,' but idle and indecorous, to go on soliciting in the name of God and in the very words of the Gospel, offerings which they knew beforehand would not be contributed. Now, when Bishop Mant (and the Bishop of Exeter more recently) found it expedient to limit their injunction to the reading of '*one sentence at least* of the Offertory,' was not this a plain indication that they adhered to it as a *mere matter of form* from which no result was expected? And would it not be better to acquiesce in the general custom of omitting the form altogether than expose it to the weekly affront of being slurred over by the Minister and ostentatiously repudiated by the people? Is not the opposite course an injudicious sacrifice of the dignity and *spirit* of the service to the *letter* of, may we not say, an ambiguous and *ad hoc* obsolete rubric?

Here we conclude our examination. We could have very much enlarged this catalogue of difficulties from the ordinary services, and might have found abundant discrepancies in the occasional offices; and, indeed, the whole series of Rubrics, Statutes, Canons, Proclamations, Articles, Inquiries, and Injunctions exhibit—even as abridged in Mr. Robertson's useful compendium, but much more so *in extenso*—such complexity, intricacy, and inconsistency, as to be, we believe, altogether inexplicable and irreconcilable. We at least can see in them neither order nor system; but we have, we trust, sufficiently fulfilled our object—first

of vindicating the authority of *Usage* in our Church services—more especially as regards the main point in dispute;—secondly, of showing the efficiency and *sufficiency* of our existing system, and that any liturgical reformers who should undertake to direct all the details of all our services by some more comprehensive and inflexible rubrical code, would have a much harder task than has been generally supposed. We believe that not only would any such attempt meet insuperable obstacles in its progress, but any result that might be obtained would only lead to new and more serious difficulties, and create a spirit of punctilious jealousy and captious litigation, certainly mischievous and probably fatal to the Church.

The existing system—founded on a combination of written and traditional law, of rubric and usage—has preserved our Church, from the Reformation (with the exception of Laud's unfortunate experiments) down to this Puseyite agitation, in a state of more satisfaction and harmony within the several parishes, and of greater uniformity as regards the Church in general, than the infallibility of Rome herself had been able to preserve amongst her own subjects for so long a period and to so great an extent; and we venture confidently to predict that no new system—even if one more theoretically perfect could be devised—could ever obtain so steady, so general, or so powerful an influence as that which is now endeared to our feelings by hallowed recollections, and sanctioned to our judgments by a long and happy experience.

Bishop Montague, the most romanizing of Laud's followers, gave the archbishop some very wholesome advice, which neither the giver nor the receiver had subsequently the discretion to follow. After stating to Laud some differences of detail which had occurred in his diocese, he adds, 'my poor opinion is, that the matter is *inter minutiona legis*, and we should make the best of it; and happily *in these times*, of opposition it is not amies to follow that wise direction of the greatest council of Christendom, the first of Nice, *Let ancient customs be observed.*' In our opinion, there

needs neither Synod, nor Convocation, nor Royal interposition to heal all our present feuds—it is enough to repeat, '*Let usages be observed.*'

We can appreciate, however, though we cannot approve the sedative and plausible motives that so long kept some of our prelates altogether silent on these subjects, and induced Bishop Blomfield and Archbishop Howley and others to endeavour to deal with them by concessions and compromises that decided nothing and dissatisfied every body. They felt themselves trammelled by the *letter* of what had long been admitted to be the law, and of which, though never practised, they were reluctant to dispute the theoretic authority. The bold strides which Popery had made under this hesitation have at last overcome all minor motives, and the Address of the twenty-four Prelates assembled, at Lambeth has re-established the early and just principle, '*Let acknowledged usages be observed.*' It now remains for their Lordships, and particularly the *Metropolitans*, by their vigilance, activity, and resolution, to ensure its early and complete adoption. There is no doubt that during so long a delay, the mischief may in some places have acquired considerable tenacity, but since the Bishops, we may say as a body, have at last spoken out—if they do not act to the full scope of their engagements, they will find that they have only increased their difficulties. The time is gone by for endeavouring to propitiate refractory innovators, by permission to *preach in whites* in the morning, if they will consent to *preach in blacks* in the evening, and to set up '*candles on the altar, provided they are not lighted.*' We trust that we have all now arrived at a better appreciation both of our danger and our duties; and that in short, we shall have, all and speedily, returned with increased gratitude and zeal to the decent seriousness and sober splendour—alike removed from puritanism and popery—which the practice of, certainly two, and, we believe, of three centuries had established, and, till recently, preserved with surprising uniformity in the United Church of England and Ireland.

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RE-PUBLICATION

OF THE

London, Edinburgh, North British, and Westminster

QUARTERLY REVIEWS.

No. CCLXXVII.

THE

LONDON QUARTERLY
REVIEW.

N^o. CLXXVIII.—OCTOBER, 1851.

AMERICAN EDITION—Vol. XXXVI. No. II.

NEW YORK:

LEONARD SCOTT & CO., 79 FULTON STREET, ENTRANCE 54 GOLD ST.

FETRIDGE & Co., CROSBY & NICHOLS, and REDDING & Co., Boston;
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THE

LONDON QUARTERLY REVIEW.

No. CLXXVIII.

FOR OCTOBER, 1851.

ART. I.—*The History of British India, from 1805 to 1835.* By Horace Hayman Wilson, M.A., F.R.S. Vol. iii. 8vo. 1848.

ON the 30th of August, 1838, the princely city of Oodypore was the scene of a terrible solemnity. About mid-day a prolonged discharge of artillery from the fort announced the unexpected decease of Maharána Juwán Singh; and, as is usual in tropical climates, preparations for his obsequies immediately commenced. The palace gate was thronged with the expectant populace. Something, however, in the excitement of their voices and gestures, boded the approach of a spectacle more thrilling than mere pomp could render even a royal funeral. It was not the dead alone whom the eager crowd were waiting to see pass from among them. Sculptured in startling abundance on the tombs of their rulers, the well-known effigies of *women's feet** gave ghastly assurance that a prince of Oodypore would not that day be gathered to his fathers without a wife, or a concubine, sharing his pyre. The only question was—how many? It was known that the youngest of the two queens came of a family in which the rite was rarely practised; while the suddenness of the Maharána's death had given but scanty time for any of his inferior women to mature so tremendous a resolution. Great, therefore, was the admiration of the multitude when they learnt that immediately on the fatal tidings reaching the Zenána, both the queens and six out of seven concubines had determined to burn. The seventh, a favourite, had excused herself on the plea—which, characteristically enough, was at once

admitted—that 'she felt none of the inspiration deemed necessary to the sanctity of the sacrifice.'

It next became the duty of the chief nobles to address the ladies with the forms of dissuasion. But to these they quickly put an end by an act that rendered retreat impossible:—loosening their hair, and unveiling their faces, they went to the gate of the Zenána, and presented themselves before the assembled populace. All opposition to their wishes now ceased. They were regarded as sacred to the departed monarch. Devout ejaculations poured incessantly from their lips. Their movements became invested with a mysterious significance; and their words were treasured up as prophetic.

Meantime the pile had been prepared. The eight victims, dressed in their richest attire, and mounted on horseback, moved with the procession to the cemetery. There they stripped off their ornaments and jewels, distributed gifts to the bystanders, and lastly, mounting the pile, took their places beside the corpse. As the Maharána had left no son, his nephew, the present Sovereign, applied the torch. The crash of music, the chanting of the priests, and the cries of the multitude arose simultaneously, and the tragedy was consummated. 'The father of one of the queens' (concludes the native report) 'had been present during the whole. He is here immersed in contemplation and grief, and his companions are comforting him.'

Perhaps at this point some of our readers may feel puzzled by the recollection that Lord William Bentinck is celebrated in numberless works as having put down all atrocities of this kind some twenty years ago. And true it is that he did so far as his authority extended; but within that limit, as Mr. Wilson's clear narrative shows, the operation was necessarily

* The distinctive memorial of a Suttée. The feet of each victim are represented in relief, with the soles outwards, on the face of the mausoleum.

confined. In other words, out of about 77 millions of souls, this prohibition reached directly only the 37 millions who were British subjects; indirectly, perhaps about 19 millions more, consisting of the subjects of native princes in whose internal management we had some voice; while there remained not less than 21 millions, the subjects of states which, though our allies, could be in no degree reached by the legislation of 1829. The kingdom of Oodypore, or Meywar, was of the last class. The only notice, therefore, that the Governor-General of 1838 (Lord Aukland) could take of the horrors above detailed was by way of private communication. The Resident at Oodypore was instructed to explain *unofficially* the horror with which the British Government had heard of the tragedy, and of the prominent part in it played by the new Sovereign himself. The Resident's opinion was at the same time asked, as to the most suitable compliment to be paid to those nobles who had sought to dissuade the ladies from their resolution, and the answer was noteworthy. Lord Aukland was informed that the personages in question would simply feel 'disgraced' by any tribute which should imply that their dissuasions had been meant for aught but decorous forms!

Such was the veneration in which up to a date so recent the sacrifice of Suttee was held by a vast proportion of our allies, and such the acquiescence with which the British Government perforce regarded its celebration. Within the last seven years, however, the rite has occasioned one of the most remarkable movements recorded in Eastern annals. Never before, within historical memory, had the Hindoos exhibited the phenomenon of *religious change*. During that brief period an agitation has sprung up which has led more than half the great independent states to repudiate a sacrifice regarded by their forefathers, not only as sacred, but as a standing miracle in attestation of their faith. So extraordinary an exception to the inveterate tyranny of tradition would demand investigation, were it only as a psychological problem; but how much more is this the case when the wonder is known to be the work of a single British officer. We owe to the late lamented Chairman of the Court of Directors the means of presenting our readers with the first authentic account of this triumph of skill and energy.

Strange to say, the movement originated in the very stronghold of the rite. Among the states who gloried in the readiness of their women to brave this supreme test of conjugal devotion, none exercise a wider influence over Hindoo opinion than the small knot of powers on the north-west frontier, who occupy the provinces known collectively as Rajpootána.

The respect paid throughout India to the blood of the Rajpoots—(literally *the progeny of princes*)—is well known. Matrimonial alliances with their chiefs are eagerly sought by princes of thrice their territorial importance. A race of soldiers and hunters, their figures and faces are eminently handsome and martial; their voices loud; and when they laugh, it is with a hearty burst like Europeans—in broad contrast to the stealthy chuckle of the Bengálee, or the silent smile of the reserved Mussulman. Unlike those, too, they scorn the pursuits of the desk; and even agriculture has only become common among them since the tranquillization of the frontier has diminished their opportunities of obtaining military service among their feudal lords. Whatever a Hindoo knows of chivalry or nationality, he deems to be exemplified in this model race. Since, therefore, Rajpoots were renowned for the frequency of their suttees, the great independent states thought it beneath their orthodoxy to return any other answer to the remonstrances of the British Government against the rite, than that 'it would be time enough for them to prohibit it, when Rajpootána led the way.'

This they doubtless thought was to postpone a change indefinitely. Many, in truth, and pitiful were the instances which seemed to forbid the hope that Rajpoots would ever consent to take the lead in such a course. One of these has already been given. A second—the last with which we shall pain our readers—must be added, because it illustrates the chief difficulty with which the friends of abolition had to contend. It was the belief of those officers who had acquired the longest experience in Rajpoot affairs, that every attempt on the part of the British Government to remonstrate against Suttee had been followed by an increase in the number of the sacrifices. This opinion—which, whether right or wrong, naturally carried weight with the Government, and had caused the discouragement of any active interference in the matter—was supposed to receive a further corroboration in the occurrence we are about to narrate.

Early in 1840 the Political Agent, or chargé d'affaires, at the Rajpoot court of Kotah had ventured on his own responsibility to break through the cautious reserve thus prescribed, by apprising the chief of that state, that the British Government would be greatly gratified to hear that his Highness had abolished Suttee throughout his dominions. 'My friend,' replied the prince, 'the customs alluded to have been handed down from the first fathers of mankind. They have obtained in every nation of India, and more especially in Rajpootána; for whenever a sovereign of these

states has bidden farewell to life, the queens, through the yearnings of the inward spirit, have become Suttees,* notwithstanding that the relatives were averse to the sacrifice, and would have prevented it altogether. It is not in the power of a mortal to nullify a 'divine, though mysterious, ordinance.' With true Oriental complaisance, however, his Highness proceeded to promise his best efforts to undertake the impossibility. 'Since,' he concludes, 'it will afford the English Government peculiar pleasure, I shall take such measures as lie in my power to prohibit the practice.' It appears that nobody except the officer to whom it was addressed attached any value to this plausible assurance. The veteran diplomatist who at that time superintended our relations with the Rajpoot states was even led to augur from it some fresh outbreak of religious zeal in favour of the rite.

About 3 P.M. on the 29th October, 1840, a Brahmin, by name Luchmun, died at Kotah, and his widow declared her intention of burning with the corpse. The permission of the reigning prince had in the first instance to be obtained. Now, therefore, was the time for testing the value of the pledge which he had given to the *chargé d'affaires*. His Highness absolutely declined to use his authority. The chief constable was, indeed, sent to address the ordinary dissuasions to the woman, and to promise her a livelihood in case she survived; but the victim, as usual, was resolute. To the offer of a maintenance she is reported to have answered—'There are a hundred people related to me—and I have no such thoughts to annoy me. I am about to obey the influence of God.' The sight of her infant son did not shake her. All the marvels which the arts of the priesthood conjure up on such occasions, were employed to convince the populace that it was the will of Heaven that the sacrifice should proceed. 'It has been usual'—naïvely wrote the Kotah minister in his exculpatory account of the catastrophe to the *chargé d'affaires*—'it has been usual, on a disposition to burn being evinced, to confine the individual in a room under lock and key; and if these efforts should be frustrated by the voluntary bursting of the locks and doors, it was a sure sign that her intention was pure and sincere, and that it was useless to oppose it. *This test was applied on the present occasion, and both locks and doors flew open!* Moreover, it was known that a *Suttee's words*

for good or for evil would assuredly come true, which of itself deterred any spectator from interfering. Your Agency messenger brought her to the palace and took her by the hand; though, as she was regarded as dead to the world and all its creatures, this ought not to have been done. He was told to take a guard and dissuade her if he could, but he did not succeed.'—The chief constable soon obtained sufficient warranty of the strength of the woman's determination to satisfy him of the propriety of ordering the pile. Twenty pounds of sandal wood, and twenty more of cotton rope, together with faggots and flax, were accordingly put together in haste by the river side; and the funeral procession was on the point of commencing, when the Resident sent a servant of his own to make one more effort to dissuade the victim. The messenger found the Brahminia plying her with camphor, and was wholly unable to overcome the natural and artificial exaltation which she exhibited. Moreover, the crowd were impatient at what they deemed so pertinacious an opposition to the Divine will, and bore the woman off to the palace, in order to obtain the chief's prohibition of any further attempts of the kind. The messenger had the courage to accompany them. On being admitted to the presence, he reminded his Highness of his late promise to the Resident; but his remonstrances were quickly neutralized by an adroit hint to the prince from a native courtier, 'that if the widow's purpose were thwarted, she might utter some imprecations fatal to the state!' On this his Highness declared that he would stand neutral in the matter—'he would neither assent nor dissent—the messenger might do his best.' The Brahmins and crowd of course interpreted this as it was meant; they jostled the emissaries of the *chargé d'affaires*, and even threw out threats against that officer himself, in case of any further interference. Musicians now came out from the palace to assist at the ceremony; a sumptuous dress and ornaments were presented to the woman; and thus decorated and attended, she was conducted to the place of sacrifice. Secret orders to use despatch had in the mean time been sent by the Prince; and so well were these obeyed, that within three hours of Luchmun Brahmin's death his widow had shared his obsequies.

It is true that cases are on record in which, at the supreme moment, women have lost courage, and, starting from the pile, have torn off their sacrificial garlands, and cried aloud for mercy! Unhappily, too, it is not improbable that on such occasions the fatal belief that a *suttee's* resolution once voluntarily taken is irrevocable, may have caused the by-

* The term *Suttee*, or *Sati*, is strictly applicable to the person, not the rite; meaning a pure and virtuous woman; and designates the wife who completes a life of uninterrupted conjugal happiness by the act of *Saha-gamana*, accompanying her husband's corpse. It has come in common usage to denote the act.—Wilson, iii. p. 265.

standers to thrust the victim remorselessly back into the flames; or if, from British interposition, a rescue has been effected, the woman has, it may be, survived only to curse the pity which, to save her from a few moments of pain, has deprived her, as she deemed, of ages of happiness. These things have been; but, with very rare exceptions, the Suttée has been a voluntary victim. Resolute, undismayed, confident in her own inspiration, but betraying by the tone of her prophecies—which are almost always auspicious—and by the gracious acts with which she takes leave of her household, and by the gifts which she lavishes on the bystanders, that her tender woman's heart is the true source whence that inspiration flows, the child-widow has scarcely time to bewail her husband ere she makes ready to rejoin him. She is dressed like a bride, but it is as a bride who has been received within the zenána of her bridegroom. Her veil is put off, her hair unbound; and so adorned and so exposed, she goes forth to gaze on the strange world for the first time, face to face, ere she leaves it. She does not blush or quail. She scarcely regards the bearded crowd who press so eagerly towards *her*. Her lips move in momentary prayer. Paradise is in her view. She sees her husband awaiting with approbation the sacrifice which shall restore her to him dowered with the expiation of their sins, and ennobled with a martyr's crown. What wonder if, dazzled with these visionary glories, she heeds not the shouting throng, the ominous pile? Exultingly she mounts the last earthly couch which she shall share with her lord. His head she places fondly on her lap. The priests set up their chant—it is a strange hymeneal—and her first-born son, walking thrice round the pile, lights the flame. If the impulse which can suffice to steel a woman's nerves to encounter so painful a death, and to overpower the yearnings of her heart towards the children she may leave behind her—if such an impulse is, even to the eye of philosophy, a strange evidence of the power of faith, and of the depth and strength of tenderness—surely we may well conceive how the superstitious Hindoo should trace in it more directly the finger of God himself. They, we are persuaded, will best cope with this superstition—for they alone will comprehend the grounds on which it rests—who, content with the weapons of truth, will own, that love, and beauty, and death—terror, wonder, pity—never conspired to form a rite more solemn and affecting to the untutored heart of man.*

* 'I have heard,' says Mr. Mountstuart Elphinstone, 'that in Guzerat women about to burn are often stupefied with opium. In most other parts this is certainly not the case. Women go through all the ceremonies with astonishing composure and presence

The confirmation that the Kotah case appeared to give to the current opinions on the danger of interference, had naturally caused an official neutrality on the subject to be prescribed more strictly than ever to our Residents at native courts; and a complete inaction was the order of the day. Not to multiply instances of this policy, we may mention that in 1842 Lord Ellenborough expressly declined to sanction an offer made by the *chargé d'affaires* at Hyderabad, to procure from its Mahomedan ruler a prohibition of the rite.

It was in the midst of this general despondency that Major (now Lieutenant-Colonel) Ludlow, *chargé d'affaires* at Jypore, conceived the idea of assailing the superstition in its stronghold. His scheme was simple and not new—qualities which are the best evidence of the difficulties that had hitherto prevented its execution. Long ago, Oriental scholars, both native and European, had shown that the rite was not only unsanctioned, but inferentially forbidden, by the earliest and most authoritative Hindoo scriptures. Nay, Colonel Tod in his book on Rajpootána had actually indicated this anomaly in Hindoo doctrine as the best point of attack for abolitionists to select. Yet though that valuable work was published in 1829, and though the author, from the position he long held as chief diplomatic officer in the country he so well describes, had the amplest opportunities for carrying out his own suggestion, it was reserved for Major Ludlow, in 1844, to put it to the test of practice, and to vanquish the obstacles which had hitherto confined it to the dream-land of speculative benevolence.

The explanation of this previous inaction is not difficult. Scholars, it is true, had proved Suttée to be an innovation and a heresy; but it was an innovation of 2000 years' standing, and a heresy abetted by the priesthood since the days of Alexander. Though unnoticed by Menu, the supplementary writings with which the Hindoos, like the Jews, have overlaid their primitive books, are profuse in its praise. Above all—let the force of the appeal from the more recent to the primitive code be what it might—it could not but be attended with

of mind, and have been seen seated, unconfined, among the flames, apparently praying, and raising their joined hands to their heads with as little agitation as at their ordinary devotions. The sight of a widow burning is a most painful one; but it is hard to say whether the spectator is most affected by pity or admiration. The more than human serenity of the victim, and the respect which she receives from all around her, are heightened by her gentle demeanour and her care to omit nothing in distributing her last presents, and paying the usual marks of courtesy to the bystanders; while the cruel death that awaits her is doubly felt from her own apparent insensibility to its terrors.'—*History of India*, i. 361.

suspicion when proceeding from religionists who equally repudiated both the one and the other. It is no matter for surprise that Englishmen should have hesitated long to assail with the delicate weapon of theological criticism a rite thus strong in remote antiquity, in venerated records, in a hierarchy at once ignorant and unscrupulous, and in the associations with which innumerable traditions of womanly courage and constancy had ennobled it in the eyes of the Hindoo people.

His resolution once taken, however, there were circumstances in Major Ludlow's position not unfavourable to the enterprise. He enjoyed peculiar opportunities of intercourse with the nobles of the court to which he was accredited. The prince of Jypore was a minor, and the government was carried on by a council of regency, over which the Major presided. Not only did he thus possess a more direct voice in the administration than his post of *chargé d'affaires* would have given him, but he had already so used this vantage-ground as to dissipate to an extraordinary degree the jealousies likely to be excited in his native colleagues by any interference with their domestic customs. He had even contrived to bring the other Rajpoot states to combine with Jypore for an object not wholly alien from that which he had at present in view. Then, as now, the abuse which he had undertaken to assail concerned their *zenânas*; and his bitterest opponents were likely to be found amongst the priests.

Old maids, as our readers have probably heard, are sadly depreciated in the East. A Rajpoot girl who remains long unwedded is a disgrace to her house; but that was not the only danger which but a few years ago her father had to fear. Should he succeed in finding her a husband, the chances were that the family estates would be hopelessly encumbered in providing the gratuities claimed by the priests and minstrels who were certain to flock to the nuptials. No Rajpoot is above the dread of satire and imprecations; and those worthies notoriously dispensed their blessings and applauses, or their curses and lampoons, according to the price at which their services were retained. The result was that their favour was purchased at almost any cost. 'The Dahima emptied his coffers on the marriage of his daughter,' ran a favourite distich of these venal bards, 'but he filled them with the praises of mankind.' The Rajpoots at large were not disposed to be Dahimas, nor yet to brave the scandal of housing marriageable daughters. They found refuge from the dilemma in infanticide. Parents reared just so many girls as they could afford to marry off, and destroyed the rest. The criminality of the practice was, indeed, acknowledged.

Rajpoot decorum demanded that it should be veiled in secrecy; but that was all. A trifling penance absolved the perpetrator. Nobody dreamed of dragging such affairs into publicity. If a son was born, the fact was announced to inquirers with exultation; if a daughter, the answer was—*Nothing!* and those who came to congratulate went silent away. It must not be supposed that this system had grown up to such monstrous maturity without some degree of resistance on the part of the native rulers. It appears that here and there, and at various periods, a Rajpoot prince had sought to reach the evil by sumptuary enactments in restraint of nuptial gratuities; but that fear of the reproach of their kinsmen in neighbouring communities had invariably deterred his subjects from taking advantage of the remedy.

Major Ludlow conceived that he saw his way to improving on these precedents. He conjectured that if the various states throughout Rajpootâna could be brought to agree to a common scale of such largesses, apportioned to the revenue of the bride's parents, with uniform penalties for all demands in excess, the problem might be solved. Nothing, however, is harder than to bring the tenacious principalities of Rajpootâna to act together on any subject. What could seem more so than to bring them to work in concert on a question involving points so delicate as the largesses to be dispensed on their daughters' weddings, and the comparative claims of their minstrels and priests?—It was certain, too, that, failing this agreement, no measure of the kind could be demanded of them by the British Government without a breach of the treaties that secured the freedom of their internal administrations. In spite of these obstacles Major Ludlow obtained permission to do his best, on the single condition of using no direct solicitation towards the chiefs. His first efforts were thus confined to his brother diplomatists, and such native deputies as resided at Jypore for the purpose of communicating on plunder-cases. The latter, gradually coming into the idea, promulgated it among their respective governments; and by this indirect process he at length succeeded in obtaining the enactment of an international sumptuary law which has rid Rajpootâna of a most frightful scourge and stigma.

Never probably before, since the origin of the Rajpoot States, had their jealousies and divisions been even temporarily suspended. But the advantage of this concert was rendered palpable to them by their delivery from a ruinous system of extortion, with all its frightful and unnatural results. They were aware that the merit of this social, rather than political, reform, was due to Ludlow's private exertions;

and thus between him and themselves there sprung up a relation on such subjects, which the antipathies of race and religion very seldom allow of among Englishmen and Hindoos. What, then, if he could avail himself of these aids to accomplish an infinitely harder undertaking? He had rid the Rajpoots of a practice which their consciences condemned. Could he rid them of one to the full as terrible, which they revered? He had rescued her child for the mother. Could he rescue the mother for the child? It was doubtless much for an Englishman to hope to tear aside the prescriptive sanctions which for twenty centuries had elevated the Indian widow's cruel martyrdom into the holiest of mysteries; but if the shock was ever to be given, it was now, and at Jypore. The resident Vakeels would communicate it to all the Rajpoot States; and whenever Rajpootána should lead the way in breaking through 'the traditions of the elders,' Hindustan at large was tolerably certain to follow.

The hour, the place, and the man, all favoured the design. One lion, however, there was in the path. Major Ludlow could not hope that the permission given him to use his personal influence with the convention of Vakeels to promote measures against female infanticide, would be extended to any similar undertaking against Sutte. The acknowledged criminality of the one practice and the reputed sanctity of the other made here all the difference; and we have already alluded to the belief on the part of the British authorities, which so many facts had seemed to substantiate, that the efforts of our diplomatists in the independent states to check the rite had tended only to an opposite effect. As an essential condition therefore to success, and on pain of having his operations summarily suspended, Major Ludlow was compelled to work unseen. He determined, if possible, to induce two or three trustworthy and influential natives to undertake the cause; to ply *them* with the critical objection drawn from the older Scriptures; and by declaring his own resolution to remain neutral till public opinion had declared itself, to excite in them the ambition of taking the lead. He found a person admirably adapted to his purpose in the Financial Minister of the court at which he was accredited. Seth Mauck Chund belonged to a sect whose distaste for destruction in all its forms is singular even in the East. The Oswal tribe do not wilfully slay the meanest animal. Carrying out the doctrine of the transmigration of souls to its logical result—viewing in every insect a possible human intelligence, and as yet blissfully ignorant of the revelations of the oxy-hydrogen microscope—their priests carry besoms to sweep the ground on which they tread, and cover their mouths with gauze, to avoid the scandal of

inhaling their ancestors, or of crushing them wholesale under foot. One result of this tenderness for life in every form is that they disapprove of Suttees. To the Financial Minister, therefore, and to his own head Moonshee, Major Ludlow communicated all the arguments he thought likely to be of use; and thus charged, they betook themselves to the High Priest of Jypore.

Warily, and as if on their own account, they pressed this important dignity with the omission of all mention of Sutte in the Code of Menu; with the inferential prohibition of the rite in the denunciations contained in that work against suicide; and with its promise to widows *living* chastely of eternal felicity with their husbands—whereas even the writings which countenanced the sacrifice, limited the duration of its recompense to the comparative *bagatelle* of forty-five millions of years. In addition to these objections, already familiar to Oriental scholars, Major Ludlow supplied his emissaries with two others at least as efficacious. Pope's Universal prayer embodies, it appears, a favourite sentiment of Hindoo moralists:—

'What conscience dictates to be done,
Or warns me not to do;
This teach me more than hell to shun,
That more than Heaven pursue.'

But the Hindoo divines assert, not only that the love of goodness for its own sake ought to prevail over the hopes of posthumous reward, but that the slightest intrusion of an interested motive is fatal. What more easy than to apply this dogma to the poor widow bent on earning by a cruel death her own and her husband's salvation? Her devotion was represented as a mercenary calculation of profit and loss. She did but mock the Deity with the unclean sacrifice of a selfish bargain. Was the martyr's crown her aim? She had forfeited it by that very aspiration!

Major Ludlow wound up these arguments by a shrewd appeal to national pride. Sutte (urged his emissaries), unwarranted by Menu, was the evident invention of some degenerate race, whose women were worthless, and whose widows, if they survived, would bring reproach on the memory of their lords. To such it might be left. The honour of Rajpoot husbands was in safer keeping; and the fair fame of their daughters was aspersed by the mere retention of so disgraceful a security!

The High Priest received these representations with surprising candour. In less than six months he was induced to put forth a document, in which he adopted all the theological arguments, and declared authoritatively that the self-immolation of widows was less meritorious than their practising 'the living suttie of chastity and devotion!' This was evidently

half the battle. Major Ludlow now personally entered into the contest, so far as to cause the manifesto to be shown at his residence to the various Vakeels who came there to transact business; and these in their turn communicated its contents to their masters. A religious agitation sprung up and spread widely. At the same time there could be little doubt that, let the impression produced by the High Priest's decision be what it might, no man of rank—least of all a Rajpoot Sovereign—would be anxious to proclaim himself the first convert.

To iterate day by day the same arguments—to be ever on the stretch to discover methods of rendering them more efficient—to confirm the wavering—to encourage those who were already compromised as abolitionists—above all, to keep within the delicate line that severed his private advocacy of the High Priest's dictum from his official adhesion to it—here was an arduous combination of aims; and the Major knew that if he failed in any one of them, a quick and mischievous reaction of public opinion would render the object of all his toil more distant than ever, and expose him to the censure of his own Government. But what then? It was the old alternative of every man wiser and braver than his fellows; the criterion would be success. If he did not win the palm of a benefactor of his race, he must be content to be reproached as a meddler whose untimely zeal had but injured a noble cause.

Within a few months of the issue of the High Priest's manifesto, that personage died. Never, not even during his last sickness, did he receive the slightest message or civility from Major Ludlow. So important was it deemed to give no ground for the imputation of a secret understanding between them. While, therefore, it was part of the good fortune attending this enterprise that the High Priest should have left the scene in the odour of sanctity before he had leisure to retract or modify his opinion, it was probably due to Major Ludlow's caution that the public faith in the honesty of the manifesto remained to the last unshaken.

And now the fruit of all this untiring energy began to appear. One by one the members of the Council of Regency declared themselves in favour of the legal prohibition of Suttee, though they did not as yet think proper to pledge the infant sovereign to so critical a measure. Most of the nobles connected with the Court were avowed abolitionists, and three of the tributary provinces of Jypore actually issued enactments against the rite. Their example was followed by several petty neighbouring states.

Major Ludlow believed that the time was come for bolder measures. Every thing depended on the utmost publicity being given

to the adhesions he had already received. Great as was the general respect for the deceased High Priest's authority, the timid were not likely to be converted except in good company, and, as has been said, the timidest of all in a matter of Rajpoot orthodoxy would be the Rajpoot sovereigns. He was aware, indeed, that rumour had already befriended him in this respect. The resident Vakeels had, as a matter of course, kept their masters throughout Rajpootána well acquainted with the progress of the strange agitation at Jypore. But those functionaries had no access to the letters which, in his capacity of President of the Council of Regency, he had from time to time received from the leading abolitionists; and such documents, forming collectively a very imposing record of opinion in high places, had now accumulated in his hands. These he resolved to turn to account. He sent copies of the whole correspondence to two or three of his brother diplomatists in Rajpootána, in order that they might communicate it to the Courts to which they were attached. The result was his first and only check. His official superior, apprised by the circulation of these documents, took alarm and arrested the whole proceeding. The mortification to Ludlow must have been great; but there remained so much to be done, and by means so foreign to the routine of official experience, that we can scarcely be surprised that the first impression inspired by the promulgation of the plan was one of distrust. When, however, a year had passed without any evil resulting from the agitation of the subject, the able superior who had thus felt it his duty to interpose his authority, so far withdrew his opposition as to issue a circular to the chiefs, urging, on the grounds already taken, not indeed the prohibition of Suttee, but the imposition of penalties on all persons abetting the widow in the rite.

Happily the event surpassed these cautious advances, and proved how little Major Ludlow had overrated the strength of the movement. In eight months' time from the issuing of the circular (August 23rd, 1846) *the Council of Regency at Jypore led the way among the great independent Rajpoot states in declaring Suttees penal on all parties engaged in it, principals as well as accessories.* Lord Hardinge, then at Simla, at once caused a notification of this event, coupled with an expression of thanks to Major Ludlow, to be published in the Government Gazette (Sept. 22, 1846); and so vast and so swift was the effect of this example, and of the prominence thus judiciously assigned to it, that before Christmas his Lordship was enabled to announce the prohibition of Suttee by eleven out of the eighteen Rajpoot principalities, and by five out of the

remaining sixteen free states of India! Of the whole territory then exempt from internal control, more than two-thirds were gained over to the cause of abolition within four months from the Jypore proclamation.*

To persons unacquainted with the influence of Rajpootána on Hindustan, so sudden an interruption of the torpor of ages must have appeared too momentous to be ascribed to the

* The following table gives, we believe, with a tolerable approach to accuracy, a view of the progress of the cause of abolition among those states which have the control of their internal affairs:—

ABOLITIONIST (18).

	Rajpootána.	Square Miles.
Jypore	13,427
Kotah	3,102
Jahlawar	1,267
Boondee	2,291
Jeesulmeer	9,779
Banswarra	1,440
Purtagurh	1,427
Doengurpore	2,005
Kerowlee	1,870
Sirohee	3,024
Dholepore	1,626
Ameer Khan (Mahomedan)	1,633
Total	42,942
Hyderabad (Mahomedan)	88,887
Indore (Mahratta)	4,245
Rewah (Rajpoot)	10,310
Bundelkund	16,173
Gwalior (Mahratta)	52,944
Cashmere	about	1,500
Total area	197,000

NON-ABOLITIONIST (16).

	Rajpootána.	Square Miles.
Maywar	11,784
Jodhpore	34,132
Ulwur	3,235
Bikaner	18,060
Kishengurh	724
Bhurlpore (Jaut)	1,946
Total	69,881
Baroda (Mahratta)	5,525
Katzenwarr (Rajpoot)	19,424
Bhopal (Mahomedan)	6,772
Cutch (Rajpoot)	7,396
Dhar (Rajpoot)	1,465
Sawuntwarree (Mahratta)	935
The four protected Sikh States	16,602
Total area	128,000

Kotah did not give in its adhesion until the following March; while Indore is now stated to have prohibited the rite so long ago as the reign of Hurree-Rao Holkar. That enactment had, it is allowed, remained unheard of elsewhere down to the date of the proclamation at Jypore; but this may be explained by the slight importance likely to be attached by Hindoos in general to the religious proceedings of a community of Mahrattas. The Sikh empire, since (with the exception of Cashmere) annexed to our dominions, is included among the five abolitionist States out of Rajpootána, alluded to in our text.

seemingly simple measures at Jypore which it immediately followed. It was as if Major Ludlow had thrown a pebble from the shore, and the ice of an arctic sea had riven before him. Yet never did a train of events less deserve to be ranked as mere coincidences. If any further proof were necessary, we might point to the fact that the state of Gwalior, in proclaiming Suttee penal, expressly cited as its authority the edict from Jypore; while nearly every abolitionist sovereign assigned as the grounds of his adhesion the very arguments that had obtained the Jypore high-priest's sanction. The recognition of Major Ludlow's services by his own immediate superior was hearty: 'The last Political Agent,' wrote Colonel Sutherland to the Government, 'was, I believe, as little prepared for the abolition of Suttee at Jypore as I was on my return to that capital in May, 1846; and it is almost exclusively to Major Ludlow's influence that we are indebted for the first promulgation of the law prohibiting Suttee in a Hindoo principality.* Major Ludlow's aids were, a superior utterly incapable of petty jealousies, and ready to abandon his own anti-abolitionist views directly abolition appeared possible; a variety of British officers residing at other native courts, eager to forward the good work when once begun; a Governor-General capable of appreciating the lustre which such an achievement would cast on an administration already bright with military glories; and last, not least, a Court of Directors ever prompt in the recognition of great services.

Our narrative is concluded. It would be a strangely superficial view that saw in it nothing but a skilful series of measures by which a certain annual saving of female life has been effected, to the gain of Eastern morality, and to the credit of the chief actor. The great fact it teaches is, that *the Hindoo mind is capable of advance even in the department where its immobility has been deemed most absolute—traditional faith.*

More than three score years have passed since Burke thus described our Indian Empire:—

'With us, are no retributory superstitions by which a foundation of charity compensates through ages to the poor for the rapine and injustice of a day. With us no pride erects stately monuments, which repair the mischiefs that pride had produced, and which adorn a country out of its own spoils. England has erected no churches, no hospitals, no palaces, no schools. England has built no bridges, made no high roads, cut no navigations, dug out no reservoirs. Every other conqueror of every other description has left some monument either of state or beneficence

* Governor-General's Agent for Rajpootána, 11th September, 1847.

behind him. Were we to be driven out of India this day, nothing would remain to tell that it had been possessed, during the inglorious period of our dominion, by anything better than the ourang-outang or the tiger.

Doubtless when this eloquent invective was uttered many of the 'monuments' desiderated by the orator were due at our hands; and great and valuable have been the efforts since made in recognition of the debt. But Burke himself did not dream of *moral* memorials, of records traced in the faith and customs of the people. It may be questioned, indeed, whether he did not hold them superfluous. 'This multitude of men,'—he said of the natives of India on the same occasion—'does not consist of an abject and barbarous populace, but a people for ages civilized and cultivated—cultivated by all the arts of polished life whilst we were in the woods.' There, in truth, has lain the difficulty of their making any further advance. It was this very polish—a polish of luxury rather than of civilization—a polish of surface incompatible with growth—that, like the glittering cement encasing the Pyramids, preserved the primeval institutions of Hindustan through twenty centuries of rapine and subjection, proof alike to the whirling wastes of barbarism and the keen assaults of Western intellect. It was the inveterate complacency, sprung from this very idea that they possessed most of the arts of peace when the rest of mankind were 'in the woods,' which had convinced them that nothing remained to add to their mental stores, and that to arrange and adorn their existing materials was for ever their only duty. Nay, so absolute was this state of optimism that no one custom or tenet was held less indisputably excellent than another, for all derived their importance from the common sanction of antiquity. A change in a Hindoo's food or his faith, in his *poojah* or his porridge, was equally odious to him—equally a reflection on the infallibility of his forefathers,—to question which were indeed 'confusion worse than death.'

That the semibarbarous conquerors from northern Asia, whose 'retributory superstitions' Burke has eulogised, should have been able to break into so compact a system, was not, perhaps, to be expected. India rather influenced them than they India, and, like a voluptuous mistress, enervated each in turn—till he resigned her to some harder captor. But even the European invaders who were saved from such a fate, if by no other cause, by this—that their physical constitution precluded them from settling on the soil—even they, with all the energy which a constant recruiting of the governing class from the West has secured to their respective dynasties, had never, until the period of our narrative, broken one

of the links in the ancient chain of Hindoo *dustoor*. The distressing failures of our own missionaries are notorious. 'How,' wrote the zealous but truthful Henry Martin, after more than a year's fruitless labour on that impracticable soil—

'How shall it ever be possible to convince a Hindoo or Brahmin of anything? . . . Truly if ever I see a Hindoo a real believer in Jesus, I shall see something more nearly approaching the resurrection of a dead body than anything I have yet seen. This last week a Brahmin came three or four days following, and stayed an hour or two each time. I told him all that God had done for mankind from the beginning; the evidence of Christianity, the nature of it, the folly and wickedness of their religion; in short, every topic that could affect a human being. At the end of all he was exactly as at the beginning: *the same serene smile denotes the absence of all feeling.*'—*Journal*, p. 586.

And again, a year and a half later: 'Were the Hindoo woman you mention a true convert, she would be a rich reward for a life's labour; but alas! I doubt of every Hindostanee Christian in Hindostan' (*Id.* p. 628). This opinion seems to have been shared by Sir James Mackintosh. 'He thought that little was to be apprehended and little hoped for from the exertions of the missionaries' (*Id.* p. 706). It is true that by dint of unflagging efforts the pioneers of the Gospel in the East have attained, in Southern India especially, a degree of success which would have astonished Martin. But the sum of conversions, when viewed with reference to the number of our subjects, is as a drop in the ocean. And how, in effect, can a people who conceive themselves to be living in a very atmosphere of miracles, celestial and diabolical, attach adequate importance to the evidence of those wonders by which the divine origin of Christianity is attested? On the other hand, if they are to judge us by 'our fruits,' what are the qualities likely to attract their regard? In our preachers they see none of that terrible asceticism with which the naked fakier or self-torturing jogee successfully challenges their reverence. The exposure of our women's faces, the indiscriminate mixture of the sexes in our social meetings, our dancing, our unscrupulous diet, are, each of them, features which, however innocent in themselves, shock that material morality which the natives best appreciate. They admit, indeed, our veracity, justice, and energy, and that 'beaver-like' faculty which one of our own satirists has seized as the principal national attribute. That it is our destiny, for some inscrutable purpose, to make our penknives bristle from pole to pole, to run a girdle round the earth with our printed yarns, and to fight, if need be, for these objects like Roos-

tums, or scheme like Faridoons—all these things are admitted by the natives, and the contemplation of them fills them with wonder and awe. But alas! no less true is it that none of these things move their envy. If, therefore, success in teaching the Hindoo a higher and truer civilization is possible at all, our first efforts must be directed towards convincing them of the defects of their own system, rather than of the merits of ours—when they can appreciate the last, the battle will have been won. Eight years ago, to a proposal even thus limited, nobody could have been blamed for objecting with Henry Martin, ‘How shall it ever be possible to convince a Hindoo of anything?’ But who can say that it is hopeless *now*, when half the States of Hindostan have been brought to repudiate a rite which was held holy by their race for full three centuries before the Christian era? True, the arguments which have effected the change have been of a kind that left the validity of their ancient books unassailed—nay, the doctrine of one series has been abandoned mainly, if not solely, on account of its incompatibility with still older and more venerated authorities. But it is surely needless to point out the consequences of admitting reason, in what guise soever, into the domain of tradition. Call it mere comparative criticism, if we will—the truth remains equally obvious, that criticism, once sanctioned in any form, will in the end detect something more than the discrepancies between rival records. Let us then appreciate our vantage-ground. The small end of the wedge is inserted—how are we to drive it home?

In the first place, we should suggest the importance of making the significance of the movement in its bearings on the fallibility both of tradition and of the priesthood, as apparent to the whole Hindoo family as it is to ourselves. Let the present generation be made to understand, however much the effort may cost them, that they have, in fact, declared and proved themselves wiser than all their predecessors since the date of the Shasters. Let them perceive that it is not only harmless but good to exercise reason—at any rate for the purpose of reviving the primeval wisdom of the Code. And we may fairly hope that Hindoo intellect, having once exercised its wings so far, will not fold them up for ever afterwards in serene contemplation of the age of Menu.

In the next place, let us guard against relapse. Before now there have been native rulers, more enlightened or less devout than their subjects, who have endeavoured to put down the most cruel among the Hindoo rites. But whatever effect their enactments may have had during their own reigns, the flood of po-

pular superstition invariably rolled back afterwards, and their laws soon sank into matters of history. To avoid this danger our Government should be constantly on the watch to see that its abolitionist allies carry out their own proclamations. Marks of favour might reward every display of zeal in this direction; while reactionaries might be made to understand that we regarded their adhesion to the cause of humanity as in some sort a compact with ourselves.

Finally, there is now before us in Rajpootána an excellent opening for educating the higher classes of natives in the independent states of Northern India. The schools at Agra and at Calcutta are too remote for their benefits to reach these influential provinces. We possess in Ajmere, situated as it is in the midst of Rajpootána, a small tract of territory admirably adapted for the purpose. Not only is it advisable, in choosing a site for such a foundation, to prefer the vicinity of a race who influence the mind of Hindostan more widely than any other—but it also happens that the Rajpoots are more likely than any other of our allies to accept the benefits of education at our hands. This is due in part to the confidence which our respect for their liberties, ever since we first rescued their country from the Mahratta yoke, has inspired; in part, to the increased facilities for making pilgrimages to distant shrines afforded by our roads—which, by familiarizing them with the superior fertility and order of the British territory, have already stimulated in them a degree of curiosity as to the secret of our success. Great numbers of Rajpoots have accepted vaccination from us at the risk of offending one of the direst divinities in their Pantheon—*Matajee, the goddess of small-pox!* Above all, they have now been the first to co-operate with us in putting down Suttie. Such are the tokens both of greater independence of spirit, and of amity towards ourselves, which have satisfied those most competent to judge that the higher Rajpoots would gladly lead the way in making use of a college at Ajmere. The only educational experiment hitherto made there was at a period when our relations, both at Jypore and Jodhpore, were on the most unfriendly footing. Of course it failed. But under no circumstances would it have availed for the objects now indicated. What is wanted in the first instance is not so much a school for the lower orders, as a college to which the chiefs can send their sons, accompanied by something of that state and retinue which native nobles consider essential to their rank. The lecturers should be gentlemen—men of habitual courtesy. Honorary privileges connected with the foundation might be placed within reach of the leading Rajpoots, who would in all probability forward the scheme

in proportion as it appeared to identify them with the Supreme Government. Finally, no religious instruction must be attempted. This proviso is essential. You may write Christianity or any other faith on the *tabula rasa* of a savage mind; with a people, not in the infancy of barbarism, but in the decrepitude of a precocious civilization, you have to unteach before you can teach; and an interval must occur between the two processes. The direct extrusion of one religion by another absolutely distinct, after the fashion of the pellets of a pop-gun, is too rare and exceptional to be anticipated anywhere, least of all in India. Nor can the miraculous extension of Christianity in primitive times be so good a guide to us here as the local experience of our own propagandists. There is, we fear, almost of necessity, a sceptical period that supervenes on the tearing up of the old belief which has wound its roots round all a man's thoughts and associations; and he is happy in whose life the truth can spring from the soil so disturbed by the eradication of falsehood. It is perhaps possible that our efforts to educate the Hindoos may not do more than destroy idolatry in one generation; and that the intolerable want of *something to hold by* will not necessitate the adoption of Christianity in its place till the next. Be that as it may, we must remember that the choice is not between religious and secular education for the Hindoos, but between secular education and none at all. We must do what we can to give that enlightenment which will be adequate to discover the deformities of error, and then perchance our pupils may learn to see the beauties of truth.

We do not envy the man who can see nothing in the career thus opening before England in the East but hazard to her empire. "Once teach the natives," say these reasoners, "the absurdities of their divisions of caste and creed, and we shall lose the chief security for our power." It is enough to answer, that England holds her possessions of God, not of the devil; and that the world has never seen a satanic counsel answer in the long run. The future may be dark, but it will not be dangerous, so long as our conduct is guided by the principle that Morals and Policy cannot be antagonistic. What, in fine, has been our experience in India? One by one the worst reproaches in its administration have disappeared; extortion, corruption, and cruelty are matters of the past; and, in the same degree, the loyalty of our native subjects, the deference of our allies, and the confusion of our enemies have become more and more conspicuous. It is thus, and not by the selfish calculations that marked its origin, that our Eastern empire has grown to be a wonder of the world. Like a coralline island, its foundations were laid by

petty agencies, working for ends they knew not of. But the storm and the sunshine, and the dews of heaven, have descended on the harsh superstructure, and softened and ripened it into a generous soil, needing, of a truth, abundant husbandry, but already rich with increase and full of promise.

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- ART. II.—1. *The Life of Thomas Ken, D.D., deprived Bishop of Bath and Wells, viewed in connexion with Public Events and the Spirit of the Times in which he lived.* By the Rev. W. L. Bowles. 2 vols. 1830.
2. *The Prose Works of the Right Rev. Father in God, Thomas Ken, D.D., some time Lord Bishop of Bath and Wells; to which are added some of his Letters (never before published), and a short Account of his Life.* By W. Hawkins, Esq., his Executor. The whole collected by J. T. Round, B.D. 1838.
3. *Prayers for all Persons who come to the Baths for Cure.* By T. Ken, &c. *With a brief Life.* By J. H. Markland, F.R.S. 1849.
4. *The Life of T. Ken, Bishop of Bath and Wells.* By a Layman. 1851.

If Mr. Bowles were alive we should feel ourselves restrained from noticing his book, not merely by our general respect for his character, but by a sense of the thorough honesty, simplicity, and kindness which appear in every page of the volumes themselves, nay, even by gratitude for the amusement which we have derived from their strange medley of contents. But now that the good old poetical Canon has been laid in the cloisters of Sarum, we may say, we presume, without fear of causing pain in any quarter, that it would be difficult to name a more unfortunate attempt at biography than his so-called *Life of Ken*. The book is indeed about everything but Ken. Recollections of the author's school and college life—rhapsodies on the principle of toleration—scraps of original poetry—disquisitions on the Calvinistic system—defences of the Church Establishment, of the Universities, and of Public Schools—assaults on 'Useful Knowledge'—eulogies of friends—details of quarrels with adversaries now long dead or forgotten;—such are, for the most part, the materials. And not only this—but the few incidents of Ken's own story scattered through the text are really not *related* at all. Mr. Bowles in all cases assumes that these are already known to the reader—he alludes to them again and again before reaching the

stage to which they belong—and when at length we expect to meet with a sober detail of the facts, we are usually put off with some pages of reflections, or our Yorick hurries us away to some other matter which has little or no connexion with Ken.

Mr. Bowles was led to take up his subject by personal circumstances and attachments, not by any interest in the serious questions which are involved in it. He had been at Winchester School—so had Ken. He had been at Oxford—so had Ken. He was a divine and a poet—and Ken united the same characters. One of his brethren in the chapter of Salisbury was Dr. Hawes, a descendant of Ken's sister, and of his earliest biographer Hawkins. He had been a schoolfellow, and he continued to be an acquaintance of Thomas, second Marquis of Bath—representative of the nobleman who gave the Bishop an asylum in his evil day. But of the history of the non-jurors he neither knew anything when he undertook the task, nor essayed to learn anything as he proceeded with it. If he had looked even into the most obvious sources of information, he would not have printed, as if entirely new to the world, a manuscript list of the deprived clergy far more imperfect than that which had appeared upwards of a century before—in the life of Kettlewell. We must not, however, waste our space in criticising a book which was published more than twenty years ago—when the doings of 1828 and 1829 were recent and the Reform Bill unpassed; when some right reverend Fathers were still at college, and distinguished senators in the nursery. Suffice it to say, that, if Ken was to have a worthy biography, it was too evidently yet to be written.

In the mean time the Bishop's merits have not been forgotten. First, he received the somewhat equivocal honour of a canonization in the Tracts for the Times—one of the Roman offices for the festivals of confessors being adapted to the anniversary of his death. Next came Mr. Round's excellent edition of the prose works, including the old *Life* by Hawkins, and some letters never before published. Then single works were reprinted—some of them accompanied by sketches of the author's life. Of these sketches the latest and the most considerable is that by Mr. Markland, of which we need only say that it is such as might have been expected from him—distinguished by good feeling and good taste, by copious knowledge and sound judgment. And lastly, we have now to welcome a new and ample biography by 'A Layman'—a gentleman of the name of Anderdon, as we gather from one of Mr. Markland's notes. (p. 45.)

On taking up this last *Life*, we were struck at once by the writer's manifest love for his

subject, and by the labour and care which he had bestowed on it; but (to confess the truth) our impression was that we had got hold of a rather weak, sentimental, euphuistic book. In the opening sections there is an affectation of quaintness and phrase-making—obviously imitated from Walton, and no less nauseous in the copy than pleasing in the original. From Walton, too, has been borrowed the practice, not admirable certainly in any modern writer, of relating and describing imaginary things, as if they were unquestionable facts. Then there are continual digressive preachings, without any novelty either of matter or of manner, often palpably mistaken, and all in a tone which appears to us very unlikely to do good at a time when every hint of defects in the Church of England is caught up by many persons as an argument in favour of Rome.* But Mr. Anderdon improves as he advances. From weeping over violated rubrics, he rises to discuss in a manly style the questions which his subject brings before him. He writes more naturally and more vigorously. His tone towards the Church becomes changed. And at length we leave off with a conviction that although he too often allows himself to be imposed on by the pretensions of a party, and to echo its peculiar cant, he is really at heart a sincere Anglican—not unworthy of an association with the name of Ken. We hope that he will have the opportunity of revising his work, and that he will use it largely—reversing the precept *qualis ab incepto*.

Thomas, the son of John Ken—a London attorney, descended from an ancient Somerset family—was born in 1687, at Little Berkhamstead in Hertfordshire. When four years old, he lost his mother; his half-sister, who supplied her place, became in 1646 the second wife of Izaak Walton; and when John Ken died, five years later, it would seem that the care of the boy devolved on the worthy Angler, who was his senior by nearly half a century.†

* If anything could have an effect on the obstinate wrongheadedness of such persons, we should recommend to them a pamphlet on 'The Working of the Church in Spain,' by the Rev. F. Meyrick, of Trinity College, Oxford. It is chiefly made up of letters from correspondents in Spain, who are certainly not chargeable with having taken out from England prejudices against Romanism.

† A genealogical table is given by Mr. Bowles, and there is a fuller one at the end of Mr. Markland's volume, but both omit a nephew and two nieces of the Bishop—the children of his brother John. The nephew's death is alluded to in one of Ken's letters (*Prose Works*, p. 94). One of the nieces, who also died before her uncle, is mentioned by Mr. Anderdon, p. 42, as having been baptized at Woodhay. The other, as Hawkins informs us (*Prose Works*, p. 25), 'married to the Honourable Christopher Frederick Kreinberg, resident of his Electoral Highness of Hanover in London.' If any descendants of this last lady exist, they are the sole

Ken had already been a year at Winchester—a name which calls up in Mr. Bowles many amusing reminiscences of his own school-days, and gives Mr. Anderdon an opportunity of reproaching the present age, as compared with that in which William of Wykeham founded his colleges and restored his cathedral. At Winchester, Ken laid the foundation of a life-long friendship with Francis Turner, afterwards Bishop of Ely, who was to be more than once his companion in suffering for conscience-sake.

In 1656 he was elected to New College. 'Great was his sorrow,' says Mr. Anderdon, 'when in the retired chamber of Francis Turner he heard of the tauntings and scoffs by which holy ordinances were dishonoured in the highest seats of orthodoxy.' If this were not so very positively stated, we should have thought that a youth who had been brought up at Winchester under Puritan authority could hardly have been ignorant that Oxford too was in similar hands. The days of the most violent rigour, however, were over. The Common Prayer was privately read in a little congregation, of which we would gladly suppose that Ken became a member. And, although the organs and the choristers were still silenced, we find that he was one of a musical club, which also numbered Wood among its members. 'Thomas Ken, a junior of New College,' says Antony, 'would be sometimes among them, and sing his part.' At Oxford he made two friends, who were to influence his later life—Francis Thynne, a pupil of the learned and pious Hammond, and George Hooper, in the sequel famous as a scholar and divine.

In May 1661, Ken took the degree of B.A., and it would seem that about the same time he entered into holy orders, since he was presented in 1663 by Lord Maynard to the rectory of Little Easton in Essex. Here he found in his patron a noble-minded cavalier, and in Lady Maynard an example of saintly character which furnished, many years later, the subject for a beautiful funeral sermon—one of our few specimens of his most eminent talent.* After

representatives of the Ken family,—the line of Anne, wife of Izaak Walton, having ended in Mr. Bowles's friend, the late Dr. Hawes, Canon of Salisbury.

* In connexion with Ken's testimony to Lady Maynard's devotion, Mr. Anderdon discourses very oracularly on the neglect of daily service in country parishes, and throws all the blame on the clergy (p. 35). Now every one who has looked into the matter must know that daily service never has been and never was supposed or intended to be universal, either before or since the Reformation. If Ken observed the rubric literally at Easton, where 'the church is just without the limits of the park' (p. 33), and where he could reckon on the great man's household as regular attendants, this proves nothing as to general obligation. By all means let daily service be celebrated whenever a congregation can be gathered;

holding this parish two years, he removed to Winchester, where he was elected fellow of the college, and became chaplain to Bishop Morley. This prelate, although a Calvinist, had been a loyal and favoured servant of Charles I. When Oxford was occupied by the sectaries, his doctrinal opinions procured him an offer of leave to retain his canonry of Christchurch, without being subjected to any test or subscription; but he preferred poverty and exile. At the Restoration, his fidelity had been rewarded with the bishopric of Worcester, from which in 1662 he was translated to Winchester. At the palace there Ken found his brother-in-law Walton, now again a widower, established as a constant guest. Mr. Bowles tells us (on the authority of family tradition from Dr. Hawes) that the Bishop's hospitality was a requital of assistance and shelter in the days of the Church's affliction; and he draws a pleasing picture of Piscator, strolling about Winchester as 'the favourite old man' of the schoolboys—such as he himself remembers the father of Public-orator Crowe, and 'poor Tom Warton.'

Morley bestowed on his chaplain a prebend at Winchester, the living of Brightstone in the Isle of Wight, and that of Woodhay in Hampshire. Contrary to the practice of the age, Ken gave up Brightstone on being presented to the other parish, as he was resolved not to undertake any pastoral care to which he could not apply himself in person. In 1672 he resigned Woodhay to his college friend Hooper—probably with a view of being at liberty to attend more closely on the Bishop. It would seem to have been at this time that he entered on a course of preaching at a church in Winchester where 'there was no preaching minister'—the endowment, probably, being too small to secure the services of an incumbent whose accomplishments extended beyond reading prayers and homilies. His eloquence drew crowds of hearers, and his labours were rewarded by the conversion of many Anabaptists.

In 1674 was published the 'Manual of Prayers for the Use of the Scholars of Winchester College'—an admirable little work, which in sixty years went through twenty-four impressions, and still retains its popularity.

but Mr. Anderdon must know little of country life if he supposes that this is commonly the case. As for the assertion at p. 40, that 'Bishop Morley exacted a strict obedience to the rubric in regard to daily prayers throughout his diocese,' it is sufficiently refuted by the fact that one of his clergy is celebrated as an extraordinary person for 'walking every day in the week to read service in the parish church' (p. 49); and by the extract from the Bishop's will, p. 141, where he speaks of the Vicar of Farnham as obliged by *special foundation* to 'read the Common Prayer morning and evening daily,' and provides an *endowment* for similar service in another parish.

It was accompanied in the later editions by Hymns for Morning, Evening, and Midnight; two of which, although in an abridged form, and with needless variations of the words,—besides having found their way into our churches,—‘are still repeated daily in thousands of dwellings,’* and ‘have been translated into the languages of the antipodes.’†

In 1675 Ken made the tour of Italy with his nephew, the younger Walton, whose skill as a draftsman is celebrated by Cotton in his continuation of the *Complete Angler*. It was the year of jubilee. Mr. Anderdon elaborately pictures the multitudes which flock to the holy city, and is as warm in celebration of their faith as if pilgrimages were always purely what they profess to be. This is one of the passages in the earlier portion of the ‘*Layman’s*’ book which we hope to find altered in another edition; surely it is not impossible to depict the supposed feelings of devout Romanists without running out into admiration of their superstitions. Ken’s travels drew on him a suspicion of Popery—for which there never was the slightest ground; indeed, the result of his observations was altogether opposite—that ‘if it were possible, he returned rather more confirmed of the purity of the Protestant religion than he was before.’ (*Prose Works*, p. 4.) But assuredly he would never have thought to clear himself from the imputation of Romanism by drawing (like Mr. Anderdon) a contrast between the English and the Roman communions altogether to the advantage of the latter, and then subjoining, as it were condescendingly, a formal profession of his adhesion nevertheless to ‘our Mother Church, in whose bosom we have been regenerated.’ Not a few things of the like stamp call for the author’s revision—and are indeed, as we have intimated, at variance apparently with his own more deliberate opinion.

After his return from Italy Ken lived peacefully at Winchester, until in 1679 he was appointed chaplain to the Princess of Orange. The office had been held by Hooper, who found, as Ken now did, the pious and gracious disposition of the English Princess insufficient to counterbalance her husband’s cold harsh manners, his private immoralities, and the tone generally of his court. Ken felt himself bound to remonstrate with William on his conduct towards the Princess; and the dislike which he incurred by this honest discharge of duty was heightened by the firmness with which he insisted that Count Zulestein, the Prince’s illegitimate uncle, should perform a promise of marriage under which he had seduced one of the maids of honour—the niece of Ken’s first patron, Lord Maynard. William threatened

to dismiss the chaplain, and Ken was very willing to go; but for the sake of appearances, he was requested to remain a year longer. During this time he was treated with increased respect; at the end of it he gladly returned to Winchester.

As things then stood, the disagreements with the Prince of Orange were not likely to do Ken disservice with Charles II.—uncle to both William and Mary. Immediately on his arrival from Holland in the autumn of 1680 he was appointed one of the royal chaplains. About this time the court paid frequent visits to Winchester, chiefly for the sake of hunting in the New Forest. In 1683 Charles laid the foundation of a new palace there; but while it was in progress there was a difficulty in lodging the sovereign and his train—including his seraglio. On one occasion Ken’s prebendal house was marked out for Nell Gwyn. He highly resented such a pollution—declaring ‘that a woman of ill repute ought not to be endured in the house of a clergyman—especially the King’s chaplain.’ Nell ‘was forced to seek other lodgings;’ and it is said that the Dean, more complaisant than the Prebendary, added to his residence a small building for her especial accommodation.*

In July, 1683, Ken received a very complimentary invitation from Lord Dartmouth to accompany him in an expedition to Tangier. It has been supposed that in accepting it he was influenced by the hope of relieving Christian captives in Africa; but this is evidently a groundless conjecture. The fleet sailed from Portsmouth on the 10th of August, and after it had put out to sea the object of the voyage was made public. Tangier, which had come into the possession of the British crown as a part of the dowry of Charles’s queen, was about to be abandoned. Vast sums of money had been squandered on the improvement of its fortifications; and these works Lord Dartmouth was now commissioned to destroy.

The expedition has found its chronicler in one of Lord Dartmouth’s council—to wit, Mr. Samuel Pepys—the same whose reputation as an able and efficient public servant has in our time been somewhat unfairly obscured by the disclosure of his foibles in the famous *Diary*.† The outset was full of hope. Pepys congratulates himself on the prospect of ‘going in a

* Mr. Bowles (vol. ii. p. vi.) gives, from the information of Bishop Huntingford, a more highly coloured and less probable Wintonian version of the story—that Nell took possession of Ken’s house during his absence, and that, ‘finding her deaf to entreaty, he was obliged to order a portion of the roof to be taken off!’

† The *Tangier Journal* is in the first volume of Pepys’ *Life, Journals, and Correspondence*, London, 1841; a distinct work from the *Diary*—to the success of which we no doubt owe its appearance.

* Macaulay, *Hist.*, i. 432. † Markland, p. 106.

good ship, with a good fleet, under a very worthy leader, in a conversation as delightful as companions in the first form in divinity, law, physic, and the usefulest parts of mathematics, can render it—namely Dr. Ken, Dr. Trumbull, Dr. Lawrence, and Mr. Sheres; with the additional pleasure of concerts (much above the ordinary) of voices, flutes, and violins; and, to fill up all, good humour, good cheer, some good books, and a reasonable prospect of being home again in less than two months.' (i. 326.) And Evelyn writes to him with a pleasant affectation of envy—'You leave us so naked at home that, till your return from Barbary, we are in danger of becoming barbarians. The heroes are all embarked with my Lord Dartmouth and Mr. Pepys; nay, they seem to carry with them not a colony only, but a college, nay, a whole university; all the sciences, all the arts, and all the professors of them too.' (ib. 327.) These hopes, however, were but poorly realized. Of Lawrence, the physician, the record says nothing more; Sheres, the *savant*, who had been at Tangier before, was found to have caught too much of its morality in more ways than one; Trumbull, the civilian, proved to be a poor creature, always wishing himself in Doctors' Commons, and so utterly useless that at last his companions were glad to send him home; the absence from England was four times as long as had been expected; the African climate proved very unhealthy; and the society of Tangier was intolerable.

'What a chaplain,' says Pepys, 'did the Admiralty send to my Lord Dartmouth in the Grafton!—a little, deaf, crooked fellow, full of his design of going a hunting with my Lord.' It would seem that this worthy was superseded by the chaplain whom Dartmouth had chosen for himself, for we hear nothing more of him. The outward voyage, which lasted five weeks, passed not unpleasantly. On the Sundays Ken read prayers and preached; and his sermons at sea as on shore had usually the good fortune to please Mr. Pepys, whose criticism in such matters, as our readers may perhaps remember, was severe if not always judicious. Even here indeed we meet with a notice that 'Dr. Ken made a weak sermon' (i. 384); and at another time praise and blame are thus mixed—'Dr. Ken made an excellent sermon, full of the skill of a preacher, but *nothing of a natural philosopher, it being all forced meat.*' (i. 363.)

The supper table was enlivened by a series of discussions on the subject of spirits between Ken and Pepys, which, although on one occasion the disputants waxed 'very hot,' appeared to have been amicably conducted. Pepys took the sceptical side, and we have little doubt that he got beyond his depth;

but Mr. Anderdon and Mr. Markland must allow us to suspect that Ken may have been a little too credulous. Much of the good Doctor's time was now devoted to the composition of a poem on the history of St. Edmund, the royal martyr who gives his name to the pleasant town of Bury. The biographers, in speaking of this epic, all indicate horror of its tediousness. Both Bowles and Anderdon seem to have been afraid even to re-open the book in order to ascertain the number of cantos; for one states it as fourteen and the other as twelve, while Markland rightly says thirteen. We do not pretend to know much of what is in these cantos; the arguments read like a burlesque, and the verses, where we have looked at them, are no better. The subject, although taken from old Saxon history, and surrounded with a strange machinery of fiends and angels, is made to bear on the settlement of our ecclesiastical matters at the restoration of Charles II. Edmund in his exile has a vision of the Ideal Church, and is commanded to reform the *Anglian* in accordance with it. A synod is held at Bury. Romano, the advocate of the papacy, 'sly Proteo,' who seems to be meant for Shaftesbury, and other personages good and bad, have each his say; and at last the Anglo-Saxon Church is happily established on a basis which exactly agrees with the Common Prayer Book and the Thirty-nine Articles. No one, we imagine, will dispute Mr. Anderdon's opinion (p. 131) that it would have been well if the epic, like its hero in one stage of his adventures, had been committed to the bosom of the deep.

Tangier was under the government of Colonel Kirke—soon to earn lasting infamy in the suppression of Monmouth's rebellion. The corruption in matters of administration—the frightful immorality and disorder of the place—filled Ken with dismay. The Pepysian Journal notices on Sunday, September 30, 'A very fine and seasonable but most unsuccessful argument from Dr. Ken, particularly in reproof of the vices of this town. I was in pain,' adds Mr. Pepys, 'for the governor and the officers about us in church; but I perceived they regarded it not.' The 'loose company at table,' when the restraint of Lord Dartmouth's presence was removed, sometimes drove the councillor and the chaplain to dine together in private; and they talked 'on the viciousness of the town and its being time for Almighty God to destroy it.' Again, on October 28, there was 'very high discourse between Dr. Ken and me on the one side, and the governor on the other, about the excessive liberty of swearing we observed here. The Doctor, it seems, had preached on it to-day.' Ken succeeded, however, in thwarting Governor Kirke's attempt to appoint a worthless

fellow, brother of his Excellency's mistress, to the chaplaincy of Sir Cloudeley Shovel's ship.

In April, 1684, Ken again landed in Eag-land. Walton had died during his absence, at the age of ninety, leaving him a seal-ring, which he himself had received as a bequest from Dr. Donne; and within a few months he had also to lament the loss of his patron, the pious and munificent Morley. By this, however, a way was opened for Ken's own advancement to the episcopate, as the successor of Mews, who was translated from Bath and Wells to Winchester. The appointment was creditable to the King, for it is said that without solicitation he bestowed the see on Ken, as 'the little fellow who refused to give poor Nelly a lodging.'

On Jan. 25, 1684-5, he was consecrated at Lambeth; and within little or more than a week, he was summoned, with other prelates, to attend the death-bed of Charles. Both as being 'the most in favour of all the bishops,' and as the most persuasive speaker, he seems to have been allowed by his elder brethren to take the lead in the solemn scene. For three days and three nights we are told (*Prose Works*, p. 5) he watched without ceasing by the royal bed; and nothing can be finer than his appearance even in the narrative of Burnet, if we omit the detractory statements which are exposed by the evidence of more accurate reporters. 'Ken,' says Burnet, 'applied himself much to the awaking of the King's conscience. He spoke with a great elevation both of thought and expression, like a man inspired, as those who were present told me. He resumed the matter often, and pronounced many short ejaculations and prayers which affected all present.' He urged the King to receive the Holy Communion, which he refused, on pretence of weakness; the real reason we need not mention. He prevailed with him to order the Duchess of Portsmouth out of the chamber, and to beg pardon of the Queen. Who can believe, with Burnet, that one who had thus faithfully and searchingly done his duty at that awful time, would have pronounced the Church's absolution over the dying sovereign, unless he had had grounds sufficient for his own conviction that there was a penitent heart to receive it?

Ken had hardly entered on his diocese when it became the scene of Monmouth's invasion. It is said, that immediately after the rout of Sedgemoor the bishop interrupted a military execution, and told the general, Lord Feversham, 'My lord, this is murder in law: now the battle is over, these poor wretches must be tried before they are put to death.' Mr. Macaulay (i. 632), while he fully allows that the story is in keeping with Ken's character, questions its possibility—on the ground

that the Bishop was in the House of Lords on the Thursday before the battle and with Monmouth in the Tower on the Monday after it, and that 'there is no trustworthy evidence' of his having been in Somersetshire during the interval. Mr. Markland replies that on the Thursday in question (July 2) Parliament broke up; that Ken may have then considered it his duty to hasten into his disturbed diocese; that the date of the supposed remonstrance with Feversham was five days later (July 7); and that there was ample time for returning to London by Monday, July 13. To us this reasoning seems satisfactory; but Ken can well afford to spare any credit which is liable to be contested, and we should be very willing to suppose, with Mr. Anderson, that the hero of the story was stout old Bishop Mews, who, having been a soldier in earlier life, resumed that character at Sedgemoor, and may have been erroneously spoken of by the relator of the incident as still Bishop of Bath and Wells (p. 193). Be this as it may, Ken's conduct after the suppression of the rising was truly admirable. More than a thousand of the rebels were imprisoned in the gaols at Wells and other places of his diocese. Forgetting the injuries which they had done him on their march, when they stripped the lead from the roof of his cathedral, defaced the ornaments, and all but profaned the altar by a carousal—he visited and prayed with them in their prisons 'night and day' (*Prose Works*, p. 31); he supplied them with food to the extent of his own means, and prevailed on others to join in the charitable work. And when Jeffreys and Kirke were engaged in their atrocious campaigns, he wrote a pathetic and earnest letter to the King, praying—in vain—that a stop might be put to the frightful butchery by which the highways of Somersetshire had been already rendered loathsome.

But before this he had been employed, together with his old friends Turner (now Bishop of Ely) and Hooper, to prepare Monmouth for death. At the Duke's request Dr. Tenison was also summoned to attend. The conversation which took place on the day of the execution is recorded, and the behaviour of the divines has been blamed as harsh and inconsiderate. Monmouth himself had requested them to accompany him, although he knew their sentiments from the conversation of the preceding day. Were they not to deal sincerely and plainly with a grievously mistaken man on the brink of eternity? Were they to let him pass from the world in the belief that they saw no wrong in rebellion and adultery? We need not seek a separate apology for Ken in the circumstance that he 'acted in the devotional part only' (*Prose Works*, p. 21).

Against the censures of contemporary faction, and of later party historians, we may content ourselves with quoting the opinion of Mr. Macaulay (i. 621):—'The divines appear to have only discharged what was in their view a sacred duty.'

Ken now set vigorously to work in the offices of his new station. His diocese was, as the late insurrection had shown, a stronghold of sectarian ignorance. He therefore bent himself to counteract the evil by the publication of simple tracts, intended to instruct and confirm his flock in the doctrines of the Church; by constant visitation and preaching; by promoting the establishment of parochial schools and libraries, and pressing on his clergy the duty of public catechising. In order to assist them in this work, he put forth his 'Practice of Divine Love,' a devotional exposition of the Church Catechism. 'He had,' says Hawkins, 'a very happy way of mixing his spiritual with his corporal alms. When any poor person begged of him, he would examine whether he could say the Lord's Prayer or the Creed.' With a view 'to rescue the idle from vicious practice and conversation, and the industrious from the oppression of the tradesmen, who grew rich by their labour, making them a very scanty allowance for it—he conceived the project of building a workhouse at Wells; but it failed through want of encouragement. (*Prose Works*, pp. 6, 9.) Every Sunday, when at Wells, he invited twelve poor persons to dine with him in his hall; 'always endeavouring, while he fed their bodies, to comfort their spirits by cheerful discourse, generally mixed with some useful instruction' (*ib.* p. 8). To his clergy he was a father. He carried on an intercourse with them which in these days of multiplied episcopal duties must unhappily be given up as impossible.

Among the more public matters which engaged the Bishop's attention, was a collection for the Protestants who had been driven from France by the revocation of the Edict of Nantes. The reader need hardly be reminded of James's tortuous behaviour on the occasion; how deeply he was annoyed by finding that, just as he was labouring for a toleration of Romanism, the intolerance of his religion was so violently exhibited in the nearest of continental kingdoms; how he endeavoured to gain credit with his subjects by professing compassion for the sufferers; how he privately congratulated the French king, recalled a proclamation which had offended him, and caused a book by a French Protestant minister to be burnt at the Royal Exchange; how, after having issued an order for a general collection in aid of the refugees, he endeavoured to lessen its effect by delay, and by charging the clergy to content themselves with reading it, and to ab-

stain from preaching on the subject. Ken was not a man to lend himself to such artifices. His spirit was thoroughly stirred by the barbarous proceedings of Louis. Immediately on receiving the royal letter, he issued a Pastoral to his clergy, earnestly recommending the collection. He led the way by contributing the greater part of a fine of 4000*l.*, which opportunely fell to him; and in Lent 1686–7 he preached in London a sermon 'in which he exhorted to constancy in the Protestant religion, and detestation of the unheard-of cruelties of the French, and stirred the people to a liberal contribution. The sermon,' adds Evelyn, 'was the more acceptable, as it was unexpected from a bishop who had undergone the censure of being inclined to Popery, the contrary whereof no man could show more.' We have already alluded to this charge, in connexion with his travels. It was also supposed to be countenanced by his ascetic life, by his celibacy, and by some passages in his devotional writings, which he altered on discovering how they had been misunderstood.

By this time he had attained great repute as a preacher. The King himself pronounced him the best on the Protestant side. Burnet tells us 'that he had a very edifying way; but it was more apt to move the passions than to instruct; so that his sermons were rather beautiful than solid, yet his way in them was very taking.' (ii. 441.) It might, perhaps, have been difficult to steer clear between the censure here conveyed and that which the writer had just pronounced on the opposite manner of Bishop Gunning. Of Ken's three extant sermons, two relate to the circumstances of the day. The coolest reader of the present age cannot but admire the clear and fluent eloquence, the fervour, and the unction—(a rare quality in orthodox English sermons)—by which they are distinguished. Add to this the preacher's character, look, voice, and gesture, and the general excitement of the time; and we may imagine with what feelings he was heard as he applied the history of afflicted Judah to the circumstances of the English Church, surrounded by enemies, Romish and Sectarian. But perhaps the reports of the sensation which he raised when handling the topics that agitated all minds are a less strong testimony to his popularity than the fact that, when he was to expound the Catechism in the chapel of Ely House, the Princess Anne was obliged to bespeak a place that she might hear him. (*Prose Works*, p. 208.)

He was now irresistibly drawn into the stream of public affairs. James—contrary to the advice of the Pope himself, and of all but a few blind zealots and faithless counsellors—had openly entered on the course which roused

the spirit of the nation against him.* We need hardly even touch on the more public parts of the story—fresh as they must be in the recollection of every reader from that late work which—questionable or even false as we may often think it, in views, in statements, and in the arts of composition by which the effect is produced—is undeniably among the most animated and the most engaging of all historical narratives.

In the summer of 1687 the King visited Bath, and announced that on a certain day he would 'touch for the evil.' The ecclesiastics of his train availed themselves of the occasion; they made bold to take possession for the nonce of the Abbey Church, and decorated its altar after the Romish fashion. The Bishop happened to be absent at Wells. As he had received no formal notice of the royal intentions, and as performances of the same kind had taken place in other churches, he thought it advisable not to interfere with 'the healing;' but on the following Sunday he appeared in the pulpit of Bath Abbey, and, in a sermon on the parable of the Samaritan (which was the gospel for the day), he earnestly warned his hearers against confounding the duty of joining with aliens from the Church in works of mercy and the sin of countenancing religious error.

The great controversy between England and Rome was now at the height. Ken took no part in it; he probably felt that he had not the talents of a controversialist, and he knew that his Church was abundantly furnished with able champions. His printed contributions to her cause are of another kind—a Pastoral, in which he exhorts his clergy to meet the evils of the time by a diligent discharge of their public duties and by the cultivation of personal religion—and a sermon preached at the Chapel Royal, in Lent, 1688, and published after his death. Evelyn describes the excitement on the delivery of this sermon; how the

administration of the Holy Communion, which concluded the morning service, was 'interrupted by the rude breaking in of multitudes' eager to hear the preacher of the afternoon; how the Bishop 'preached with his accustomed action, zeal, and energy, so that people flocked from all quarters to hear him.' The distress of the Church is represented under the figure of the chosen people oppressed by the Babylonians and Edomites; he exhorts his hearers to patience, steadfastness, and trust in God; and from the deliverance of Judah he assures them that thus they shall triumph over all their enemies. Reports of the sermon reached the King, and Ken was 'closeted' and questioned. He answered, 'that if his Majesty had not neglected his own duty of being present, his enemies had missed this opportunity of accusing him;' whereupon, says Hawkins, he was dismissed.

Within a few weeks, the King's 'Declaration for Liberty of Conscience,' which had been issued a year before, was again set forth, with an order that the Bishops should require their clergy to read it from the pulpit of every church. Ken was among the prelates who attended the call of the primate, Sancroft, to consult on the emergency. He took part in drawing up the petition to the King, and was one of those who presented it. When James insisted that the document 'raised a standard of rebellion,' he replied in the spirit of his late discourse—'We are bound to fear God and honour the King. We desire to do both. We will honour you; we must fear God.' And when the King went on to say that he would be obeyed in the publishing of his declaration, Ken answered 'God's will be done.' With the Primate and five other Bishops he shared in the stirring scenes of the imprisonment, the trial, and the acquittal (June 29, 1688).*

The next personal notice of him is on the 28th of September, when we find him among the Bishops whom James, alarmed at the rumoured movements of the Prince of Orange, summoned to Whitehall. They found, however, that if the King had meant anything by the invitation, he had changed his mind before their interview with him; and Ken did not scruple to say, that 'His Majesty's inclinations towards the Church, and their duty to him, were sufficiently understood and declared before, and would have been equally so if they had not stirred one foot out of their dioceses.' A week later, the Bishops again waited on James, for the purpose of tendering their advice on the position of affairs. They presented a paper suggesting that he should

* In connexion with this subject we turned with natural curiosity to the last edition of Dr. Lingard's History. Perhaps, if it had been revised a few months later, the author—whose death has been announced since this article was written—might have found occasion to draw yet more strongly the distinction between the 'ultra' and the 'moderate' parties of his communion—to dwell still more emphatically on the vexation with which the 'moderate Catholics' saw the troubles brought on them by the vanity and insolence of Father Petre and the overweening presumption of recent converts.

We may as well take this opportunity of saying, that Dr. Lingard's ultimate revision of his work seems to have been most elaborate. As far as we have been able to examine the text (10 vols. 8vo. London, 1850), he has neglected nothing, either of authority or argument, that had emerged in the interval from his preceding appearance before the public. Mr. Macaulay has a full share of the Doctor's attention.

* By the way, Mr. Anderdon, in relating the committal of the bishops to the Tower (p. 289), quotes, as if from Wordsworth, two well-known lines of Rogers's 'Human Life.'

retract the measures by which he had wronged the Church and exasperated his people; and that he should summon 'a free and regular parliament.' He thanked them for their counsel, and promised to follow it in some respects; but he declared himself determined not to call a parliament.

When William landed, Ken was at his episcopal city. On the approach of the troops, he set off to join James at Salisbury; but, finding on the way that the King had returned to London, he withdrew to his nephew Walton's rectory, near Devizes.

After the unhappy King's retirement, the Convention Parliament met in January, 1688-9. The scheme of a regency was proposed, among others, as one which would at once save the consciences of those who had sworn allegiance to James, and enable them to conform to a new order of things. We need not here inquire whether this scheme, if adopted, could have been found practicable for the purposes of government; we mention it because it was that which appeared to Sancroft and other prelates to offer a solution of their difficulties. The Primate himself kept aloof from the Convention. Ken was regular in his attendance at its sittings. He took, it seems, no part in the debates—(indeed, we are not aware that he ever spoke in parliament);—but he was one of the minority against conferring the crown on William and Mary; and, after joining in a protest, withdrew from the house.

And now came the great question on which his after life was to depend—could he transfer to the new sovereigns the allegiance which he had sworn to James?

The line which he took was peculiar. He had joined in an address of thanks to William for his interposition; he was willing even to submit to him as a King; yet he considered that the terms of the old oath forbade him to take the new one—and for the sake of good conscience cheerfully sacrificed his all. But from the beginning he viewed his case as one of merely *personal* disability. He advised all who could conscientiously take the oath to do so; he commissioned his chancellor, who had himself taken it, to institute and collate in his stead. His whole affection was with the Church, although he felt himself excluded from its service; he regarded the idea of a schism with horror.

Burnet, with the vulgar impertinence of a nature unable to apprehend anything purer or higher than itself, thought proper to write to him in the end of 1689 a remonstrance on what he considered as the inconsistency of this course. He presumed to tell him that 'some were so severe as to say that there was somewhat else than conscience at the bottom of his

refusal.' The answer (*Prose Works*, pp. 18-21) is a beautiful specimen of calm and dignified rebuke; but it would appear to have had no other effect on the bustling Whig Bishop than that of establishing a lasting grudge which mixes with all his notices of Ken.

Hooper, now rector of Lambeth, was more likely to have an influence over his friend. One evening, while on a visit to him, Ken appeared to be convinced by his arguments in favour of the oath, but next morning he begged that the subject might not again be mentioned; 'for,' he said, 'should I be persuaded to comply, and after see reason to repent, you would make me the most miserable man in the world.' A letter from Turner to Sancroft amusingly shows how Ken's defection was dreaded by the more decided nonjurors:—

'I must,' he writes, 'no longer in duty conceal from your Grace, though I beseech you to keep it in the terms of a secret, that this very good man is, I fear, warping from us. . . . I apprehend that parson of Lambeth has superfinied upon our brother of B. and W.: and if he lodges again at our house, I shall doubt the consequence; for which reason I'll come over on Saturday morning to invite him to my country house.'—*Anderdon*, p. 336.

On the trial of the seven bishops, a friend asked Sir John Bramston 'whether he had ever seen the Hall so full?' The old Cavalier, who remembered the breaking out of the Great Rebellion, answered, 'Yea, and fuller, when the cry was, *No Bishops, no magpies!*' (*Autobiography*, p. 311). The cry was now changed again. It was suggested in an abominable pamphlet that the bishops should be 'De-Witted' by the multitude—who had lately knelt in the water to receive their blessing, and by their zeal to congratulate Sancroft and Ken, as the primate's coach conveyed them from their trial, had made the way from Westminster over London Bridge to Lambeth a journey of several hours.*

* The *Biographia Britannica* gives us from one of Sancroft's letters a characteristic notice of Ken at the time when the excitement against the bishops was at its height:—'It grieves me to have missed (when I was so nigh it) the seeing of my reverend brother of Bath and Wells. *I am not surprised to hear that his innocency and courage was so bold as to appear openly, but am, I confess, that he did it safely.*' Mr. Anderdon again quotes a 'sprightly letter' which Sancroft wrote to Lloyd:—'Though London is a great wood, where he that would hide himself may most probably be concealed, yet our friend is a very remarkable person, and one universally known and acquainted, and should he travel himself into what habit he will, or spread a patriarchal beard, or cover all with any sort of peruke you can fancy, still there will be something that may discover him. Not of late only, but of old, the *παρρησιος* of the vessel was in the prow or beak (*Acts xxviii. 11*).'

But in higher quarters there was a better disposition. Those who scrupled at the new oath of allegiance were for the most part the same prelates who had endured imprisonment and disgrace for the Protestant cause, and who again and again, by speech and writing, had urged on James the doing of justice to his people and the Church. Their merits were remembered, and there was a reluctance to deprive them; but unhappily the spirit of Ken did not animate the majority of his brethren—they refused repeated proposals of an accommodation. In the end of 1690 Turner was found to be concerned in a plot for restoring the dethroned king by the aid of France, and was obliged to abscond. One more application was made, in the hope that Sancroft and his brethren would disavow all connexion with the plot; but it was in vain, and the government found itself obliged to put the depriving act into execution.

The ejection of Ken was delayed from the difficulty of finding a divine willing to occupy the place of one so universally respected. Beveridge refused the see; Kidder, dean of Norwich, was at length, and not without some artifice, persuaded to accept it. He submitted, with many misgivings; and long after he declared that 'he had often repented of his accepting, and looked on it as a great infelicity.' His consecration took place on the 30th of August, 1691.

On hearing of this 'successor, or rather supplanter,' Ken protested against the intrusion from his pastoral chair in the cathedral, declaring that he 'esteemed himself the canonical bishop, and should be ready on all occasions to perform his duties.' He, therefore, ought to have been excepted by Burnet from the assertion that the deprived prelates 'never stood upon their right, nor complained of wrong in any public act or protestation.' Mr. Bowles indulges in a picture of his departure from the palace of Wells, which we (like Mr. Anderdon) are glad to borrow:—

'Surely it would be no stretch of imagination to conceive that, on the draw-bridge, as he passed on leaving the abode of independence and peace, a crowd of old and young would be assembled, with clasped hands and blessings, to bid him farewell. Mild, complacent, yet dignified, on retiring with a peaceful conscience from opulence and station to dependence and poverty, as the morning shone on the turreted chapel, we naturally imagine he might have shed one only tear when looking back on these interesting scenes. Perhaps his eye might have rested on the pale faces of some of the poor old men and women who had so often partaken his Sunday dinner, and heard his discourse in the ancient hall—he might have remarked at the same time some child holding out his little hymn-book; then, and not before, we may conceive—

Some natural tears he dropt, but wiped them soon.

The world was all before him where to seek
His place of rest, and Providence his guide.'

We have already had occasion to notice some instances of the generosity which distinguished Ken through life. Although his income must have been ample almost from the time when he left Oxford, he never saved anything for himself. When nominated to his see he had been obliged to borrow the funds for taking possession of it; and now that he was deprived, the sale of all his effects, with the exception of his books, produced only 700*l*. But, says Mr. Anderdon, God had provided for him 'a covert from the tempest, the shadow of a great rock in a weary land.' The friend of his youth, Thynne, now Viscount Weymouth, invited him to accept a shelter at Longleat; and, in order to relieve him from the sense of dependence, he took the 700*l*. into his own hands, and allowed him an annuity of 80*l*. For twenty years Longleat was the deprived bishop's home; his residence there being only varied by visits to his nephew, Walton, and to other friends within an easy distance.

'Longleat-house,' says Mr. Anderdon, 'deserving rather the name of a palace, rises amid natural slopes and hills, crowned with hanging woods; the ornamental gardens, enriched with plants brought from every climate, are still arranged in the antique fashion in which they probably existed at the time of Ken. Endless walks and rides are cut through the woods; they offer at each turn some fresh bower of solitude, or opening of the landscape. These "shades benign," as Ken calls them, might well give him rest; they abound in every requisite for the peaceful abode of a "retired Christian." . . . The room which he inhabited is at the top of the house, far removed from the noise and bustle of the noble hall, so well known as the scene of old English hospitality. It is an apartment of most ample dimensions, filled with books, of which some were his own,* and others belonging to Lord Weymouth, the overflowings of the great library below. In this retirement he lived, and wrote hymns, and sang them to his viol, and prayed, and died. His principal companion was probably Mr. Harbin, the family chaplain, of whom he often makes mention in his letters.'

Kidder, the new bishop of Bath and Wells, was a man of learning, and of many estimable qualities, which at an earlier time had won for him the patronage of Archbishop Sancroft, and of the excellent Robert Nelson (*Markland*, p. 91). But his principles as to Church matters were low and lax. Although we may

* Ken bequeathed to Lord Weymouth 'all my books of which my Lord has not the duplicates' (Bowles, ii. 306.)

well believe his profession that he entered on his episcopal office with a sincere desire to do good, his administration of the diocese was unhappy. From Longleat, which is on the borders of it, Ken sorrowfully watched the undoing of his own work; he felt that he could never resign his claims to a 'latitudinarian traditour, who would betray the baptismal faith.'

On the other hand, there was much to distress the good recluse in the proceedings of his nonjuring brethren. He, as we have seen, rejoiced in the deliverance of the Church from the oppressions of the late reign; he thought that the difficulties of the new oath affected such persons only as had sworn allegiance to King James; he wished all to conform who could honestly do so. But others took a different view; they represented the great body of the Church as schismatical and apostate, and resolved to keep up a distinct communion of their own. Sancroft, soured by age and misfortune, and influenced by men more violent than himself, executed, in 1692, a deed by which he transferred his metropolitan powers to Loyd, deprived Bishop of Norwich. It was resolved to continue the succession; King James was requested to select two from among the nonjuring clergy for elevation to the episcopate. The Pope was consulted, and approved of the scheme. The exiled King left the selection to Sancroft and Loyd, who chose respectfully Hickes, deprived Dean of Worcester, and Wagstaffe, formerly Chancellor of Lichfield; and on St. Matthias' day, 1693-4, these two were consecrated by the deprived Bishops of Norwich, Ely, and Peterborough—the Archbishop having died in the preceding November. The consecration was not generally known until some years after. Great efforts had been made to obtain the concurrence of Ken; but he steadily refused, believing that 'the project of a succession originated in a political influence which could intend no good towards the Church.' (*Prose Works*, p. 51.) The deprived Bishop of Gloucester, Frampton, also declined to share in the measure.

In April, 1695, died John Kettlewell, who had been ejected from the vicarage of Coleshill in Warwickshire. Ken declared of him 'he was certainly as saintlike a man as ever I knew;' and, with the exception of the Bishop himself—if even he is to be excepted—there is no one among the nonjurors who has a higher claim to be remembered with reverence and love. Eminent, like Ken, for holiness of life, he was his inferior in eloquence, but superior to him in learning and general ability. He had not, like Ken, an opportunity of serving the Church in a conspicuous station, or earning a name in history; but at the age of

forty-two he left behind works which fill two folio volumes, still prized by every student. His inclination would have led him to confine himself to practical and devotional subjects; but the circumstances of the time forced him to become a controversialist; and rarely indeed has controversy been written in so thoroughly religious a spirit. There is no attempt to display his powers, or to gain an advantage over his opponent; he writes with the single aim of satisfying his own conscience and those of others; every line seems to be penned in the remembrance of the hour of death and the day of judgment. Kettlewell was buried at Allhallows Barking, in the same vault which had contained the remains of Archbishop Laud until at the restoration they were removed to Oxford. This was the only occasion on which Ken is known to have officiated publicly after his deprivation. He appeared in his episcopal robes, and read not only the burial-office, but the evening-service, including the prayers for King William and Queen Mary. So Wood states (*Athen. Oxon.* iv. 442); and if the prayers for the King and Queen had been omitted, it would surely have been noticed by Kettlewell's nonjuring biographer, who tells us that Ken read the *whole* evening service.

A short time before his death, Kettlewell had drawn up a scheme for the relief of the deprived clergy. He proposed that a fund should be raised, and should be entrusted to the administration of the Bishops, who would thus be enabled to exercise a superintendence over the lives of the clergy, to restrain them from giving way to the temptations of need and idleness, and to put a stop to the impositions which worthless or pretended nonjurors had begun to practise on the charitable. He suggested that the Bishops should appeal to the public in a pastoral letter; and in July, 1695, the document appeared, bearing the signatures of Loyd, Frampton, Turner, Ken, and White, each of whom designated himself as Bishop of his late diocese, while they were collectively described as 'now deprived.'

In consequence of this, the five were summoned before the Privy Council, and Ken has left an account of his examination. He had not waited for the formal citation, but twice of his own accord endeavoured to obtain a hearing. Mr. Anderdon is disposed to complain of it as an indignity that he was not admitted until the third time, when the warrant had been duly served on him. The Council, however, may have been occupied by other business, or may not have known of Ken's attendance, or may have been prevented by form from giving him an earlier audience. He himself mentions his voluntary attendances not by way of a grievance, but in proof of his

willingness to meet all charges, and as a reason why he should be allowed to go in peace. Still less are we able to see any ground for the outcries of nonjuring writers against the whole proceeding—which have been echoed by the late historian of the party.* Surely the Pastoral implied, as the Council said, something like ‘a pretence of authority’—‘a claim of ecclesiastical jurisdiction,’ which might well form the subject of inquiry—more especially as the King, for whose sake the subscribers had been deprived, was still alive and had not relinquished his claims. When admitted to examination (April 28, 1696) Ken was treated with the respect due to his character. His candid answers proved that there was no design beyond the avowed purpose of charity; and ‘the Council thought proper to drop the affair as easily as could be.’

By the death of White in 1698, and that of Turner in 1700, Lloyd, Ken, and Frampton were left as the only survivors of the deprived Bishops. Hickes now held the position of a leader among the more vehement section of the nonjurors. He was a man of great ability and energy, learned, as far as the learning of the age extended, in the Gothic and Northern languages, an accomplished divine, and a skilful controversialist; but he appears to have been wanting both in judgment and in temper. He had been chaplain to Lauderdale in Scotland during the primacy of the ill-fated Sharp; and the dark fanaticism of the Covenanters had the effect of driving him into exaggerated opinions on the opposite side. He is charged with the inhumanity of having refused to intercede for the life of a brother who had been noted as a furious preacher among the Puritans, had been concerned in Monmouth’s rebellion, and was one of the persons for sheltering whom Alice Lisle was condemned by Jeffreys. (*Routh in Burnet*, iii. 63.) When deprived of the deanery of Worcester, Hickes made himself obnoxious to Government by posting on the door of his cathedral a protest against the intrusion of his successor; in consequence of this he had for a time been obliged to abscond, and we read of him as figuring in a military disguise. (*Life of Kettlewell*, p. 182.) His consecration as a bishop has been already mentioned.

Ken now wrote to Hickes (March 7, 1700-1), briefly mentioning the inconveniences which had arisen from the separation, expressing a belief that the time for a reunion with the Church was come, and requesting him, with a

view to this end, to confer with the most eminent of the nonjurors, and with some members of the lower house of convocation, including the prolocutor, Hooper. (*Prose Works*, 48, 50.) The answer is not preserved, but we may imagine its purport. The characters and the tendencies of the two men were opposite. Kell from the beginning was earnest for closing the breaches of the Church; Hickes busied himself in the discovery of pretexts for further widening them. With him originated the ritual innovations which became known by the name of ‘The Usages.’ When time and change had removed or impaired the original grounds of the separation, these ‘Usages’ became for those who espoused them a new and an insurmountable hindrance to reconciliation with the Established Church; for if they were, as was asserted, *essential*, there had been no valid administration of the Eucharist since the abrogation of King Edward’s first Prayer Book in 1552; but they rent the non-juring communion with internal schisms, and hastened its extinction.

The death of the dethroned King, in September, 1701, would have been regarded by many of the nonjurors as a deliverance from their scruples as to the oath of allegiance. But unhappily, Louis XIV., by recognising the son of James as King, provoked the English Government to enact a new oath of abjuration, in which William was acknowledged as ‘lawful and *rightful* King,’ the ‘Pretender’s’ title was utterly denied, and an engagement was made to defend William and the Protestant succession against him and all persons whatsoever. Ken would now have been willing to swear allegiance to William, but the new oath was so framed that he could not accept it. He writes to Harbin, Lord Weymouth’s chaplain, ‘Let me know whether it will be *enforced*. It is an oath *I shall never take*. I will rather leave the kingdom, as old and infirm as I am.’ (*Prose Works*, p. 54.)

On the death of King William, in March, 1701-2, Lloyd wrote to Ken, expressing regret that for some years he had been deprived of his ‘correspondence and brotherly affection,’ and requesting his presence at a conference in London. Ken in his answer denies that there had ever been any estrangement on his part, but says that ‘he cannot imagine that his counsel and assistance can be worth a London journey; which is consistent neither with his purse, nor convenience, nor health, nor inclination.’* He expresses an earnest wish that

* See pp. 165-167 of *A History of the Nonjurors*, by Thomas Lathbury, M.A., London, 1845;—a work which, whatever its short-comings, deserves thankful acknowledgment as that of an honest, sincere man, and moreover (strange to say) as the only attempt to relate the whole story.

* *Prose Works*, pp. 55, 56. Ken writes of himself as if reporting the words of another person. This is one of many expedients, such as the addressing his letters to his correspondent’s wife, by which the good bishop, clumsily enough, endeavoured to guard

some means of ending the schism may be devised; and he returns to this subject in later letters. In one of these (page 58) he speaks of himself as greatly distressed by some alterations which had been made in the service at the chapel of Longleat, and which obliged him to discontinue his attendance there. These alterations, no doubt, were connected with the prayers for the Royal family; but it does not clearly appear in what they consisted.

After the accession of Anne, he was repeatedly solicited to resume his old diocese. Kidder, who had never been happy in it, was willing to make way for him by accepting a translation; but Ken's growing infirmities combined with his scruples of conscience to determine him against a return to public life.

In November, 1703, a fearful storm swept over the island. Defoe, in his very striking account of this visitation, reckons the damage done to property at 4,000,000*l.*; and states that about 8000 persons perished. Ken was then at his nephew's at Poulshot. He writes to Lloyd: 'The house being searched the day following, the workmen found that the beam which supported the roof over my head was shaken out to that degree that it had but half an inch to hold, so that it was a wonder it could hold together.' Within a day or two he learnt that a part of the palace at Wells had been blown down, and that Kidder and his wife had been buried in the ruins. He could not be but struck by the coincidence as to time and cause; but while he was devoutly thankful for his own preservation, he expresses pity for Kidder; and there is no hint that, as too many would have been ready to do, he regarded the bishop's death as a judgment for having supplanted him.

The see was offered to Hooper, who had lately been consecrated to St. Asaph. He declined it, on the ground that he 'could not eat the bread' of his old friend, and entreated the Queen to restore Ken. She thanked him for the suggestion, and authorised him to make the offer. Ken expressed warm gratitude to her Majesty, but declared that he could not return to such a charge: he urged Hooper to accept the bishoprick, and offered to resign all his own claims to him. Finding him immovable, Hooper at length complied; and Ken had the satisfaction of transferring his rights to his oldest friend, in whose character and orthodoxy he had the fullest confidence—a confidence amply justified by Hooper in an episcopate of four-and-twenty years, during which he refused translation both to London and to York.

The more violent nonjurors were now en-

raged against Ken. It appears that some of them were even personally rude to him. Lloyd was daunted by their clamour, and attempted to retract or qualify the approbation which he had expressed when the cession was first proposed. Ken's temper was moved: he reminds Lloyd of his former words, and blames him for having added to the exasperation of the extreme party by showing letters which were intended to be private. In the next letter he apologises for his warmth, and declares that every day increases his satisfaction in the step which he had taken.

Poor as he was after his deprivation, Ken had always retained his old practice of charity. His personal expenses had been limited to the cost of 'a mean habit, and a poor horse to carry him about.' The rest of his scanty annuity was given to the poor and the afflicted, including the deprived clergy of Scotland as well as of England. Hooper was bent on improving his friend's circumstances, and, on accepting the see of Bath and Wells, desired leave to retain the chanterhip of Exeter, with the intention of paying over the income to him. As the Bishop of Exeter objected, the Queen desired Hooper to yield, and conferred on Ken a pension of equal amount. To one who had long had only 80*l.* a-year, the addition of 200*l.* must have been wealth; but Hooper knew him so well that he thought it necessary to insist that he 'should lay out something for himself; and from that time,' we are told, 'he appeared in everything according to his condition.'*

In 1708 died Robert Frampton, ejected bishop of Gloucester. Pepys bears repeated testimony to his abilities as a preacher in his earlier days; and he appears to have been a man of singular meekness and humility. On his deprivation, he retired to a parish which he had held with his bishoprick. He was allowed to reside in the parsonage, attended the church, and publicly catechised the children. In 1710 he was followed to the grave by Lloyd. The most distinguished of the nonjuring laity, Nelson and Dodwell, acting on principles which the latter had laid down in some published treatises, now applied to Ken, as the only survivor of the extruded prelates, inquiring whether he claimed their obedience. His answer was that he made no such pretension; that he had steadily opposed the consecration of successors in the episcopate; and he added, 'I apprehend that it was always the judgment of my brethren, that the death of the canonical bishops would render the invaders canonical, in regard that schism is not to be always.'

* He received also, shortly before his end, a legacy of some 500*l.*, which enabled him to leave help to several afflicted friends.

against the risk of being called in question for them, if intercepted.

On this Nelson, Dodwell, and the rest of the more moderate spirits, returned to the communion of the national church. The later fortunes of the schism—adorned as it was by the talents and learning of such men as Hickeys and Collier, Spinckes, and Brett, and Lindsay—need here be only alluded to with sorrow and pity.

Ken's life had long been a preparation for death. Mr. Bowles (ii. p. 276) mentions a touching circumstance—that the small Greek Testament which was his constant companion opens of itself at the 15th chapter of the First Epistle to the Corinthians; and Hawkins tells us that for many years he 'travelled with his shroud in his portmanteau, as what, he often said, might be as soon wanted as any of his other habiliments.' At length, in his seventy-fourth year, the summons came. While on a visit in the neighbourhood of Sherborne, he was seized with a palsy which confined him to his chamber from November, 1710, to the middle of the following March. He then set off towards Bath, intending to take Longleat in his way; but on reaching the mansion which had so long been his home, he felt that he must go no further. When told by his physician that he had but two or three days to live, he answered, 'God's will be done!' He put on his shroud with his own hands, in order that his body might not be stripped after death: he prayed for his friends, and gave them his blessing; and on the 19th of March he expired, peacefully and without pain. His will contains the well-known declaration: 'As for my religion, I die in the holy Catholic and Apostolic faith, professed by the whole Church before the disunion of east and west: more particularly I die in the communion of the Church of England, as it stands distinguished from all papal and puritan innovations, and as it adheres to the doctrine of the Cross.'

At sunrise, on the second day after his death, his body was laid, according to his own directions, in the churchyard of Frome Selwood, as being the nearest parish within his diocese, 'without any manner of pomp or ceremony, besides that of the order for burial in the liturgy.' His grave was long marked by no other memorial than an iron grating, shaped like a coffin, and surmounted by a mitre and pastoral staff: but in 1844 a fund was raised for the purpose of doing honour to his memory by some more worthy monument. The iron grating is now inclosed in a small Gothic structure; the chancel of the church has been restored and decorated; and a window, commemorative of the saintly bishop, has been added by the munificence of the Marchioness of Bath.*

* See Appendix to the Memoir by Mr. Markland, who was among the chief promoters of the fund.

The life of Ken presents to us a remarkable instance of a man whose tastes were all for the cultivation of sanctity in retirement, and for the discharge of humble duties, called by circumstances to take a conspicuous part in the history of his time. There was assuredly no affectation in his frequent references to the calling of Amos—'no prophet, neither a prophet's son,' but 'caught up from among the meanest of the herdsmen.' He was evidently one who could have been content to serve God in a country parish all his days, without ambition of honours or distinction; he did not seek promotion, but was sought out by it. He rose by means which would have seemed likely to be a bar to his rising; he was promoted for discountenancing the vices of his sovereign, and that not in the way of violence or forwardness, which might perhaps have suggested his promotion as a means of silencing him, but simply by a firm resistance when they came across his own path. In his episcopal position he impressed two kings—both men of profligate morals, and of a creed different from his own—by the perfect simplicity and uprightness of his character. With an earnestness 'like a man inspired' he urged repentance on the dying Charles; he remonstrated with James again and again, boldly, yet respectfully, and patiently endured his displeasure. He was neither uplifted by popularity nor dejected by the loss of it. When, for conscience sake, he had resigned rank and wealth, and had submitted to the severance of the ties which bound him to his flock, the same singleheartedness continued to be his characteristic. He kept aloof from the zealots who mixed up with their cause other considerations than those for which he had embraced it; he opposed their mistaken measures; and, in the consciousness of his own rectitude, he was content to bear their insolence and scorn. Towards Charles at Winchester, and on his deathbed—towards William at the Hague—towards the brutal Kirke—towards James during the bloody scenes of 1685 and in the changeful days of 1688—he bore himself with uniform courage in the discharge of his duty. Over his grave it might have been said as truly as over that of Knox, 'Here lies he that never feared the face of man!' How vast was the contrast in all things else!

Many good people are ready to cry out against any criticism on the intellectual qualities of a holy man. To us this seems to indicate not a true admiration of the saintly character, but a distrust of its value. Surely, if we had a thorough appreciation of sanctity, we should think it a sufficient title to reverence, without claiming for the professor of it other gifts to which he had no pretensions. When, therefore, Mr. Macaulay tells us (vol. i. p. 632) that Ken's 'intellect was indeed darkened by

many superstitions and prejudices; but his moral character, when impartially reviewed, sustains a comparison with any in ecclesiastical history, and seems to approach, as near as human infirmity permits, to the ideal perfection of Christian virtue—we do not care to dispute the justice of the first clause in the sentence, coming as it does from a writer who would probably be ready to pass the same censure on many of the most venerable among his own contemporaries. On the contrary, we look upon it as giving a higher value to the striking eulogium which follows; and the more because we must regard Mr. Macaulay's estimate of his personal impartiality as nothing better than an amusing delusion.

The Bishop's writings are chiefly valuable as illustrations of his character and history. During his lifetime he made hardly any pretensions to authorship. The only works which he sent forth were composed in the discharge of his duty towards those committed to his care—not for the purpose of 'showing himself to the world.' The peculiar bent of his mind appears remarkably in his exposition of the Catechism. It is appropriately entitled 'The Practice of Divine Love:' the object is not to give a formal statement of the Church's doctrines, but to turn them all into prayer and praise. In this and in his other devotional writings we may trace many remembrances of earlier prayers—derived, probably, through our own Andrews and Laud, from the Fathers of the Church and the ancient liturgies; but Ken has shed over all his own spirit of tenderness and love. A general characteristic of his writings is the union of a high religious standard with a compassionate and experienced allowance for the frailty by which it is too likely that the attainment of such a standard may be hindered. In the holiness which he prescribed and practised there was nothing forbidding. His life was ascetic; but we are told that 'his temper was lively and cheerful,' and his conversation 'very facetious and entertaining.'—(*Hawkins*, in *Prose Works*, p. 3.)

If there was any vanity in the good man's heart, it would seem to have been on the subject of his poetical skill. He expresses, indeed, a belief that his verses are open to the assaults of criticism; but he must have thought something of them, for he left them for publication, and they fill four thick volumes. The contrast is strange and surprising between the clear, free, harmonious flow of his prose, and the barbarous, cramped, pedantic language, the harsh dissonance, the extravagant conceits, which disfigure the great mass of his verses. Mr. Anderson has tried the ingenious experiment of reducing some passages from metre to prose, and no doubt they gain considerably;

but there is no getting over the fact that these four volumes are altogether a mistake. Mr. Bowles traces this to the influence of Cowley, whose 'Davideis' was evidently the model of the 'Edmund,' as his odes were of the lyrical pieces:—

'Ken's faults in poetry arose from his rejecting his own feelings of simplicity and nature, and proposing to himself a model of false imagery and affected diction. Always intent on this artificial model, he sacrificed his native good sense; turned from what is simple, sublime, and pathetic; shut his eyes to all that is most interesting in rural scenery and external nature; and even in addressing Heaven under the intense feelings of devotion, appears affected and artificial. . . . If he had only followed his own native feelings, he would have been an interesting, if not pathetic or sublime, poet.'—*Bowles*, ii. 300.

The most interesting of the poems are those which relate to the author himself, such as the one in which he draws a parallel between his own history and that of St. Gregory of Nazianzen, and the 'Anodynes of Pain,' which are peculiarly touching, as having been the actual means of soothing the acute bodily sufferings of his later years, when he was compelled to abandon study and seek relief in the cultivation of poetry and music.

On the great question of Ken's life—that of the oath of allegiance—opinions have been and will be divided. To us it appears that the Scriptural precept of obedience to 'the powers that be' dispenses with the necessity of inquiring into the original right of an existing Government; that the only question is, whether the Government have that amount of establishment and security which will justify us in regarding it as properly *being*. When a doctrine resembling this was advanced by Sherlock and others after the Revolution, Kettlewell asked, by way of objection, 'How much time, and how much quietness, must go to settlement?' (*Works*, vol. ii. p. 256.) We should reply that *there* is the very difficulty of the case—but that it is a difficulty which must be faced; that the answer, where it is required, must be made by every man for himself, on a conscientious review of all the circumstances which he is able to include in his consideration. Ken made no scruple of submitting, or even adhering, to the government of William and Mary. But he thought that the new oath which was tendered to him was incompatible with that which he had sworn before; and with such a man, those very reasons of temporal advantage which would have influenced many to comply had exactly the opposite effect. How striking were his words to Hooper: 'Should I be persuaded to comply, and after see reason to repent, you would make me the most miserable man in the

world? With such a feeling, undoubtedly he did well to decline the oath; and, while we think that his scruples were mistaken, we rejoice that he declined it, and that he was not alone in that sacrifice of everything to conscience.

But he never condemned others for the compliance which he was himself unable to make. He kept aloof from all political intrigues. Through misapprehensions, misrepresentations, and obloquy on both sides, he held on his wise, moderate, and straightforward course, seeking the peace of the Church, and finding in the exercises of a holy life support and comfort throughout all his troubles. We are well pleased in quoting these words from Mr. Anderdon:—

'If at any time men of tender consciences, in their aspirations after some ideal perfection, be tempted to swerve from their obedience to the Church of England, let them study the writings of humble, simple-hearted, steadfast Bishop Ken—(steadfast, because humble and simple-hearted)—and they will find solid arguments to preserve them from "widening her deplorable divisions," and inspire them with his own firm resolves to "continue steadfast in her bosom, and improve all those helps to true piety, all those means of grace, all those incentives to the love of God," which He has mercifully afforded to them in her communion.'

It has been supposed by many that Ken was the original of Dryden's Good Parson, and we think the conjecture very probable. For not only is the 'parson' described as holding the opinions of the Nonjurors—a party from which no one was so likely as Ken to be chosen as a model;—not only do the general characteristics agree with those of the Bishop—but there seems to be a more particular reference to him in the description of the parson as a writer of *hymns*. We cannot quite make up our minds as to the bearing on this question of two letters in the Pepys Correspondence (vol. ii. pp. 254, 5), which were not published when Mr. Bowles wrote, and have escaped the notice of the later biographers. Dryden writes to Pepys (July 14, 1699), thanking him for having directed his attention to Chaucer's 'Parson,' and enclosing his own imitation. The Secretary replies, 'hoping from this copy of one good parson to fancy some amends made for the hourly offence I bear with from the sight of so many lewd originals.' On the one hand, it may be said that neither of the writers alludes to Ken; on the other, it may be plausibly argued that the allusion to him may have been understood between them; that Pepys, in speaking of the poem as the 'copy of one good parson,' may mean that it was a portrait from the life; that he may not only have pointed out the passage of

Chaucer to the poet, but may have suggested that it should be adapted to the character of his old shipmate.

There are also, we think, among Dryden's lines some other hardly mistakeable allusions to the peculiar history of the Bishop. At all events our readers will not be sorry that we conclude with some of these beautiful couplets. Possibly, in these days, they may even be new to some of our younger friends:—

'A parish priest was of the pilgrim train;
An awful, reverend, and religious man.
Of sixty years he seemed, and well might last
To sixty more, but that he lived too fast:
Refined himself to soul, to curb the sense,
And made almost a sin of abstinence.
Yet had his aspect nothing of severe,
But such a face as promised him sincere;
Nothing reserved or sullen was to see,
But sweet regards and pleasing sanctity.
And oft with holy hymns he charmed their ears,
A music more melodious than the spheres:
For David left him, when he went to rest,
His lyre; and after him he sang the best.
The proud he tamed, the penitent he cheered;
Nor to rebuke the rich offender feared.
His preaching much, but more his practice
wrought,

A living sermon of the truths he taught.

'Such was the saint, who shone with every
grace,

Reflecting Moses-like, his Maker's face:
God saw his image lively was expressed,
And his own work, as in Creation, blessed;
The Tempter saw him too with envious eye,
And, as on Job, demanded leave to try.

'He took the time when Richard was de-
posed,

And high and low with happy Harry closed.
This Prince, though great in arms, the priest
withstood;

Near tho' he was, yet not the next in blood.
He joined not in their choice—because he
knew

Worse might, and often did, from change
ensue;

Much to himself he thought, but little spoke,
And, undeprived, his benefice forsook.

'With what he begged his brethren he
relieved,

And gave the charities himself received;
Gave while he taught; and edified the more
Because he showed 't was easy to be poor.'

ART. III.—1. *The Church and her Accuser
in the far North.* By Investigator. Glas-
gow, 1850.

2. *Notes on the Construction of Sheepfolds.*
By John Ruskin, M.A. 1851.

WHEN a sect has been long seated in one
country, or when a nation has wholly or very

generally adopted peculiar dogmas with the ardour of sectarianism, it is difficult to distinguish between the effects produced by the peculiar religious doctrines, and those which may result from national and local character; and this is doubly difficult where the creed and climate are congenial—where the people have embraced a faith so suited to their disposition that it would seem as if that suitability must have been the cause of the choice.

Want of sun and want of animal spirits go naturally enough together, and it is not unnatural (as poor human nature is) that the man of dull spirits should think the lively something worse than frivolous. There is no church or sect which in so many words denounces gaiety of temper, face, and conversation, as unholy; but some religious bodies take so despairing a view of the position of man, that any show of lightheartedness is in fact considered as rash and daring profanity. According to them, this beautiful world is not given to be enjoyed. It is scarcely even a scene of trial. The dread sentence has already passed, and the immense majority are irrevocably doomed to an eternity the knowledge of which makes cheerfulness insanity. But for the other part—the minority—who are as confident of their own acceptance as of the condemnation of the multitude—how fares it with their present feelings and character? It might seem that in them we should find, not indeed absolute vulgar hilarity, but a perfect and sublime serenity, removed far out of the reach of the petty vexations, the jealousies, and heartburnings of the world. We might expect at least forbearance, pity, charity, mercy. But shall we presume to test their sincerity by the existence of these feelings? The whole question is of course regarding an inward consciousness of a divine revelation, or *afflatus*. Shall we test the presence of that consciousness by each man's conduct? Shall we know it by his works? It is an easy way to dispose of such questions to say that he who does not live up to his profession is dishonest—to brand the man who boasts an individual assurance of salvation and is yet uncharitable, grasping, worldly, as a mere pretender. But he who has studied human nature in the page of old experience, knows that in all ages there have been those who began by deceiving themselves. He will admit that the thorough spiritual cheat—the *Tartuffe*—is only one shape, and not the most common, in which we see profession and practice at variance.

We are told, indeed, by the spiritual anatomists of those sects that speak familiarly of the most dread names and subjects, that what is 'born in' on the soul touching its future state cannot be false—that the acceptance of God's elect is declared to themselves in plain

language. They leave out of view the disturbing forces. They choose to discount vanity, spiritual pride, the self-conceit of ignorance, the tricks of an over-excited imagination, the madness which prompted the mountebank Huntington to write himself *S.S.* (*sinner saved*), and which told the heavenly-minded Cowper of nothing but sure damnation.

To arrogate an exclusive favour with God is no new thing, nor confined to any country or sect. It is as old and universal as enthusiasm and human presumption. Always and everywhere there have been men who went up into the Temple and thanked God they were 'not as other men are.' But it is a subject which we think it useful to bring before our readers from time to time, as new pretenders spring up to monopolize all godliness, and take Heaven by storm. We feel that the *Quarterly Review* can do so without being suspected of sneering at genuine religion, in any shape.

That we take our modern instances from distant and obscure places—that we select our quarry from the outlying herd round the skirts of our manor—is for very obvious reasons, and God knows from no want of game nearer home. Merely premising then, that with change of names the story of superstition and spiritual pride may be told of any county from Kent to Cornwall—from the Land's End to John o' Groat's—we for the present cull our specimens from 'the far North.'

The northern division of our island has long been noted for a high-strained religious profession, and a claim of more than ordinary 'seriousness;' nor do any parts of Scotland exceed in this respect the Isle of Skye, or the wilder tracts of the peninsula beyond the Moray Firth. In morals and conduct and general intelligence, the natives of those countries do not differ materially from their neighbours. They are of both languages—for the peculiarity we are to notice is independent of race. It affects the Celt and the Teuton alike. The population of those two districts has been for a long time distinguished for a transcendental Calvinism, or, as they prefer to say, for ultra-evangelical tenets. There, perhaps more than elsewhere in Britain, is extant the spirit of the old Puritan, his presumptuous self-esteem, his hatred of prelacy, liturgies, *Erasianism*, and everything differing from himself. Some of his better qualities are there also; and faith as strong, piety as fervent, as entire submission to the Divine will, may be found in many of those modern Highlanders, as warmed the breasts of John Bunyan and Rutherford.

Like other people of cold climate and nature, they love the excitement of long and vehement preaching, and are capable of being roused by it to a dangerous frenzy venting

itself in scenes only short of the dreadful American revivals. But like their Puritan prototypes, while thus seeking the stimulants of spiritual exercises, they profess to distrust and despise all secular learning (*head knowledge* is their term), however dedicated to pious uses. Ordination of any sort has no value in their eyes, and thus the clever, talking, ranting, uneducated layman who possesses the 'gift of prayer' and has Scripture phrases on his tongue, is more acceptable with them in their 'fellowship-meetings' than the sober ecclesiastic who would try to instruct before exciting. This religious society has another curious feature. Its individual members not only think themselves entitled to assert generally their own acceptance with the Deity; but they measure with great minuteness their several degrees of progress in spiritual attainments; and take rank according to the indications of Divine favour—according to the success of appeals to God—of struggles with the Devil; to use their own language, according to their 'experiences.' Each man is his own judge, and—what is more remarkable—the society in which he moves admits his judgment of himself. The self-constituted leaders of these religionists are known by the appellation of 'the Men,' and they distinguish themselves by a particular dress. In Skye they wear, even in church and at the administration of the sacrament, red, striped, or blue woollen night-caps—the colours marking different degrees of godliness; in Caithness their dress is a cloak, with a peculiar handkerchief tied over the head.

For the curious in this branch of natural history, we add such particulars of 'the Men' as we have been able to gather by diligent inquiry from 'sure hands.' Their *habitat* extends from Carrbridge, where the great Highland road plunges from the moorlands of Strathderm into the valley of the Spey, all along the north-eastern coast, quite round to Cape Wrath. Sutherland they pervade wholly. They are not so strong on the western coast of Ross as on the east side; and are not known in Lochaber, Glengarry, Moidart, or Arisaig, unless at Kilmallie of late. On the mainland fronting Skye, and we believe among the Saxon-speaking population of that island itself, they are pretty numerous under the name of 'Professors.' The cloak which 'the Men' wear in Caithness and Sutherland is considered apostolical; it formed part of the costume of St. Paul, who left his 'cloak' at Troas. It is of dark colour; generally of camel. They never lay it aside in the heat of summer. We have not learned the authority for their various head-gear. It would seem that from whatever colour commencing, it culminates into white. The colours, whether in

spots or stripes, are, we presume, symbolical of some partial remainder of human frailty—of the stains of earth; and it is only where all traces of the world are washed out that a handkerchief of unmixed white is blazoned. Alexander Gair, a catechist of very eminent sanctity, never appears in church or meeting without a pure white napkin tied over his head, with the ends hanging down.

We learn somewhat of the workings of this singular society in Caithness from the very interesting and clever pamphlet of *Investigator*. It is understood to be the production of a most respectable clergyman of the established church of Scotland—a native of 'the far North,' though now beneficed in a more genial region. It is written indeed for controversial purpose—in which we take no concern—but its facts have never been disputed; many of them we have ourselves verified; and the extracts and details which we select from it may be received with entire confidence.

Our author first introduces us to 'the Men' of a parish in Caithness, met in council at nine at night, to criticise the service of the Communion which had just taken place. One, a watchmaker, objected to an officiating minister who had spoken of 'Christ suffering a temporary hell for his people.' 'Temporary,' he maintained, meant 'trifling,' and so to speak of the Saviour's suffering was damnable doctrine. His authority was great, and the others concurred. The meeting sent a deputation to the manse, announcing their pleasure that the offending minister, who was to preach next morning, should be superseded; or otherwise that another and more popular should be set to preach from a tent (or wooden booth) near the church door. After long consultation and hesitation, the poor parish minister was compelled to submit, and to adopt the latter alternative. The approved orator uplifted his voice in the tent just as the bell had 'rung in,' and the congregation speedily rushed from the church to hear him, leaving the man of unsound doctrine, who did not know that 'temporary' meant 'trifling,' to address empty pews—(pp. 19, 22).

The following passage refers to another gathering for a Communion in Caithness.

'The English attendance was large in itself, though it seemed small when compared with the vast multitude of Gaelic-speaking Celts, which covered a large space of what was called the hill of Latheron, where the whole of the services of the sacramental Sabbath, including the dispensation of the elements, took place under the open canopy of heaven. From what I have been told, I am inclined to believe that this was emphatically the occasion, as it was styled, not far Latheron merely, but for a very wide district of the North.'—p. 22.

The service began about half-past eleven. The preacher was very popular. The initiatory or 'action sermon,' delivered from a tent, lasted two hours and a half. To this succeeded an hour of 'fencing the tables,' wound up with awful threats against unworthy communicants.

'The effect speedily became manifest. Not an individual approached the table, which had been empty during the whole of the preliminary exercises. A few verses were sung, and a short address of some ten or fifteen minutes was uttered, in which the communicants were invited to come forward, but were at the same time given to understand that they had much better stay away. Another psalm followed, with the same result as before. Then came a fresh address, like the former one, to which there succeeded a little more singing; and so on, till it was long past four o'clock in the afternoon, and yet no one had taken his seat at the first table! At last a commotion might be discerned in one part of the crowd. It was soon discovered to have its origin in the very slow, and indeed scarcely perceptible progress towards the communion-table of two or three of the *Men*, habited in their universally-recognised uniform of a camel-cloak and a spotted cotton pocket-handkerchief tied over the head. Onward they came, with half-closed eyes, and faces bent towards the ground. Their footsteps were tracked by male and female votaries, and the table was full. From that time till the termination of the service, about half-past eight o'clock in the evening, all went on quietly. The number of the table services seldom exceeded three or four, as not a tithe of the congregation ever dreamt of communicating. Last of all came the concluding address. The people dispersed—not to retire to their own homes for the night, but to take a little (occasionally, in truth, *not* a little) refreshment, before repairing to a meeting presided over by the *Men*, in which the proceedings of the day were discussed till long past midnight.'—p. 24.

Another authority, perfectly well informed, tells us,—

'The most remarkable feature in the proceedings of the *Men* is the meeting on Sabbath evening after the service in church is done. At those meetings great numbers of people congregate, young and old, male and female. The prayers and addresses are of an extraordinary and highly exciting kind, and are prolonged far into morning. It is too well known that much immorality is the consequence of such stimulants. Not a few young people of both sexes, of light and thoughtless character, frequent those meetings for no good purpose; and the scenes exhibited are frequently exceedingly derogatory to religion.'

For the relation established between the pastor and the flock, take Investigator's description of one of the days of *preparation* for the Communion.

'The grand day of a communion week in a Highland parish was neither the Sabbath, nor the Fast day, nor the Saturday, nor the Monday, but the day of the *Men*—the Friday. And I know few things so well calculated to enable a Lowlander to understand the true state of the Church in the northern counties during the *Ten Years' Conflict*,* and the preceding half century, as a short and simple detail of the incidents of a Communion Friday in the parish of Latheron, to which, as I have hinted, the people of most of the other Gaelic parishes looked, as, in respect of Sacramental proceedings, the model of all that was good.

'Permit me then, to describe to you a scene which was of very frequent occurrence on the hill of Latheron, at the noon of the Friday preceding the Summer Communion. There is an assembly of some thousands of Highlanders seated in front of the large wooden erection which is called the preaching tent. You remark, in the distance, travelling towards the place of meeting, three ministers, who are engaged in earnest conversation. If you were to join their party, you would hear A say to B:—"Now, as you are to preside to-day, I hope you will make a point of not asking X to speak, for he has not been in any church since the last Communion which he attended, and that is about six months ago; I know he is to be at the meeting this forenoon, in order that he may have an opportunity of denouncing myself and my neighbour, as he did this time last year." "Well, as to him"—(you would find C exclaim)—"I don't mind so much, because I believe him to be a pious man upon the whole, though he never goes to church; but Y is to be there, whom I trust you will not think of inviting, as he is getting quite notorious for love to the bottle, and our Session had almost been compelled to inquire into his character in consequence of some dreadful stories that were abroad as to his licentious conduct; but we contrived to avoid pushing on the investigation, as we knew that all the pious people had such a warm regard for him that our taking up the case would have been almost universally ascribed to a desire of exposing the failings of the saints." "Ah!" Mr. B. would reply, "don't speak in that way, or I shall have no *leeberty* at the meeting; they are both men of great experience, and are of such tender consciences that, though they regularly appear at all the communion times, they have not gone to the table for several years; we have no communicants who can equal them in utterance, and, if I preside, I cannot but call upon them, so one of you had better take my place." "No, no," A and C would instantaneously respond, "you must have your usual post, the people all expect it, and now that we have told you our opinions, you must act for yourself." The conversation having ceased as the speakers approached the tent, you would see them enter, and B would commence the services with a few verses of a psalm, and a prayer in which there were many marked petitions that there might be great

* This means the long struggle about Patronage, which ended in the disruption of 1843—the great schism of the *Free Kirk*.

leeberty that day, and that no one might be prevented by the fear of man from speaking what he felt. At the conclusion of the prayer, he would address a few sentences to the congregated multitudes, and would beg that if any of them had any case of conscience which he would like resolved, it should now be stated to the meeting, when some brother would endeavour to remove his difficulty. This request would bring up a person of very sombre aspect, in a distant part of the crowd, who would say that he had been much troubled to discover the marks of grace. The presiding minister, our friend B, would highly commend this *question*; would express his persuasion that there were only two or three there that ought to venture to *speak to it*, and would call upon a man sitting in front of the tent to give his opinion. He, instead of rising, would hide his face in his hands, and bow down his head towards the ground, exhibiting increased symptoms of unwillingness to speak, at each repetition of the request that he would let them have his mind. At length he would be abandoned to silence, and the same process, with the same result, would be gone through in the cases of two or three others. "Ah! my dear friends," B would exclaim, "see how humble some poor creatures are when asked to speak at a meeting; there is many a carnal professor would give me half a crown if I would ask him!" It would seem to you that there was to be no lay oratory—but you would soon discover the contrary. B would look towards a person in the costume of The Men, and would beg of your acquaintance X to give the people his mind. Amidst the breathless silence and intense anxiety of the multitude, X would rise and declare that a word had been sent to him which he could not but speak, and it was, that whatever might be the marks of grace, none were to be found "in those big parish ministers"—(B was not a parish minister, but A and C were)—"who fed themselves and not the flock—those idle shepherds into whose flock the true sheep would not enter"—(he himself held a meeting in opposition to his parish minister, during the hours of public worship, every Sabbath, and many of his hearers were now around)—"those carnal worldlings, who, unlike the Apostles, wore boots,"—(deep groans from the old women)—"and travelled in gigs!" (expressions of horror in every part of the meeting, all eyes being directed towards the tent in which A and C were seated). As soon as X had finished, B would invite Y to speak to the question, and you would see before you another of The Men, with a countenance on which sensuality and fanaticism had alike imprinted their broadest marks. He would begin by pointing to B (with whom he was exceedingly intimate), and protesting that "but for Jehoshaphat they should not have seen his face that day?—As for the marks of grace, many ministers nowadays did not know what grace was—it was all dry, hard morality with them—and they would cast out, if they could, a true child of God, and lay false accusations at his door, because he was a witness against their legal preaching. O ye devils!"—(at the full pitch of his voice)—"ye cannot make me silent; I will lift a testimony against you in this meeting, and will warn the simple lest they

fall into your snares." Loud and long was the declamation which followed; and when it was concluded, B would sum up what had been spoken in a lengthened address, which was much more gratifying to The Men than to the ministers; and after prayers had been offered up by various persons in the congregation, who did not fail to drive home the nails entered by X and Y, the multitude dispersed, animated by a joy to which A and C alone were strangers.—p. 26.

To this the author appends a note showing how now, as of old, the leaders of the Congregation vent their coarsest insults in that which they impiously call the prayer. 'I have heard,' he says, 'of a case in which a minister was compelled to listen to a petition by one of his hearers at a congregational meeting, praying that it might be revealed to the people for which of their sins God had allowed him to be their pastor' (p. 29).

It is not at church only that 'the Men' exhibit their costume and their solemn visages. In their peculiar garb they wander about among the country-people, repaying their entertainment by praying and expounding after their own manner—free from 'head learning.' But the chief scenes of their activity and glory are the 'fellowship meetings,' where crowds are drawn together, professing to compare their 'experiences.' These are the great schools for extempore preaching, praying, and prophesying; and, as they love to call it, 'speaking to the question.' Scripture language is applied to common things in most grotesque fashion, which does not to them seem either ridiculous or blasphemous. The great object is excitement. Whatever other effects they produce, these fellowship meetings are abundantly productive of spiritual pride.

The following paragraph gives us Investigator's view of the origin of the state of things we have been illustrating. Shrewd as he is, it will be pretty evident that he sees but half the cause:—

'The Men, I believe, are indebted for the commencement of their dynasty, to that deficiency of pastoral superintendence which, till a very recent date, was universally admitted to exist in the Highlands,—to the long-continued dearth of the Gaelic Bible—and to the ignorance of the uneducated Highlanders. It was but little instruction that the minister of a Northern parish could supply to his parishioners, when they were living at a distance of ten or twelve miles from his church, and were scattered over a tract of country which, in the south, would have comprehended the greater part of a whole Presbytery. Hence arose the demand for catechists, to supplement, as it was pretended, the acknowledged lack of spiritual guides to the people. Persons were appointed to this office, and were commissioned to hold

meetings for prayer and the reading of the Scriptures in those hamlets which were so far removed from the parish church as to render it impossible for their inhabitants to wait upon the services of the sanctuary. The book which was handed to these individuals as the Bible was not the Gaelic but the English version; the former work being much more expensive than the latter, and Highlanders in the humbler ranks of life being unable to read in their native language. The catechists speedily discovered that their readings were vastly more relished by the imaginative and superstitious Celts when a few grains of enthusiasm and extravagance were added to what seemed to them the cold and constrained "letter of the Word." Accordingly, in translating from the English version which they held in their hands, they gradually deviated farther and farther from the literal meaning of the Scriptural expressions, till at length they might be said to "teach for doctrines the commandments of men;" since, instead of giving the Gaelic equivalents to the terms in the English Bible, they read out to their hearers, as the Word of the Lord, what was the concoction of their own wild and wayward fancy. In thus acting, they were safe from detection by the people, for they could not read for themselves, and knew nothing of the Scriptures except what they learned from their catechists. The transition was easy from reading and praying to expounding in public, and it was unscrupulously made. The catechists became lay preachers and had regular meetings for the display of their oratorical powers at the ordinary hours for Divine service. Abandoning all those restraints which information and intelligence impose upon expounders of Scripture, they indulged in fantastic declamation, which charmed the semi-savage peasantry of the North, and made them crowd to their meetings, instead of attending at the parish churches. The consequences were what might have been anticipated. The catechists increased in number and importance. Some assumed the office from a regard to the respect and renown, and even reverence, with which its possessors were rewarded by the people. Others took it up with a view to the temporal profit which it secured in the shape of gifts of various kinds. Not a few became catechists that they might escape being craftsmen. And cases were of frequent occurrence, in which there could be no doubt that the motive was the same with that which prompts licentious hypocrites to go forth after their prey, clad in a long and closely-drawn cloak of seeming sanctity. The ministers were alarmed by all this, and offered some show of resistance. They were instantly calumniated as heterodox, ungodly, &c. &c.—p. 30.

Our author is naturally indignant at the state of thralldom under which his brethren of the ministry, as well as their flocks, were reduced by those self-elected teachers; but we think his indignation carries him too far. He may justly call *The Men* ignorant—presumptuous—spiritual tyrants—even 'artful fanatics' (p. 82); but when he brands them as a body, as 'liars' (p. 32), sneers at the

want of 'veracity, sobriety, and chastity of *The Men* in general' (p. 59); speaks of 'the besetting sin of impurity, in which many of them are known to wallow' (p. 32), and their public conviction of which sin scarcely injures their popularity; we are convinced that his zeal misleads him. It is scarcely possible that a population not generally depraved or degraded (like the anabaptists of old) should continue to yield allegiance in spiritual matters to sanctimonious profligates careless of disguising their crimes, or to vicious hypocrites, when their hypocrisy and real vice are exposed. That may happen in special cases; but, in general, the successful *Tartuffe* must affect morality as well as unction.

In examining the feelings and motives of these *Men*, it would be unjust to pass over evidence afforded by one of themselves. Alexander Campbell, a crofter in poor but not uncomfortable circumstances, in the island of Luing, was a leading *Man* in the north of Argyllshire, in the early part of the present century. His reputation for sanctity was very high, and the people of his district 'regarded his sayings as dictated by positive inspiration.' He himself does not assert so much, but he nevertheless has thought it his duty to leave 'a dying testimony of what God has done for his soul,' as well as a record of his acts and opinions, for the guidance of posterity. While yet alive he had put forth ('Printed for the Author,' Glasgow, 1826) 'The Dying Testimony of Alexander Campbell, late tenant in Kilchattan, parish of Luing'—leaving a blank for the date of his death, which in the copy we have used is filled in—9th November, 1820. Alexander's style and grammar are very bad—perhaps English was not his native language—and it is not always easy to gather his precise meaning. He does not propose to write a history of his life, but we gather a few of its events in passing.

'I was born August the 10th, or thereabouts, 1751, of honest parents, John Campbell and Margaret Campbell, of the family of Calder, tenants in the town and parish of Kilchattan, Luing. And as the word of God saith, Watch therefore, for ye know not what hour your Lord doth come, Matt. xxiv. 42. In time past I was a cross boy, yet after all it was observed of me that I was not given up to play as other children, for it was observed of me also that, when other children would be breaking the Lord's Day in playing, I would be musing, or praising as it were of religion way, and they would in a mocking way say to me, "Put on the preaching eyes now;" for ever since I was a boy I had pangs of spirit and conviction, that pricked my heart and conscience what to do, that I would be rolling myself in bed, as these were pricked in heart, Acts ii. 37, that pressed and tormented me to feel such blasphemous injections against God, feeling myself at enmity to him, Rom. viii. 7. . . .

'I stressed my hand by plastering the wall of the house, and I went to a physician to see if he could do anything for my hand, but it was for the worse, as the woman in the Scriptures, who had the bloody issue, that suffered many things of many physicians, but was nothing the better, but rather worse, Mark v. 25, 26; so it was my case also, and my nature was to be avenged on the apothecary's clerk that gave me the medicines, for I was exceedingly the worse of them ever after, for these forty-seven years ago I have been troubled with a coldness in my loins, and my head, and whole body, that I could not be kept warm by clothes: when I would warm my one side at the fire the other would be cold; so that I may say, In thy cold who can stand?—Psalm cxlvii. 17. I was for being avenged on the apothecary's clerk, Malcolm McVicar, Balmanno's shop, Glasgow—but in the mean time this Scripture was impressed on my mind to forgive him, and that I would heap coals of fire upon his head, Rom. xii. 19, 20, 21.

'As I had no rest of conscience, I thought of giving a hint of my case to the schoolmaster of Killichattan, parish of Luining, James McIntyre, he being more pious than some others, to see what he would say of my case, but he only made a sport of me. As soon as I gave him a hint of it, he cried on a vain lad, one of my neighbours, Duncan Campbell, smith, as he was passing by, upon the Lord's Day, to come and get sport of me; therefore I repented that I had given him a hint of it; and as the Scriptures saith, tell it not in Gath, lest the uncircumcised triumph, 2 Samuel i. 20. Cast not your pearls before swine, lest they trample them under their feet and turn again and rend you: Matt. vii. 6. When the vain lad came in, then he told him of my case, and he made sport of me also.—I went to Mr. John Smith, the minister of the parish, to see what he would say to my case. He told me only to remember my Creator, that was all he said of my case. An old woman could have given me the same answer if I had given her a hint of my case as I did to him; she would say remember thy Creator also.—But there was none in the country could suit my case of conscience, and that I could rely upon, that would show me the marks of the people of God, but only a pious blind man that was ordered to go through the parish to examine the people by questions; and he said to me, that he did not know of any that could answer my case of conscience, since there was not such a one in the country as the late schoolmaster, John Campbell; that, if he were in the country, he would answer my case of conscience. Then I wrote to him frequently of my case, and he answered me exceedingly well, though the schoolmaster and the minister could not do it, as they had not exercise of conscience as he had.'

His care for his conscience soon turned into an eager concern for the soundness of the doctrine generally preached to the people. 'As I came to the light of the workings of effectual calling, I saw that the ministers did not preach of the new-birth, or comfort the people of God.'

He discovered that the 'Established Church

of Scotland is of popish, Erastian principles.' The 'prelacy of the High Church of England' was no better. Patronage seemed to him, at first, the root of the evil. He got into trouble by protesting against the placing of a minister, and he and a small party fixed their protestation on the church door, each man driving a nail in testimony of his adherence. He was charged with the fact and admitted it. 'I also said that Mr. Donald Cargill excommunicated Charles the Second, and Dukes, and Gen. Dalzel, &c., and they did not die a natural death. Mr. Campbell of Eedale said that Cargill did not suffer a natural death neither. I said to him—Ye may as well say that Christ suffered not a natural death also.' Alexander and his followers then 'came out from among them, and were as sheep without a shepherd.' It was not easy to find a sheepfold constructed to his mind.

'I saw it to be a duty to protest against the Established Church of Scotland, that its principles were false—as all tolerated sects are false in the principles they hold, in doctrine, worship, discipline, and government; and though they differed in head from the Erastian Church of Scotland, yet they were joined to it in tail. And they are also as other tolerated sects, of other gods, evil worship, and therefore we are to take heed that we are not ensnared by following them. That it was robbing of God's absolute power by tolerating King George the Third to the government of Britain, like Uzziah. So therefore I thought I would put in my testimony against hearing any of the tolerated sects, as well as against the Church of Scotland.'

For a time Alexander and his companions were contented with private meetings, but some of them thought they had found what they wanted in the sect which calls (or called) itself 'Reformed Presbyterian,' and he agreed to join that body, having first stipulated for 'liberty to reprove their ministers,' which was conceded.

There was no absolute perfection, however, even in the 'Reformed Presbyterians,' and Campbell was not a person to submit to any compromise of opinion. To abstain from work upon the fast-day appointed by the Established Kirk was 'complying with unlawful authority,' and their new minister was rebuked for advising it. 'When that unlawful war commenced between Britain and France, and we were called to courts anent being volunteers, then we had meetings anent that whether it was our duty to go to their courts.' A subject of great discussion amongst them was, whether or no it was allowable to have recourse to law in defence of property. This was settled by a reference to the constitution of their sect, which allowed it in cases of necessity. Campbell took up his testimony against

their false principle, and again 'came out from amongst them;' and from thenceforward was not enthralled by any confession of faith, nor declaration of adherence to any particular church or sect. His influence over a wide district seems only to have been increased by these crotchets and vagaries; but in the peaceful absolutism of his reign there is nothing to record. He was revered and *feared* while alive, and canonized afterwards. It is affirmed that on the night of his death, some of his followers, looking towards his house, saw his soul carried upwards into heaven in a fiery chariot. But the authority on which we record this carefully adds, that 'many of the inhabitants of that district disbelieve it.' His 'Dying Testimony' appears to us so curious, that we shall transcribe as much as is at all fit for publication. Even in what we give, the readers of Burns will see sufficient coincidences with *Holy Willie's Prayer* :—

'I as a dying man leave my testimony against those who tolerate all heretical sects. I also bear testimony against the Church of England for using their prayer book, their worship being idolatrous. I bear testimony against the Popish Erastian patronising ministers of the Church of Scotland. This is a day of gloominess and of thick darkness. They are blindfolded by toleration of popery, sectarianism, idolatry, and will-worship.

'I as a dying man leave my testimony from first to last against the Reformed Presbytery; they are false hypocrites, in principles of adherence to the modern party, who accept of indulgencies in as much as that they are allowed to apply to unjust judges. They throw their malitia money into one purse with the Church of men; they in case of necessity bow to the image. It is evident they are not reformed when they will not run any hazard to a constitution according to Christ.

'I leave my dying testimony against my brother Duncan Campbell, by the flesh, and his wife Mary Omev, on account of a quarrel between their daughter and my housekeeper, having summoned her before a justice of the peace, who, having heard the case, did not take any steps against her. I therefore testify against them for not dropping the matter, as I did all that was in my power to do this. There is no agreement between the children of the flesh and spirit, as Paul said.

'I leave my testimony, as a dying man, against Duncan Clark, in saying that my brother's cow was not pushing mine; he was not present, and therefore could not maintain it before judges. And my brother took his son who was not come to the years, and got him to declare along with them. They would not allow my house-keeper to have the same authority in neighbourhood with them, as she was not married; and that is contrary to the word, Better to be as I am, as Paul said.

'I as a dying man leave my testimony against the letter learned men, that are not taught in the

college of Sina and Zion, but in the college o Babylon, 2 Cor. iii. 6, Rom. vii. 6. They wanted to interrupt me by their letter learning, and would have me from the holy covenant, Luke i. 73, and from the everlasting covenant, Isaiah xxiv. 5.

'I as a dying man leave my testimony against King George the Third, for tolerating all denominations in the three kingdoms of Scotland, England, and Ireland, to uncleanness of popery, and as he himself reigned as a pope in all these three kingdoms, that his Churchmen trample under feet a covenanted land married to the Lord to the last posterity, that they will not have Christ to reign as head and king of the Church, Isaiah ix. 6, 7, and ought to have supremacy all in all, Eph. i. 22; Col. i. 18, and not mortal man as king of the Church and State, to the ruin of the souls and body of the people.

'I as a dying man leave my testimony against paying unlawful tributes and stipend, either in civil or ecclesiastical courts, not according to the word of God, Confession of Faith, second reformation covenants, &c., if otherwise they shall receive the mark of the beast, Rev. xiii. 17.

'I leave my testimony against covetous heritors, who oppress the poor tenants by augmenting the rents, as John M'Andrew that was in Ardmuddy, that he fell over a rock, and judgment came upon him and he died, and Robertson and M'Lachlan, surveyors, that caused Lord Bredalban to augment the land, and oppress the poor, and grind the face of the poor tenants. Oppression makes a wise man mad, Eccl. vii. 7. And it is a double sin of George the Fourth, as in his Coronation oath he is bound not to suffer the poor to be oppressed, nor had Nehemiah, as he feared God, Neh. v. 7. Suffer not the subject to be oppressed, for by mercy and truth iniquity is purged; and by the fear of God men depart from evil.

'I as a dying man leave my testimony against unequal yoke of marriage, 2 Col. vi. 14; 1 Cor. vii. 39.

'I leave as a dying man my testimony against playactors and pictures, Numb. xxxiii. 52; Deut. xviii. 10-14; Gal. iv. 10.

'I as a dying man leave my testimony against dancing schools, as it is the works of the flesh.

'I as a dying man leave my testimony against the low country, as they are not kind to strangers. Some unawares have entertained angels, Heb. xii. 12.

'I as a dying man leave my testimony against women that wear Babylonish garments, that are rigged out with stretched out necks, tinkling as they go, Isaiah iii. 16-24, &c.

'I as a dying man leave my testimony against gentlemen; they altogether break the bonds of the relation of the words of God, Jer. v. 5.

'I leave as a dying man my testimony against covetous heritors. And the word of God says that the labourers should labour no more than they are paid for; that poor tenants be obliged to go here and there, as the children of Israel were obliged to wander hither and thither to gather stubble, or else be beaten by the servants of Pharaoh. Exod. v. 10-14. That is the very way of poor tenants now, by proprietors and factors, and laws of the fat lawyers, as the Jews said, we have a law, John x. 7. N.B. As I could

not pay that excessive rent that was laid on the place I had, I petitioned Lord Bredalbane, and there was a deliverance given me of a cow's grass and a house, the factor Craignour. John Campbell, lawyer at Inverary, would not give it, taken as an excuse that the hand of Lord Bredalbane was not in the deliverance, tho' it was the same when the clerk did it. That I was obliged to petition him a second time, that his factor, John Campbell, would not give me what he ordered, as it was not in his own handwriting, but his clerks. That his Lordship again gave it under his own handwriting, to give me the fourth of the place I was in. But John Campbell would not give it me unless I would get the certificate of the ministers and elders, as he knew that I would not ask that, as I came out of the church. I as a dying man leave my testimony against John Campbell, factor, for his unrighteousness, to put me off. I went to a friend, Mr. Peter McDougal, to see if he would certify me as a neighbour to the factor. As my housekeeper was of the same principle of religion of myself, she assisted me not only in the rent, but in other necessary things.

'I as a dying man leave my testimony against the tenants and people who give their sons as volunteer and militia, in yielding allegiance to the proprietors, king, rulers, and governors, because they would be dispossessed if they would not grant their sons as soldiers, and break their staff of bread so that they are persecuted, so that the people do not take it to heart that it is unlawful to help the Pope and popish kings. When the Pope was put out of power, and popish kings out of their thrones, that King George helped them to be put on, contrary to the law and testimony and covenants of second reformation.

'I as a dying man leave my testimony against the volunteers of Banff, for bragging that they stood and learned their exercise in spite of weather, was that not blasphemous presumptuous, as well as to speak in spite of God. And also the Ships that keep their course in spite of weather, that presumptuous sin, Psalm xix. 13. When God might do as he did to Cora and Abiram, that the ground was opened and swallowed them in a pit.

'I as a dying man leave my testimony against men and women to be conformed to the world in having dresses, parasols, vain head sails, as vain children have plaiding on the top of sticks to the wind, that women should become bairns. So that men have whiskers like ruffian soldiers, as wild as Ishmael, not like christians as Jacob, smooth.

'I as a dying man leave my testimony against Quakers, Tabernacle folk, Haldians, Independents, Anabaptists, Antiburghers, Burghers, Chappells of Ease, Relief, Roman Catholics, Socinians, Prelacy, Armenians, Deists, Atheists, Universalists, New Jerusalemites, Unitarians, Methodists, Bareans, Glassites, and all sectarians.

ALEXANDER CAMPBELL.

'Secred.

'It is marvellous to the most that I digged my grave before I died, as Jacob and Joseph of Arimathea. Israel could not bury evil men with

good men, 2 Chron. xxi. 18-20; Jer. xxii. 17-19. And I protest that none go in my grave after me, if he have not the earnest of this spirit to be a child of God as I am, of election sure, Rom. viii. 15, 16; 2 Peter i. 10, of the same principle of pure Presbyterian religion, the covenanted cause of Christ.'

'Monumental.

'Here lies the corpse of Alexander Campbell, that lived in Achanadder, and died in the year

Then shall the dust return to the earth as it was, and the spirit shall return unto God who gave it, Eccl. xii. 7. The earth is not popish earth, nor popish prelates, nor popish Erastians either. I testify that the earth is the Lords, 1 Cor. x. 26; Psalm xxiv. 1. Also I testify against the heinous sin of doctors and men for lifting the dead out of their graves before the resurrection, Isaiah lvii. 2. Some mens sins go to judgment before them, and some after them, 1 Tim. v. 24. O God hasten the time when popish monuments be destroyed, Deut. vii. 5; and hasten the time when the Covenants be renewed, Gen. xxv. 2. Away with strange Gods and garments.'

We have made these long extracts in vain—wasted our time and our readers' patience—if Alexander Campbell is not now thoroughly known to them in his inner man and almost in his bodily semblance. Who does not see his ungainly, perpendicular figure stalking up the passage of the village-church to the seat reserved for him, opposite the pulpit, that he may be in full view and hearing of the minister—his complexion bilious—his hair sleek over his brow—one hand disabled by his early accident, the other grasping his Bible, thumb-ed and worn in the Old Testament, chiefly at the thunders of the Law and the dealings of the Judges and Kings of Israel with the heathen? He takes his seat with grim, self-satisfied air, and watches every word and point of the service—preaching or praying—as an authorised censor or critic, not one to be benefited by the instruction of the college-taught—

'Yea! I am here a chosen sample,
To show thy grace is great and ample:
I'm here a pillar in thy temple,
Strong as a rock—
A guide, a buckler, and example
To all thy flock!'

Alexander Campbell was not mad, and not without some ability, as his answer to Mr. Campbell, of Eedale, shows. And a mere impostor would have made no such revelations as some of those we have quoted. He was honest in his hatred for all who differed from him in doctrine—in his contempt for 'letter-learned men'—in the conviction of his own superior knowledge and sanctity. We believe

he was honest when he spoke of himself as 'a child of God—of election sure'—although violating in every word and thought the humility, charity, and brotherly love of the Gospel!

To the letters of 'Investigator' which depict in detail these Highland prophets, we have joined at the head of this Article the quaint title of a hasty little brochure by Mr. Ruskin. That gentleman rushes in boldly where angels fear to tread. We shall not stop to criticise his *Procrustean* method of assimilating churchmen and dissenters. That they will ever voluntarily come together by the mutual sacrifices he dictates is merely 'a devout imagination.' But we wish to point out to Mr. Ruskin and his followers—if indeed there is anybody in the world who thinks quite with him—the danger they run, when they slight the clerical office, of letting the multitude fall under the spiritual dominion of men like Campbell. Let Mr. Ruskin be heard in his own eloquent language:—

'We conclude, then, finally,' says he, 'that the authority of the clergy is in matters of discipline large—in matters of doctrine, dependent on their recommending themselves to every man's conscience, both as messengers of God, and as themselves men of God, perfected and instructed to good works.' (p. 40.)

'To those who act on what they know, more shall be revealed; and thus, if any man will do His will, he shall know the doctrine whether it be of God. Any one—not the man who has most means of knowing, who has the subtlest brain, or sits under the most orthodox preacher, or has his library fullest of most orthodox books—but the man who strives to know, who takes God at his word, and sets himself to dig up the heavenly mystery, roots and all, before sunset and the night come when no man can work. Beside such a man, God stands in more and more visible presence as he toils and teaches him that which no preacher can teach—no earthly authority gainsay. *By such a man the preacher must himself be judged.*' (p. 30.)

So thought Alexander Campbell, questionless, and many another enthusiast, placing blind confidences in his 'experiences.' Mr. Ruskin, and such as he see no danger in this fanatic, nor appreciate the influence of his hallucinations; and it is not the man of education and accomplishment who is in danger: his peril at least is of another kind. But if the unenlightened yet pious people must rest on some support—must have their conscience kept by some one—there is no arrogant priest, no sly confessor, not the Jesuit of romance, that is not to be preferred to those blind guides, those self-constituted teachers, who prate of *their* experiences instead of the revelations of the Gospel—shaping a God and a

judgment after the newest pattern of the conventicle, or out of their own teeming brains.

Of the awful nonsense spoken of as 'experiences,' we shall give a specimen from 'Investigator,' and we happen to know that it is not in any degree overcharged:—

'It is now upwards of twenty years since a gentleman from the south found himself, for the first time, in a Caithness manse, on the Saturday before the dispensation of the communion. He was shown into a parlour, where several of the most popular of the Highland ministers were engaged in earnest conversation. A few minutes' attention enabled him to perceive that they were discussing the character of a person who, at the last Inverness circuit, had been sentenced to transportation for sheep-stealing. The observations of various of the reverend gentlemen indicated to the stranger that the convict either was, or had very nearly become, one of "the Men." He was surprised to find that a member of the clerical coterie was disposed to retain his good opinion of the sheep-stealer. But what was his astonishment when the friend of the criminal met a condemnatory remark of one of the brethren with the exclamation—"Well, well, whatever you may say of him, I know that he had *great experience*; for many is the night in which he wrestled with the enemy of souls, on the braes of Berriedale, in the form of a black sheep!"'—(p. 60.)

We must not omit the note to this passage:—

'The sheep-stealer's "experience" was greatly coveted by the intelligent and eloquent divine who stood forth as his defender. Many years after this incident, he said to a brother minister, "What is the best preparation for a Communion Sabbath?" The reply was rather sharp: "Hout, a good sleep on the Saturday night." Our convict's friend immediately exclaimed, "Wad na a good ticht warstle wi' Sautan be far better?"'

This Puritan form of government has other dangers besides the risk of such odious spiritual tyranny as that of 'the Men.' Its tendency is undoubtedly to break down moral obligations, the direct precepts of the New Testament, raising up a questionable substitute in the instigations of each man's own breast. It is not now distinctly taught or asserted that 'all things are lawful to the saints.' But while offences against morality are denounced as certain to bring upon all unregenerate men guilty of them the Divine vengeance, it is held (we speak it advisedly) that a person of great faith, according to his own account, and of extraordinary attainments, as his neighbours believe, in praying and prophesying, and generally of high devotional repute, may indulge in various sins, without endangering his everlasting safety or, of course, weakening his position as a *Man*. Not only

may his *gifts* be so remarkable as to render it most improper to censure him for *failings*; but we fear that in too many instances the surrounding votaries, as well as the culprit himself, labour under the delusion that *crime* is venial in the *elect*.

We have already cited 'Investigator's' case of one of 'the Men,' sentenced to transportation for sheep-stealing, yet still holding his place in his neighbour's estimation as a religious light. The views of the modern Puritans, and even not unfrequently of their ministers, touching this matter, and the effect they are likely to have on the morals of the district, will be in some degree illustrated by a few Scotch criminal trials of recent date, which are otherwise not without interest.

In the spring of 1830 the sequestered and wild district of Assynt, in Sutherland, was thrown into consternation by the disappearance of a travelling pedlar named Murdoch Grant, and by the subsequent announcement that he had been robbed and murdered. The crime was discovered, it seems, by means of a dream! Kenneth Fraser, a tailor, deposed that while asleep in his own home during the time when search was making for the missing body, a voice told him in Gaelic, 'The pack of the merchant is lying in a cairn of stones in a hole near that house.' The voice did not name the house, but the dreamer 'got a sight' of the house and the place of concealment. At all events, his information certainly led to the finding both of the pack and its master, whose body was lying in a lake called Loch-tor-na-eigin. When the corpse was dragged out of the loch, and about to be buried, all the people of the thinly-inhabited district crowded to see it, and to touch it, in proof of their innocence of the murder. Only one young man was observed to hang back. Little more than a century ago, Philip Standsfield (a gentleman of good condition near Edinburgh) was tried for the cursing and murder of his father; and it was stated in his indictment, and given in evidence as a proof of his guilt, that the dead body bled afresh when he touched it. The people of Assynt believed generally in that ordeal, and the young man in question was no sceptic. This was Hugh, the youngest and favourite son of Roderick M'Leod, tenant of the little farm of Lymmeanach. His father, a religious man, had hoped that Hugh might succeed him in his farm, and had given him the advantage of some education, at a serious expense. The boy, though gentle-tempered, did not turn out steady. He had tried to be a schoolmaster, but failed. He fell back on his parents, and suffered some privations from his love of dress!—a singular weakness for such a district. To gratify this taste he had committed

several petty thefts, undiscovered; and at length he resolved to possess himself of the more than fabulous riches of the old pedlar. He tells the story himself, but it suffers by coming out of his native Gaelic through the medium of an interpreter. He had meditated the crime, he relates, for some days, and had made an appointment with Grant to meet him on Thursday, when he was to make some purchases of him. Before setting out on that day, M'Leod offered up a fervent prayer to God for pardon for the murder he was about to commit! (Did he pray also for success, and that he might escape detection?) He proceeds: 'I had watched the pedlar all Thursday, for the purpose of taking away his life and robbing him. I slung my father's hammer—the handle of which I shortened for the sake of convenience—in below my great coat. I knew where he had to pass: I got into a hole where I could see all without being seen. He sat there for two or three hours; and while sitting in the cleft of the rock he again prayed—and persuaded himself of Divine mercy, applying to himself the pardon bestowed on the thief on the cross.

'When I saw Murdoch Grant coming along, I went to meet him with every appearance of friendship and kindness. I persuaded him to sit down, and said I had some purchases to make from him. Grant was going farther into the country, but the day being unfavourable he agreed to turn back. We came back together, resting occasionally, and sometimes I carried his pack for him. I was afraid to strike the blow lest I should be seen. At length we got near Loch-tor-na-eigin: I was going first. I suddenly turned round, and with a violent blow under the ear felled him to the ground. He lay sprawling in great agony, but never spoke. I took the money out of his warm pocket, and put it into mine. There was about 9*l.* in all. I gave him two or three violent blows, and dragged the body into the loch, as far as I could with safety to myself. The body would not stay down, and I got a large stone and placed it on the chest. Even then life was scarcely gone, for the air kept bubbling up from the mouth. It was evening, but not very dark. I then threw the hammer into the loch, and returned and rifled the pack. I took the most portable things, and sunk the heavy goods in a moss loch farther into the moor. After taking the money from the pocket-book, I buried it on the edge of a bank near where the body was thrown.'

He afterwards saw the body every day, in passing by the shore, for six weeks, and as the advance of summer rendered the loch shallower and clearer it became more and more apparent. After his arrest he resolutely maintained his innocence, and crowds of clergy who attended him were much edified by the style in which he discoursed of sacred things. At his trial he pleaded not guilty. The evidence was

wholly circumstantial; and when the jury brought in their verdict, 'Guilty,' the prisoner exclaimed, 'The Lord Almighty knows I am innocent. I did not think one in this country could be condemned on mere opinion.' His full confession, however, was made immediately after sentence. On the Sunday night preceding the execution several ministers entered upon religious exercises with the prisoner. Some refreshments being introduced, they requested him to ask a blessing, and he did so, holding forth for half an hour with a force, fluency, and correctness, which delighted all the company. The night before his death he slept well, and in the morning took breakfast as usual. He manifested no emotions, save for a moment when the executioner pinioned his arms and took off his neckcloth. When asked if he wanted a cart, he said he could walk ten miles, if necessary. The day was wet and boisterous,—such a day, the criminal remarked, as that on which the murder was committed. He was hanged at the sea-shore, in presence of seven or eight thousand people. He ascended the gallows with alacrity, and addressed the crowd for a quarter of an hour, with enthusiasm and energy, in Gaelic. He sang a psalm, and expired saying, 'The Lord receive my spirit!' A sermon was preached on the occasion of his execution, when the preacher asserted his penitence, and assured the congregation of his pardon as unhesitatingly as if he had wielded the keys of St. Peter.

Our next instance is from the southern side of the Moray Firth. Alexander Tulloch held the farm of Croft-head, Ballintomb, in the valley of the Spey. His family consisted of two daughters, and of the husband of one of them, named Peter Cameron, a young man of twenty-five, who assisted in the work of the farm. Tulloch, whose wife had been dead seven months, had announced his intention of marrying again, and at the same time informed Cameron that after he brought home his new wife he would no longer have room for his son-in-law in the house or farm. In these circumstances, on the evening of Friday the 16th of October, 1840 (his daughter, the wife of Cameron, being absent), Tulloch paid a visit to his intended, Mrs. Beatson, a widow, who dwelt in a wing of the old manor-house of Knockando. He stayed late, and took leave as the clock struck three on Saturday morning, in perfect health. He never reached home. At seven o'clock his maiden daughter, Isabella, went into his room, and saw that his bed had not been slept in. Upon the alarm being given, Cameron expressed great surprise, took breakfast, and then dressed in his Sunday clothes to go and seek for the old man; but before he had finished his toilet news was brought that Tulloch had been found dead.

Croft-head is more than two miles from Knockando. The old road between the two places passes through wood the whole way, and crosses the burn of Ballintomb by a ford and foot-bridge, about a quarter of a mile from Knockando. Heavy rains for a day and night had swelled the stream. On Saturday morning, about eight o'clock, two country lads had observed in the wet road, at twenty yards from the ford, on the Knockando side, numerous marks of a scuffle; and when these marks were afterwards examined, there were found the foot-prints of one person with heavy hobnailed shoes, who had apparently stood for a long time shifting about under some hazel-bushes—then some spots of blood, and indications of a struggle of two persons, one of them in the same hobnailed shoes, the other's shoes smooth-soled. Then the struggle appeared to cease, and a mark of dragging a heavy body began, which continued to the bank. About the time when the lads were passing, two girls decried the body of Tulloch in the bed of the stream, stuck on some large stones about 150 yards below the ford, and as far from where it falls into the Spey. The body was brought home. It was cut and bloody about the head. The shoes on the feet were smooth-soled, without nails. The police officers were sent for; but it is more than twenty miles to the county town, and they did not arrive till evening.

Night had come on before any important discovery was made. Between midnight and one of Sunday morning the whole party in the house, family and servants, under the charge of the police (twelve or thirteen persons in all), sat down to tea. Cameron was known for a great gift, and he was requested to ask a blessing on the meal. His prayer was more than ten minutes long. He alluded to the dreadful event which had called them together, and almost in sight of the mangled corpse of his father-in-law beseeched the Almighty to throw light on the mysterious crime. Upon afterwards searching Cameron's room were found his yesterday's clothes soaked with wet, and sand and water in the shoes, which corresponded to the hobnailed footprints near the ford.

Cameron made his escape during that night, took to the hills, and for some months of winter baffled the police. He used to sleep in barns, and kept on the heights during daylight. His haunts were known to many, but none gave information against the murderer. At length he was tracked, by a party of five officers, to a house in his own parish. He bolted from the house as they entered, and made for the hills; keeping up among the moorlands that stretch between the rivers Spey and Findhorn, he made a straight run of fifteen miles. Two of the officers kept him in

view, and at last neared him. His wind had failed—he suddenly stood still, threw up his hands, and said, 'I can do no more: I am the guilty man.'

Upon being examined, he admitted having cut a bludgeon in the wood, waited for two hours under the trees in the rain, struck Tulloch with the club, struggled with him, and, when he thought him dead, dragged him to the burn.

While in gaol, previous to trial, he daily assembled his fellow-prisoners for worship, at which he presided, and used to put up long extempore prayers. At his trial he remained quite calm, his head leant upon his hands, until the jury retired for consultation, when he became considerably agitated. It was remarked that his sister-in-law, the daughter of the murdered man, could hardly be induced to give evidence. The excellent judge, Lord MacKenzie, told the jury that the evidence, though circumstantial, was complete. The jury, however, led by one of their number who had a crotchet against capital punishment, found the prisoner guilty of culpable homicide only! He was transported for life.

Our next case is both later and somewhat nearer home. It brings us, moreover, into contact with a community not Presbyterian, though ultra-Calvinistic. William Bennison was tried for bigamy and murder, at Edinburgh, in July, 1850. The trial was very long, and the evidence made up of minute circumstances, but no person who heard the trial or studied the report afterwards could entertain any doubt of the facts. It appeared that Bennison, then a lad of twenty, and one of the sect of 'Primitive Methodists,' married Mary Mullen, in Armagh, in November, 1838. He soon left her, came to Paisley, and there, in December, 1839, married Jane Hamilton. Some weeks afterwards he went back to Ireland, lived for a short time there with his first wife, and then carried her with him to Scotland. He avoided Paisley and took her to Airdrie, where she immediately fell violently sick and died, probably by arsenic. Upon this he rejoined Jane Hamilton (to whom he brought some of the clothes of Mullen, as the clothes of a deceased sister), and they lived thenceforward in Leith-walk, beside Edinburgh. Jane Hamilton was a gentle, pious woman, of rather delicate constitution; she had one child by Bennison, a girl of seven years old at the date of the trial. Bennison was described by his pastor at his trial as a man 'excited in religious feelings.' He took a great interest in the welfare of the congregation; was eager to bring people to his chapel. He constantly attended 'class meetings,' and was much admired for his fluency. He visited the sick, and offered up prayers for

them. In the spring of 1850 he appears to have become attached to Margaret Robertson, a girl of good conduct and of serious disposition, not yet a member of the Methodist communion. He used to walk with her; brought her to his chapel and to prayer meetings. Their conversation was always of religion. Soon after their intimacy commenced, Bennison bought half an ounce of arsenic. He told an acquaintance by and bye that his wife was taken ill, and that she had advised him to get another wife. The poor woman was made to take some portion of the poison in messes of porridge and of potatoes; she sickened immediately, and speedily died. Constantly associating all this time with Margaret Robertson, Bennison had prepared 'the dead clothes' and arranged for the funeral and mournings before his wife's death. When it took place he 'thanked God she had gone home—gone to glory.' He added placidly that he 'had seen many a deathbed, but never a pleasanter one.'

The jury, by an unanimous verdict, found him guilty of bigamy and murder, and, next day, when sentence of death had been pronounced upon him, Bennison asked leave to say a few words, and speaking from the bar said,—'I do not blame the court or the jury for their verdict, but I here solemnly declare before God and before all present that of the murder of my wife I am innocent. I do solemnly before God pray earnestly for those who came up yesterday against me. If they had spoken the truth—and, prisoner as I am, I could mention their names—if they had spoken the truth as to what passed both at the time of my wife's sickness and death, I would not have been a guilty man before you, my lords, this day. But here I can stand up and say I am innocent before God; and I pray God this night for those who have come up and stood there, declaring anything but the truth against William Bennison, as he can testify from his own conscience and his own soul. I do solemnly forgive them this day, and they know themselves what they have done.'

We may be thought to be dealing in subtleties when we say that this poor guilty wretch probably thought he had some warrant both for his charges of falsehood against the witnesses and his declaration of his own innocence. There is a wretched casuistry which allows men of Bennison's stamp to palter with others and their own conscience in a double sense. We have known a convict, while acknowledging his guilt, yet vehement and solemn in accusing of perjury the witnesses on whose testimony he had been convicted; one of them in particular, for swearing that he had bought vitriol in one shop while, as he said, he had bought it in another. In a recent case

tried in the same court as Bennison's, it was proved that a woman had sworn falsely to the death of her son, in order to defraud some heirs of entail. It appeared that her conscience was tender, and to enable her to swallow the oath she boiled some Indigo, and made her boy dip his garter in it, whereby it was coloured blue, and she then held herself free to swear 'she had seen her son die.' Upon this sort of logic, if the witnesses, while speaking the truth, as they undoubtedly did in essentials, made some mistakes in incidental trifles, the convict might vent his overcharged heart in accusing them of false swearing. In like manner, if the poison was not actually administered by his own hand—if some other handed the dish, or if by chance the poor victim took herself the mess previously drugged for her—we conceive it to be not impossible that a man like Bennison might work himself up to believe that he was entitled to deny being the murderer.

But it is not with such plays and tricks of conscience that we have here to do. These cases, and the last in particular, have been brought forward with a different view. We have said already that the evidence, though circumstantial, was complete, and no doubt could exist of Bennison's guilt. His trial was made the subject of an able article in the *Edinburgh Courant* (July 29, 1850). The editor says:—

'Among the many questions which the perusal of this remarkable trial may suggest, probably one of the first will be—How far was this man's religious fervour affected? Was he an impious unbeliever, secretly scoffing at the holy name which he so often invoked?—Or was his hypocrisy so deeply-grained as to make himself in some measure its dupe?

"Who made the heart, 'tis He alone
Decidedly can try us:
He knows each chord, its various tone,
Each spring, its various bias."

There is one conclusion to which, perhaps, we may be allowed to point, without much risk of our meaning or our motives being mistaken—the apparent frequency with which the sinful appetite that led Bennison to the commission of his crime is found associated with fanatical excitement. No one in Edinburgh can need to be reminded of the appalling story of Major Weir, who, in the words of one of his contemporaries, "at private meetings prayed to admiration," was "admired for his flood in prayer, his ready extemporary expression, his heavenly gesture."* Bishop Lavington, in a work which is not now so fashionable as it once was, remarks that "many authors have shown a natural connection between enthusiasm and impurity"—a position

which he illustrates by reference to many "fanatical sects, the Nicolaitans, Gnostics, Montanists, Valentinians, &c." as well as to the more modern instances of John of Leyden and David George.* It were easy to enlarge a catalogue, in which the name of St. Theresa would not be the first, nor that of Lucky Buchan the last; and less public instances in point will probably occur to the recollection of most persons now living. The murderer Rush, it may be remembered, was in the habit of praying by the bedside of Emily Sandford; and it is remarked by the chaplain of Newgate, in his last report on the state of moral and religious instruction in that prison, that the few convicts who demand of him to be admitted to the most solemn mysteries of the faith are generally persons who are undergoing punishment for impure offences.†

We must hasten to a conclusion. We fear we cannot deny the occasional presence of some feelings akin to religion even in the commission of deadly crimes. It would not serve any practical purpose to inquire how much of the religious semblance of those great criminals was genuine; what part was hypocrisy and what delusion; to fix the boundaries between enthusiasm and cant. Still less would it tend to edification, to drag into light the frailties of the constitutionally devout—to show the tendency (especially of certain diseased temperaments) to slide from an enthusiastic fervour of Divine love into the pruriency of human passion.

It is more useful to observe that the question of the alleged consciousness of Divine favour does not depend on nice distinctions. In that matter, in the belief of their acceptance with God, the worst of those great criminals (supposing them to have had the belief) was not more certainly mistaken than the ignorant and presumptuous bigots whom we have described in the beginning of this Article. M'Leod, in the cleft of the rock, praying before springing on his victim—Cameron leading the prayers of the family over the body of his murdered father-in-law—was not more assuredly alien from heaven than the fantastical Campbell, when, filled full of envy, hatred, malice, and all uncharitableness, he proclaimed himself to the world as 'a child of God—of election sure.'

Among a rational people, 'the Men'—the 'Professors'—those coxcombs of holiness—would soon fall into contempt, if they were not fostered by those who should teach the laity. They have, it is too certain, been all along encouraged by some of the Highland ministers—in whose opinion there cannot be too much preaching and praying, whatever be the qua-

* Fraser's *Providential Passages*, 1670. MS. quoted in Mr. Wilson's interesting *Memorials of Edinburgh*, vol. ii. pp. 115, 116.

* Bishop Lavington's *Enthusiasm*, pp. 154, 299, 200, edit. 1833.

† Fourteenth Report of the Inspectors of Prisons, Part I. Home District, p. 2. 1850.

lity, and who lend a willing ear to the blasphemies which these creatures utter as their 'experiences.' Such are the *divines* who put forward a convicted felon to lead the devotions of an assembly of pious people! With *them* argument would be useless. But those lay preachers have also been winked at by a large body of the clergy who disapproved of their practices, and yet would make no effort to put them down from a weak fear of unpopularity.

We have waved the controversy to which *Investigator's* pungent production belongs. Our English readers will easily surmise that it refers mainly to *the Free Kirk*—nor will it surprise them to learn that *THE MEN* very generally joined their forces with the new sect—and that this circumstance is considered by *Investigator* as a very principal cause of its success in the comparatively barbarous regions of 'the far North.' We trust we shall, at all events, hear of no more *tampering* with the system of *THE MEN* on the part of any of the established clergy.

ART. IV.—*Correspondance entre le Comte de Mirabeau et le Comte de la Marck pendant les années 1789, 1790, et 1791, recueillie, mise en ordre, et publiée par M. de Bacourt, 3 tomes. Paris. 1851.*

M. THIERS observed, in a note to the first volume of his History of the French Revolution, published upwards of twenty years ago, that the particulars of the conduct of Mirabeau towards all the several parties with which he had been connected were not yet accurately known, but that they were destined to be so. He had obtained, he said, positive information from the persons who were to publish these particulars—nay, he had himself seen the important document, in the form of a political confession of faith, which was the secret treaty of Mirabeau with the Court; but that he was not at liberty to print any of the papers, or even to name those who had the custody of them. He could only affirm what would be sufficiently demonstrated at no great distance of time.

After the lapse of a period far longer than had been suggested by M. Thiers, or contemplated by Mirabeau himself at the abrupt close of his tempestuous existence, the publication of the volumes now before us has redeemed this pledge, and placed before the world a large and certainly most curious body of evidence as to the secret political views of Mirabeau, and especially as to his relations with

the Court, during the first period of the Revolution. Dark and hateful as were those days which let loose upon France and the world all the worst passions of mankind, they present an eternal subject of inquiry and meditation to him who would read the history of the world amidst the convulsions of this age. These volumes re-open the frightful prospect. They show that, of the greatest calamities and horrors, none were from the very commencement unforeseen. They show by what fatality those evils, though foreseen, were not averted. Above all—such is the suicidal blindness of vanity—they exhibit, stripped of every disguise, that profligate, ambitious, and irregular spirit, which burned like a meteor at the approach of this storm—eager for power, eager for luxury, eager for gold—mingling the coarse pursuit of sensual enjoyment with schemes for the regeneration of an Empire—at once a demagogue in one place, and a courtier in another—fanning the flame in public which he professed in secret to quench, and describing with infinite sagacity and unmeasured force the amount of the calamities which his own eloquence and example only rendered more terrific and inevitable. To reconcile these inconsistencies; to vindicate Mirabeau from the stain which rests upon his genius, and lowers his public career almost to the level of his private vices—and to present a definite apology for his tortuous policy and conduct—is a task beyond the power of the biographer. But a singular combination of circumstances has preserved, and now at length disclosed, materials connected with this eventful period which will reward the most deliberate study. Posterity may draw from the correspondence of Mirabeau with the Court what inferences it will, but these mysterious documents are now in their full extent, or very nearly so, before us. Nothing more real or more genuine has been rescued from the great convulsion which was so soon to overthrow the monarchy of France—nothing more vividly characteristic of the real spirit of that Revolution from its first commencement; of its authors, who worked a ruin far beyond their intentions; of its victims, who suffered evils so immeasurably beyond their deserts. A few months after the commencement of this short but momentous correspondence, he whose fervid and reckless nature addressed these appeals to the Court was already a corpse on the threshold of that labyrinth from which he saw and was to find no exit. The other parties to this occult transaction, who had engaged in it from attachment to the Queen, and with some hope of attaching Mirabeau to her service, were scattered over Europe, and were to revisit the Trianon no more. Louis XVI., lost in apathy, unconscious of his

resources, and at times incredulous of his danger—Marie Antoinette, roused to efforts of which she had long seemed incapable, remained alone to face destruction. The life and death of Mirabeau, flung like an episode across the first act of the Revolution, foreshadowed the whole catastrophe. In England the sagacity of Burke already discerned the character of that pestilence from the false halo which had at one moment surrounded its approach; and that discovery rent asunder the ties between him and his political friends. In France Mirabeau had seen as far and feared as much. He, too, discovered nothing between the National Assembly and the future but the annihilation of the monarchy and the butchery of the King. But these forebodings seemed only to rouse him to greater ardour, to excite him to keener virulence, to stimulate his personal jealousies and his insatiable ambition, and even to mask the precautions he laboured to enforce on the Court in the disguise of the Jacobin Club. It was the strange fate of Mirabeau to denounce to the Court the hollowness of all the assurances on which it still relied against the Revolution, which he was urging forwards; and now sixty years after the event, he denounces to posterity in these papers, destined for the private eye of Marie Antoinette, the hollowness of the scheme he affected to have made, and the worthlessness of the rivals whom he was endeavouring to supplant. Nor, if he relied on these papers for his justification with posterity, as he expressed it in the closing hour of his life, can he have been insensible to the fact that these memorials of his secret policy were the strongest condemnation of his public acts, and that the false popularity which surrounded the hero of the revolutionary Assembly must be stripped off before history could recognise in him the fidelity or the sagacity of a servant of the Crown.

The history of these papers is so singular, that it is requisite we should introduce to our readers the secondary personages of this romantic narrative before we proceed to examine the documents themselves. These volumes have been skilfully edited by M. de Bacourt, late Minister of France at the Court of Turin, and who formerly filled an office connected with the French embassy in this country. It was, we believe, upon the recommendation of Prince Talleyrand, who took an interest in the earlier stages of M. de Bacourt's career, that the late Prince Augustus d'Arenberg was induced to confide to this gentleman, about twenty years ago, the deposit he had himself received from Mirabeau on his death-bed. The Prince could not sanction a publication before the last actors in the scenes of 1791 should have disappeared; but he prepared a

succinct narrative of the transactions in which he had been so deeply engaged; and this memoir forms the introduction to the present work. By an undeserved piece of good fortune, Mirabeau's posthumous vindication (if so it can be called) is placed under the care and produced upon the testimony of a man of illustrious rank and undisputed honour. He survived by half a century the events of 1791; he surveyed them in the maturity of years with an abundant store of contemporary evidence, in which he found more misrepresentation than fidelity or precision. He finally bequeathed his task to a gentleman worthy of his confidence; and in accomplishing at this distance of date the last intentions of Mirabeau, the turbid stream of that depraved life loses much of its impurity by the tranquil and transparent medium through which it comes down to us. At the same time the language of the Prince in his later years cannot efface the recollection of the part he was himself disposed to take in the outset of the Revolution. His attachment to the person of the Queen was strangely balanced by his intimacy with a man whose profligacy, obscenity, and utter want of honour were notorious to all Europe; and we are sometimes embarrassed to know whether the facility with which he passes over transactions of the most scandalous inconsistency with Mirabeau's personal engagements to himself and to the Court is to be set down to the account of simplicity or bad faith. He was certainly frequently made the dupe of his formidable ally; he was sometimes degraded into becoming his tool whilst Mirabeau speculated on the integrity of his name and the depth of his purse.

'I have been placed,' says the Prince, 'on a theatre where the actors were extremely conspicuous; I have been intimately connected with some of the most celebrated of them. I have known Courts and the world. From observing the manner in which the esteem of mankind is distributed, and the motives upon which it is conferred—the facility with which it is sometimes caught by intrigants, whilst it is often refused to the good—I learned that it must often be taken at a lower value than is commonly imputed to it; but I have felt at the same time that the one thing needful was to be at peace with oneself, and to live within the domain of one's own conscience.'

'For the last twenty years we have been inundated with Memoirs on the Revolution and the times in which I have lived. These examples would perhaps have deterred me from writing; but I am reminded that, if this indifference be allowable for myself, I have not the right to extend it to others; and that, possessing the means of confuting calumny, I should seem to sanction it if I withheld them from publication. But the supreme reason which has decided me is the engagement I had contracted with Mirabeau him-

self on his death-bed, to submit to posterity the evidence of the cause in which his memory is at stake, and to bear the testimony which is due from me to his energetic and loyal efforts to save his country and his King. I shall publish nothing in my lifetime; but at least these materials will be found after me, and I shall leave it to others to make a suitable use of them. Truth never comes too late for history.'—Vol. i. p. 7.

The Count de la Marck, in early youth, and also in his later years, known as Prince Augustus d'Arenberg, was the second son of the head of the sovereign house of that name, born in Brussels on the 30th of August, 1753. His father had distinguished himself in the Seven Years' War, and became early in life a field-marshal in the imperial service, and one of the original knights of the Order of Maria Theresa. His family was thus closely connected with the Court of Austria, then sovereign in the Low Countries; and, on the other hand, the last male of the great house De la Marck, his mother's father, offered to transfer to him a regiment of German infantry which had been raised by the Count's predecessors for the service of France in the time of Louis XIV. This offer was accepted for young Augustus, who accordingly took the regiment and with it the title, though not the estates, of the Count de la Marck, and passed into the military service of France, though as a prince of the Empire he was not, strictly speaking, a subject of that or any other power. The assent of Maria Theresa was required to sanction this arrangement. It was the moment at which the archduchess Marie Antoinette was on the eve of concluding those brilliant nuptials which were the false harbingers of the greatest tragedy in the annals of kings. The young Austrian soldier was suitably recommended to the beautiful Princess who, like himself, had just adopted France as her home; and when he entered the gay society of Paris, where he was allowed, by special permission of the Court of Spain, to enjoy the rank of *grandezza*, which made him the equal of the highest class of French nobility (for his German rank would not have been recognized at the French Court), he easily obtained the regard and confidence of Marie Antoinette and of the circles which she honoured with the graceful intimacy of her happier years. He by and by married a great French heiress, and, having distinguished himself in an expedition to the East Indies, attained in every respect a very high position both at Paris and Versailles. It would be beside our present purpose, and it is somewhat beside the principal object of this book, to retrace the reminiscences of the polished but defenceless and improvident society of that period, upon which M. de la Marck dwells with natural predilection. The times already impending over

it were such, that the least irregular Court which France had ever seen was about to be assailed for vices slanderously attributed to its chief ornaments; and the Sovereign who more than any of his predecessors had governed for the sake of his people, was already denounced as a tyrant and suspected as a traitor. But the life of the Court of France in the ten years immediately preceding the Revolution exhibited little that could prefigure that immense catastrophe. Even the Duke of Orleans is described by M. de la Marck as careless, weak, and humane, rather than as the deliberate enemy and ambitious rival of the Court, which he afterwards proved himself to be; and the cause assigned by M. de la Marck for this hostility—a mere breach of etiquette between one of the Austrian Archdukes and the French Princes of the Blood—is ludicrously inadequate to account for the abominable passions subsequently exhibited in the career of Philippe Egalité.

On one point, however, M. de la Marck is deservedly explicit. The *correspondence*, throughout its most interesting portion, exhibits Marie Antoinette in the light of a political personage. To her the counsels and appeals of Mirabeau were addressed, and it was by her influence alone that this friendly conspiracy for the salvation of the monarchy was to act upon the irresolute mind of the King. The adoption of such means, after the events of 1789, shows either to what shifts the friends of the Court were reduced, or that insult and danger had at last roused in Marie Antoinette something of the spirit of her heroic mother. In the first years of the King's reign the Queen had shown a marked repugnance to interfere in politics, and she had on more than one occasion refused to lend her influence to sway the Cabinet or the King in favour of the policy of her brother, the Emperor Joseph. Thus at the outbreak of the war of succession of Bavaria in 1778, the Austrian Ambassador was instructed to demand of France the contingent of 24,000 men promised to the Imperial Court by the treaty of 1756. The Queen was appealed to by the envoy, but she refused even to mention the subject to the King. In 1784, when the affairs of Holland gave rise to an apprehension of war, Austria failed in like manner to obtain the active support of France, in spite of the most pressing appeals from the Emperor to his sister. Yet these very incidents were afterwards dressed up by all the arts of calumny—and the Queen was invariably represented as a foreign *intrigante*, ready to sacrifice the best interests of her adopted nation to the influence of her Austrian connexions. She had committed, indeed, the unpardonable fault of admitting to her society with marks of peculiar favour some of the foreigners who frequented

the Court: but on M. de la Marck's pointing out to her Majesty that this predilection was liable to misconstruction, she replied, with affecting simplicity—*It is true: but they, at least, ask nothing of me.* Still more dangerous to the Queen was that rapacious and profligate society of the Polignacs, into which she was fatally drawn. But to that society the Austrian party at the Court had never belonged. Count de Mercy, the Imperial Ambassador, rarely went there. Count de Fersen, who knew the Queen's real opinion of that circle, had always refused to join it. M. de la Marck speaks of it with unmitigated aversion.

It was not, however, in these frivolous and exclusive salons that M. de la Marck could ever have met Mirabeau, for the scandal of his vices was as undisguised as the violence of his opinions—and he had long been estranged, both in manners and habits, from the company to which he might from his birth have aspired. It was agreed, it seems, one day in the year 1788, that M. de Meilhan, the intendant of the province of Hainault, should bring Mirabeau to a dinner at the house of the Prince de Poix, eldest son of the Duc de Noailles, and then governor of Versailles. The party consisted of M. de la Marck, the Tessé, the Viscount de Noailles (younger brother of the host), and some other persons curious to meet Mirabeau. He entered, and, with some astonishment, La Marck saw in him a man ungainly in countenance and figure, overdressed, wearing a huge quantity of powdered hair, large coloured stone buttons to his coat, conspicuous for a profusion of bows, an excess of compliments, and, in short, an entire absence of that modest self-possession which belongs to high breeding and good taste. As the dinner proceeded, the conversation took a political turn, and Mirabeau recovered all his advantage by the vigour and eloquence with which he discussed the topics of the day. M. de la Marck naturally exchanged some remarks with him on the politics of Germany, with which Mirabeau was better acquainted than his countrymen usually are. In spite of the extreme difference of the characters of the two men, they attracted one another, and their acquaintance speedily ripened into a friendship, which remained unbroken till Mirabeau's death. That friendship is one of the few passages of his life which left him better than it found him, and still sheds some credit on his memory. It is obvious, however, that in spite of the sentiment Mirabeau affected at times to throw over it, he had mainly sought and cultivated M. de la Marck, as he did every one else, for the use he could make of him, and it was a connexion in which all the services were on one side and all the exactions on the other.

Strange relations these to have sprung up

even in that strange time between so great a favourite of fortune as Count de la Marck and one who had so little to thank her for as Mirabeau:—the one a Prince of the Empire, associated by birth, feelings, and opinions with the nearest interests of the Court; the other an outlaw, whose talents might shake the world, but could scarcely open a door in Paris: the one opulent, refined, a consummate gentleman; the other profligate, unscrupulous, coarse in his manners, reckless in his conduct. For the existence—above all for the protraction—of such an intimacy between two such men these volumes do not account, though they show how often and how sorely it was tried. The one had genius, without being able to regain the broad track of honour or the station of duty; the other had virtue, but accompanied with boundless indulgence for the sins of genius, and (though his writing often shows remarkable talent) a want of practical penetration of which Mirabeau availed himself largely. Certain it is that through this eventful period they continued to live in constant intimacy, though their acquaintance brought neither to one nor to the other the political results each of them had anticipated.

The relations thus commenced in society were soon to be transplanted to a more agitated scene. Upon the convocation of the States General, M. de la Marck was elected, though he had never been formally naturalized, for the bailliage of Quesnoy, in which his wife's estate of Raismes was situated, and he sat, in fact, as the representative of the nobles of that frontier district, most of whom (like the head of his own house) resided in the Austrian Low Countries. It was not, therefore, until after the union of the three orders* that Mirabeau met him in the National Assembly. Their conversation was resumed on friendly terms, and shortly afterwards, M. de la Marck invited the hero of the Jeu de Paume to dine alone with him in his private apartments. Mirabeau accepted, saying, that with an aristocrat like himself, he should always get on well. In fact, the natural bent of Mirabeau's mind, and even of his vices, was essentially aristocratic; but he was the chief of those traitors to their order who in days of revolution let in upon the state the passions they despise and the pretensions they reject. The description of this interview deserves to be cited:—

* It is singular that M. de la Marck barely alludes to the first steps of the Revolution, and especially to the decisive step of the union of the Three Orders—to which he himself, as a noble, assented, though it was in fact the immediate and violent subjection of the Upper Chambers to the Tiers Etat, and was accomplished by menaces and treachery which ought to have removed all doubt from his mind as to the line espoused by Mirabeau.

'No sooner had Mirabeau entered the room than he said to M. de la Marck, "You are displeased with me, are you not?" "With you and with many others." "If that is the case, you should begin with those who live in the palace. The vessel of the state is struck by a most violent tempest, and there is no one at the helm." Mirabeau continued a long while in this strain, excited himself to fury against the faults already committed, and accused M. Necker of incapacity and ignorance. He maintained that it was shameful for this Minister not to have brought forward at the opening of the States-General a complete scheme of finance, adapted not only to cover the miserable deficit of 160 millions, but even to augment the revenue of the kingdom. He said that for such a country as France, it was a mere joke to accomplish this object; but that it required deeper views and bolder conceptions than those of M. Necker, who was, in his opinion, altogether below his position. M. de la Marck, without discussing these weighty questions, contented himself with replying, "But what are you driving at, yourself, with the incendiary conduct you have adopted in the Assembly and out of doors?" "The fate of France is decided!" exclaimed Mirabeau—"The words Liberty and Taxes, voted by the people, have rung round the kingdom. We shall not get out of it without a government more or less similar to that of England."

'In the midst of all this declamation and abuse of the Ministers, he still professed good will to the monarchy, and repeated that it was not his fault if he was repelled, and compelled for his personal safety to make himself the leader of the popular party. "The time is come," said he, lifting his finger, "when men must be rated by what they carry in this little space under their forehead, between the eyebrows."

'M. de la Marck vainly attempted to demonstrate to him that what he was saying neither justified nor excused the audacity of his revolutionary speeches; and that his eloquence, admirable as it was, was not worth the harm it did the country. "The day that the King's Ministers will consent to reason with me," answered Mirabeau, "they will find me devoted to the royal cause and the safety of the monarchy." "But what," rejoined his friend, "is to be the end of the present state of things?" "The ruin of France," answered he; "and if the country is to be saved, there must be no delay in employing the only means that can succeed. The present system is absurd, insane. The Assembly is left to itself; and it is supposed either that it can be subdued by force, as the aristocratic party have it, or brought round by the hollow and redundant phrases of M. Necker. What is wanted is, that the Government should seek to form a party in it by means of men who could influence, excite, or calm it."—p. 93.

It was at the end of the month of June, 1789, a fortnight before the attack on the Bastille, that Mirabeau held this language, and at parting expressed to M. de la Marck his desire frequently to repeat their private interviews. Enough had already been said on this occasion to strengthen the profound apprehensions

which the first blast of the revolution had excited in the minds best qualified to judge of it; and M. de la Marck saw the advantage to be derived from a close observation of one who was destined to act so amazing a part in it. From this conversation, and from every succeeding incident in the political career of Mirabeau, in as far as it was connected with M. de la Marck, it is easy to perceive that the great tribune of the people and chief revolutionary orator of the Assembly was playing in different spheres a totally different game;* and that his schemes were from the very outset of the revolution quite as much directed to the acquisition of ministerial power on the one side, as of popular influence on the other. Acting partly on the fears and partly on the hopes of the Court; irreconcilable towards a Minister like M. Necker, whom he felt it necessary to remove; alternately servile and insolent to Lafayette and Montmorin, whom he hated and despised as much as he did Necker, but whom he hoped at times to convert into the instruments of his own devices; Mirabeau invariably exhibited himself to M. de la Marck, and is consequently exhibited in this correspondence, as a man eager to take the government on the footing of a constitutional minister, and resolved, if he should succeed in this enterprise, to devote himself to save the monarchy, in whose ruin he foresaw that the whole established order of things, the royal family, and probably he himself must perish. He was not ignorant of the enormous obstacles which his preceding history, his pre-

* We shall not attempt to adduce in detail the voluminous evidence of the numerous contradictions and inconsistencies which might be opposed from other sources to M. de la Marck's narrative. But at this very moment—the commencement of July, 1789—there is ample and authentic proof both from the language and the public actions of Mirabeau that he was playing a double game. It was at this same time that he said to M. Mounier, who related the interview which took place in one of the bureaux of the Assembly, and to M. Bergasse, who was present,—"Gentlemen, I met the Duke of Orleans yesterday and said to him, "Monseigneur, you cannot deny that we may soon have Louis XVII. instead of Louis XVI., and in that case your Royal Highness would be at least Lieutenant-General of the kingdom." The Duke of Orleans, gentlemen, answered me very curtly.' It was at this same time that he was seen working with Ragot and Robespierre to breed dissatisfaction in the Assembly at the King's assurance that the Assembly had nothing to fear from the troops; and when Mounier accused him of tampering with the army, he replied,—My good fellow, I am as attached as you are to the throne; but what does it signify whether we have Louis XVII. instead of Louis XVI., and why do we want a baby to govern us? Above all on the 9th of July he produced the memorable address to the King demanding the dismissal of the troops from Paris, which was followed by the measures that covered France with National Guards, and by the attack on the Bastille!

sent violence, and his whole character presented to the execution of such a scheme. He more than once exclaimed to his friend how bitterly he lamented the injury which the immorality of his early life was doing to the State. He clung with the utmost tenacity to every chance which seemed likely to obtain for him the reluctant confidence of the Court; and we shall presently see to what a strange series of coadjutors and intermediates he successively committed himself in the hope of obtaining the direction of affairs under the shelter of some purer name. But, however eager he might be to pursue this track, on which, except from M. de la Marck, he met with little encouragement, he seems not to have felt that the chief barrier lay in his own conduct since the meeting of the National Assembly, in his suspected relations with the guiltiest instigators of those first days of bloodshed and insult to the Crown, and in the clear fact that if he meant well to the Court he was false to the people. With these considerations present to her mind, and heightened by the aspersions which identified the great orator with all that was most fierce and personally hostile to herself in the revolution, it is not wonderful that the Queen, to whom these appeals were mainly directed, recoiled from the offers of safety tendered by such hands. In September, 1789, M. de la Marck caused the Countess d'Ossun, a lady in waiting and a favourite of Marie Antoinette, to explain to her Majesty the object and intentions with which he continued to cultivate the friendship of Mirabeau. The Queen herself shortly afterwards took notice of this communication: 'I have never doubted,' said she, 'of your sentiments; but I think we shall never be so unhappy as to be reduced to the extremity of Mirabeau.'

It is not, therefore, to these volumes that we must look for the counterpart of the intrigues in which Mirabeau was here engaged; for unhappily the estimate we have long since formed of his character does not lead to the inference that because he had secretly adopted one line of policy he had *bona fide*—and entirely—abandoned the other. Certain it is, that throughout this period, and to the close of his life, even after Marie Antoinette had found herself forced to the painful extremity of listening to him, even personally, his language in public was to the last degree offensive and dangerous; sometimes his votes were hostile—even when he protected, his attitude was menacing. In a word, all the resources and exertions of his genius and his foresight were tainted with duplicity; and history will not acquit a public man of great crimes because they were perpetrated openly, whilst he was protesting in secret against the policy he continued to pursue.

On one point, however, M. de la Marck's testimony assumes a more direct character, and he certainly discredits, though we cannot think he satisfactorily disproves, the imputation on Mirabeau of secret relations, hostile to the Court, with the Duke of Orleans. Up to the middle of the year 1788, he affirms positively that these two personages *had never met*. The Duke, he says, requested him to make a dinner for the purpose of *introducing him to Mirabeau*. The party took place, but it was unpleasant; the principal guests were ill pleased with one another, and Mirabeau observed some days afterwards to his host, that as for the Duke, he 'neither liked him nor trusted him.' The question, then—accepting M. de la Marck's evidence *in limine*—is narrowed to this point;—whether, between the period immediately preceding the opening of the *Etats Généraux* and the 5th and 6th of October, 1789, the acquaintance of Mirabeau and Egalité had ripened into a political conspiracy? To that supposition M. de la Marck gives a decided negative. He states that at the very time when Mirabeau was suspected of drawing money from the Palais Royal, he was, in fact, so distressed that he threw himself on his own generosity for a loan of 50 louis. M. de la Marck placed such a sum at his disposal, not only on that but on several other occasions, only requiring of him a promise that he would not borrow elsewhere, and hoping that this friendly assistance might secure the independence of his opinions.

But he goes beyond these inferences:—

'In the conversations which I had every day with Mirabeau, I made him talk of the men who in those times seemed ready to march at the head of the revolution, if not to direct it. He had a sovereign contempt for most of them, and thought little of M. de Lafayette and the Duke of Orleans. Though it has often been repeated that he was led by the party of this latter personage, I can affirm, myself, that he never had intimate relations with the Orleans party. Laclos, who was the soul of it, knew men too well to give his confidence to Mirabeau; and from the opening of the States General, he had persuaded the Duke of Orleans that Mirabeau would be for the King. A short time before the days of the 5th and 6th of October, the Duke of Orleans came to dine at my house in Versailles with Count Mirabeau, and I clearly saw that there was a reserve between them which excluded the supposition of a secret understanding, for they had neither of them, at that time especially, any interest to deceive me. Indeed, a few days afterwards, I was confirmed in my opinion by a question of the Duke of Orleans, who asked me suddenly and abruptly, "When will Mirabeau serve the Court?" I avoided answering in such a manner as to prolong the conversation, and merely said, "At present, I think he has not taken the road to get there."—i. 112.

We are compelled, by his own avowal, to impute to M. de la Marck less perspicacity than to Lacroix, who 'knew men too well to give his confidence to Mirabeau.' It is not true that neither Mirabeau nor the Duke of Orleans had at that time any interest to deceive the amiable Count; for to deceive him was to deceive the Court, and the least appearance of intimacy on the part of Mirabeau with the Duke would have been a glaring contradiction to all the assurances he was constantly giving in private. If any such intimacy did exist, it would have been disguised under the appearance of reserve, and nowhere more carefully than at M. de la Marck's table, whom both parties knew as the Queen's attached friend.

The remainder of the passage relating to these events is, however, so striking and positive, that, without closer inspection, it would go far to remove the suspicion still lingering over them.

'The state of affairs became more and more alarming. Towards the end of September, 1789, Mirabeau was always repeating to me, in speaking of the Court, "What are those people thinking of? Don't they see the chasms opening beneath their feet?" Once, indeed, roused to more than ordinary exasperation, he cried out, "All is lost. The King and Queen will perish—you will see it. The populace will scourge their corpses"—and remarking the horror this expression caused me, he added, "Yes, will scourge their corpses. You don't enough understand the dangers of their position, yet they ought to be made known to them."

'Did his penetration already embrace the horrible events of the 5th and 6th of October? It would seem so; but it was not to me alone that he thus expressed himself: he concealed from no one his opinions and his fears. Hence his enemies, and, perhaps, many who were not his enemies, were led to say that he had prepared the movement of the 5th of October, and had played the chief part in it. The subsequent procedure of the Châtelet against Mirabeau was founded in great measure on conversations he had held before that catastrophe. In fact, the most profound obscurity still veils the true instigators of that event. On the 4th of October Paris was in the utmost fermentation; a report was circulated that the banquet of the guards was the commencement of a plot for the destruction of the Assembly. The morning of the 5th of October was, however, quiet at the Château. The King went out shooting, without paying much attention to the news from the capital; and he only returned in the evening amidst the shots which the mob of Paris was firing on the guards in the great avenue of Versailles.

'If Mirabeau had been guilty of the crime of which he was accused, it was in the morning of that day that he must have concerted with his alleged accomplices to direct the movement and avail himself of it; but, instead of assisting at those councils of attack and defence, *Mirabeau passed with me the day of the 5th of October till six in the evening.* We dined together alone, and

discussed the affairs of Brabant over a map of that country, though the greater part of our conversation turned on the dangers of the Court and the agitation then reigning in Paris. We were, however, still ignorant of the coming events of that day. All that Count Mirabeau said bore the stamp of that skill and vigour which the circumstances required, and it would have been well if the subject had been treated in the King's cabinet as it was by Mirabeau at my house. In all he said he spoke not the language of faction, but of a great citizen; and I affirm, from the bottom of my conscience, that this man was entirely a stranger, in his intentions as well as in his actions, to the intrigues which excited so violent an effervescence in the city of Paris.'—i. 114.

It would certainly imply an astounding amount of duplicity and artifice that a man actually engaged in the preparation of an atrocious conspiracy, then about to take a sanguinary vengeance on the Royal Guards for the boisterous loyalty they had displayed at the banquet of the 1st of October, should pass the very hours during which the mob of Paris, headed by its female fiends, was marching on Versailles, in discoursing with a faithful adherent of the Court on the perils instantly impending over the Royal family, and the mode of averting disasters of which he was himself the contriver.

The particulars related by M. de la Marck as to the occurrences of the 5th and 6th of October are greatly at variance with the accounts given by all other contemporary writers, and especially with the narrative adopted by M. Thiers. As to the 5th, this historian says:

'*Il était onze heures du matin; on apprend les mouvemens de Paris. Mirabeau s'avance vers le Président Mounier: "Paris," lui dit-il, "marche sur nous. Trouvez vous mal, allez au château, dire au Roi d'accepter purement et simplement." "Paris marche?—tant mieux!" répond Mounier. "Qu'on nous tue tous—mais tous—l'état y gagnera." "Le mot est vraiment joli," reprend Mirabeau, et il retourna à sa place. La discussion continua jusqu'à trois heures, &c.'*

M. de la Marck affirms on the contrary:—

'*Mirabeau passa avec moi la journée du 5 Octobre jusqu'à six heures du soir. Nous dînâmes chez moi tête-à-tête, &c. Ce jour-là donc, le 5 Octobre, après nos longues conversations sur les circonstances du moment, je conduisis Mirabeau à six heures du soir à l'Assemblée, et c'est là que nous eûmes pour la première fois connaissance de l'approche de la populace de Paris.'*

Here is a flat contradiction of the assertion that the approach of the mob was known and commented upon in the Assembly at eleven in the forenoon. But M. de la Marck says nothing of the morning sitting of the Assembly, which

had opened at eleven, and adjourned at three, to resume at six. Does he mean us to infer that he and Mirabeau were there together, and so spent the day in company, or that they spent it in private? The latter might be supposed, if it were not well known from the above anecdotes, and from other sources, that Mirabeau was at the morning sitting. If so, it is difficult to conceive how the events of Paris, which had been in preparation during the whole of the preceding day, should only have been known at Versailles—to Mirabeau especially—at six in the evening of the 5th; and if M. de la Marck be wrong on this essential point of the time, what weight is due to the rest of his story? It distinctly appears from all the other accounts we have been able to examine, that the mob began to arrive at Versailles between three or four o'clock in the afternoon of the 5th, and that Mirabeau had conveyed his knowledge of its approach to Mounier four hours sooner. All M. de la Marck's declarations to the Queen and to posterity in defence of Mirabeau rest on the incredible assurance that Mirabeau knew nothing of the approach of the mob till six in the evening. Upon this point, of such essential consequence to the whole theory of Mirabeau's conduct, as set forth by his friend, the narrative now before us stands quite alone, and seems irreconcilable with any supposition but a total failure of memory.

At six o'clock, however, according to the Prince, in the gathering dusk of an October evening, the first signs of the appalling night which was to follow were already perceptible, and the angry crowd rolled onwards towards the palace. Mirabeau entered the Assembly, where the King's message, implying his qualified acceptance of the projected Constitution and the Declaration of the Rights of Man, was then under discussion, and was vehemently attacked by Robespierre. Mirabeau rose, not to defend the Court, but to denounce what he termed 'those pretended fraternal banquets which insult the misery of the people, and throw sparks on materials already too combustible.' Pétion was called upon to sign and lay upon the table his denunciation of the proceedings at the military banquet. Mirabeau exclaimed, with terrific energy, that he regarded that denunciation as supremely impolitic; but that he himself was ready to furnish the details and to sign it—'provided the Assembly would declare that the person of the King is *alone* inviolable, and that all other persons in the State, whoever they may be, are equally subject and responsible to the laws.' The Assembly was electrified by this appeal, which was understood to cover a direct attack upon the Queen, and the denunciation was withdrawn. But not a word in that place and at that moment of dangers

which were to end, ere morning dawned, in brutal massacre; not an attempt to support even the dignity of the Assembly, whose sitting was interrupted by the irruption of Maillard at the head of a band of infuriated viragos! On the following day the Royal family were dragged to Paris, and Mirabeau took the step, prudent in any case, of causing the Assembly to decree that it was inseparable from the person of the Sovereign. Yet at this very crisis Mirabeau applied himself to the composition of the first of the confidential papers intended for the use of the Court, which form the most curious portion of this collection; and on the 15th of October, the note of which we shall quote the most striking passages was placed by its author in the hands of M. de la Marck to be communicated to the King. It will be observed that it is dated two days after the sudden departure of the Duke of Orleans for England and Mirabeau's well-known speech, 'I take him for my master? I would not have him for a valet.' At that moment all political connexion between the two personages—if any such had existed—(on which point Lafayette's language is most distinctly affirmative)—was undoubtedly broken, and we must express our conviction that at all events it was never renewed. Mirabeau's description of the deplorable position of the monarchy is extremely powerful and just:—

'The King was not free to come to Paris, and whether the Assembly was or was not free to follow him thither, it certainly had not the power to save him from going there. Is then the King free in Paris? He is so far free, that no other will entirely suppresses his own; but he is certainly not free to quit Paris; he is not free to choose the guards of his person; he has not even the direct command of the militia to whom his safety is entrusted. Nor can it be said that the personal safety of the King in Paris is complete. Placed as he is, the smallest accidents may compromise that safety, which is menaced by movements from without, by commotions within, by the divisions of parties, the faults of zeal, those of impatience, and, most of all, by a violent collision between the capital and the provinces. If Paris is powerful, it also contains great cause of disturbance. Its excited mob is irresistible. Winter is approaching, subsistence is scarce, and a bankruptcy may ensue. What will Paris be in three months? Certainly a hospital, perhaps a theatre of horrors. Is it there that the Head of the nation can deposit his own existence and all our hopes?

'Still more fatal events are in preparation. The National Assembly, so ill-composed from the first, finds the confidence of the country in its labours daily decreasing. The best intentions cannot avert errors. The Assembly is borne beyond its own principles by the fatal irrevocability it gave to its first decrees, and, as it can neither contradict itself nor recede, its own power is an obstacle the more. The respect inspired by a great name

and a great revolution seen from afar, and those hopes which are so necessary to a nation, still sustain it; but every day some portion of public opinion detaches itself from the grand cause which required the individual concert of all parts of the empire. A dark commotion is at hand which may blast in a moment the fruit of the greatest enterprise. The body politic falls into dissolution; a crisis can alone regenerate it. It requires a transfusion of new blood. The only way to save the State and the infant Constitution is to place the King in a position which may allow him to throw himself instantly upon his people.*—i. 367.

He then proceeds to discuss in the same strain the various expedients which suggested themselves for this purpose. To take post upon Metz or any other frontier would be to declare war on the nation and to abdicate the throne. To remove into the interior of the kingdom and summon the nobles to join the royal standard there, would be not less dangerous. The plan which Mirabeau proposed was to contrive the organization of a corps of 10,000 men on some point midway between Rouen and Paris, and that the Court should then leave the capital in the face of day, and retire upon Normandy, which was by position and character one of the most trustworthy parts of the kingdom, and might, in conjunction with Brittany and Anjou, present considerable military strength: that this departure should be accompanied by a proclamation addressed to the Nation against the tyranny of the mob of Paris, protesting that the King adhered to all his liberal intentions and engagements, and would fulfil them; that a new Assembly should shortly be convoked; and that the authority of the Crown was indissolubly united to the liberties and wishes of the People.

This document contains the substance of the advice Mirabeau uniformly tendered to the Court, and it must be supposed to express the opinion he really entertained at that time of the worthlessness of the Assembly and the brutality of the mob of Paris. To surround the King with a competent military force in the heart of Normandy was then the recommendation of him who had called for the dismissal of the troops on the 9th of July, and had *not interposed* to prevent the massacre of the guards on the 6th of October! But this Royal Exodus was to be accompanied by a declaration of policy in which it may fairly be inferred that he reserved to himself the largest share of actual power.

M. de la Marck was not a little embarrassed by the receipt of such a communication. The Queen was exasperated against Mirabeau for his language with reference to the banquet of the Gardes du Corps and the suspicions which connected him with the recent outrage on her person. The King was inaccessible. At

length M. de la Marck requested a private interview with the Count de Provence (*Monsieur*); and was accordingly introduced to his closet at the Luxembourg in the dead of the night. His Royal Highness listened to La Marck's strange story, and read the paper—but replied that the Queen had not influence enough to decide the King to act in a question of this gravity, and that as for the King, his inherent weakness exceeded all belief. 'Figure to yourself as his character'—added the epigrammatic brother—'*balls of ivory oiled which you try to keep together.*' After two hours' discussion the matter seemed hopeless, and we infer that this memoir never reached its destination.* Some further intercourse, however, took place between Mirabeau and *Monsieur* through the Duc de Lévis, and amongst the fantastic plans subsequently entertained and abandoned by Mirabeau for the formation of a Cabinet, in which he himself should take a leading part, one was to make the future Louis XVIII. nominal Prime Minister of Louis XVI.!

The ensuing weeks of November and December, 1789, were principally engrossed by the attempts of Mirabeau to come to an understanding with Lafayette in the construction of a cabinet based upon a coalition, and including the leading members of the revolutionary party. In spite of the aversion and jealousy which they entertained for one another, a serious attempt was made by Talon and other friends to bring them together. Several personal conferences took place between them, and a note exists in Mirabeau's handwriting which reveals the scheme of this coalition government. Necker was to be the titular Premier, the Archbishop of Bordeaux Chancellor, M. de Liancourt Minister of War, Talleyrand Finance, M. de la Marck himself Marine, Mirabeau in the Cabinet without a portfolio, Target Mayor of Paris, Lafayette Marshal of France and Generalissimo for the re-organization of the army. These projects, however, were as evanescent as they were vague. Even as early as the 7th of November the Assembly had adopted the fatal resolution that none of its members could enter the Ministry during the whole period of

* Camps, Mirabeau's private secretary, who had copied the memoir of the 15th October, was so alarmed at what he had done, that he was at one time on the point of divulging it to the National Assembly, by way of exculpating himself. M. Thiers has clearly been led into error when he affirms (vol. i. p. 180) that the direct negotiation between Mirabeau and the Court was commenced at this time; that is, in October, 1789. The attempted negotiation through *Monsieur* produced at that time no result; and M. de la Marck (who is M. Thiers's 'Prince Etranger') left Paris in December under the impression that it had altogether failed.

the session. That resolution was avowedly aimed at Mirabeau, lest the influence of his parliamentary talents should be transferred to the service of the Crown. But that influence failed to procure the rejection of the measure most adverse to his designs. He ironically proposed his own personal disqualification, but the original resolution was put and carried against him, and from that moment the formation of a parliamentary Cabinet became impossible. No decision could more effectually contribute to aggravate the Revolution than this, which left the Assembly without ministerial leaders and the Ministry without parliamentary authority.

We return, however, to the direct relations of Mirabeau with the Court, as the most curious and novel part of the work before us. An interval of some months occurred—from the 15th of December, 1789, to the 16th of March in the following year—during which M. de la Marck repaired to Brussels to attend to his own family affairs in the Low Countries. He was summoned back to Paris by M. de Mercy, with whom he had so many points of connexion and sympathy. On his return he found Mirabeau more than ever discouraged by the aspect of affairs, irritated at the failure of his ministerial projects, indignant at the incapacity of the Government, jealous of his rivals in the Assembly, and tormented by his creditors. In this state of things M. de la Marck was at once informed by the Austrian ambassador that he had been sent for by order of their Majesties—that the King and Queen had resolved to claim the services of Mirabeau, and that they charged La Marck with the entire conduct of this secret negotiation, which was not to be divulged even to M. Necker, who had entirely lost their confidence. A private interview was arranged at M. de la Marck's house in the Rue St. Honoré between Mirabeau and M. de Mercy, at which the former repeated his earnest recommendation that the King should withdraw from Paris, but not from France. On the following day M. de la Marck was instructed to attend the Queen in the private apartment of Madame Thibaut, her first *femme de chambre*.

'The Queen began by saying that for about two months she and the King had taken the resolution of drawing nearer to Count Mirabeau, and that they had selected me for this purpose. She repeated what she had said some months before, that she had never distrusted my personal relations with Mirabeau; but she inquired, with a certain tone of embarrassment and curiosity, if I thought that Mirabeau had had no share in the horrors of the 5th and 6th of October. I assured her Majesty that he had passed those two days in great part with myself, and that we were dining together when the arrival of the Parisian

mob was announced at Versailles. I added that I had wished at that time that the King's Ministers could have heard the opinions expressed at that *lête-à-lête*, and still more, that they could have acted upon them.

"You give me pleasure," answered the Queen in a more confident tone; "I had great need to be undeceived on this point, for from the reports current at the time, I confess I had retained a horror of Count Mirabeau, which has not a little contributed to retard our resolution to apply to him to check, if possible, the fatal consequences of the Revolution."

'At this moment the King entered. Without any preamble, and with his accustomed bluntness, he said, "The Queen has already told you that I mean to employ Count Mirabeau, if you think that it is his intention and in his power to be of use to me. What do you think?"—I frankly answered that I thought this measure was taken very late, and I pointed out the extreme impolicy of his Ministers, who ought from the opening of the States General (as they might then easily have done) to have rallied to the King's interests the deputies most remarkable for their talents, who had since become leaders of the revolutionary party. I said that Mirabeau himself had suggested some such overture, but that the Ministers had repelled him with an arrogant presumption which they certainly had no right to exhibit. I added, that the longer the remedy was deferred the more difficult it became to destroy the evil.—"Ah!" said the King, "there is nothing to hope on that head from M. Necker. All that is done by M. de Mirabeau must remain a profound secret from my Ministers, and I rely on you to secure it."—I was confounded by this answer. I could not conceive how the King could expect to employ a man like Mirabeau without the knowledge of his Ministers. Indeed, the advice and the acts of such a man could not fail to be in direct opposition to those of the Ministry, and what good could come of such a contradiction?—"Now, then," said the King, "how do you think Mirabeau can serve me usefully?"—I replied that I could only answer that question by referring it to himself, and I proposed that he should convey his suggestions to their Majesties in writing. The offer was at once accepted, and I retired, with leave to communicate with the Queen whenever I thought proper, but especially on the days when Madame Thibaut was in waiting.—i. 147.

It could not escape a man of M. de la Marck's delicacy and discernment that this clandestine proceeding was not very honourable to those to whom such a proposal was made, or very likely to prove useful to those from whom it came. He perceived at once that it was in fear rather than in confidence that the King and Queen had at last consented to apply to Mirabeau—that they hoped to *buy* him rather than to *use* him—and thought more of extinguishing his hostility in the Assembly than of devoting his services to themselves and the State. Nevertheless, he

resolved to persevere—in the hope that the advice which Mirabeau himself would address to the Queen might inspire their Majesties with sufficient reliance on him to induce them more openly and resolutely to act upon his opinion, and even to call him to power. The effect of this proposition, unflattering as M. de la Marck deemed it, was exceedingly striking on Mirabeau himself. His vanity was intensely gratified by this reluctant but spontaneous recognition of his power on the part of those who still wore the crown of France; and perchance M. de la Marck is not far wrong in his notion that, in the early part of the revolution, notwithstanding the violence of the speeches delivered in the National Assembly against the power of royalty, most of those daring haranguers might have become ardent royalists, if the King and his ministers had employed any art for drawing them over to their side. Mirabeau seems to have overlooked, with his natural impetuosity, the doubtful and limited nature of the task confided to him, or rather the utter inadequacy of the means compared with the magnitude of the enterprise. Under this impulse, however, he addressed to the King the paper dated the 10th of May, 1790, which pledged him—as strongly as words could do it—to the defence of the monarchy.

It was at this period that the pecuniary arrangements between Mirabeau and the Court were settled. The Queen had inquired what it would be proper that the King should do for his new adherent. It was proposed that his debts should be paid. Mirabeau said he could not tell what his debts were—and that he should be perfectly satisfied if he could rely on 100 louis a-month. At length a schedule of his debts was drawn up; some of them ludicrously characteristic of the strange vicissitudes of his life—for instance his wedding clothes were still unpaid for. The whole sum, however, amounted to only 208,000 francs, 8350*l.*—no immoderate sum, M. de la Marck observes, for a man who had just come by his father's death, into a landed estate of 2000*l.* a-year—if, indeed, *that was all*; but from Mirabeau's notorious irregularity in all such matters, and his utter indifference to the fate of his creditors, it is more than doubtful whether the schedule was complete. He still said that his debts were far too considerable to be paid, and that all he could expect was the 100 louis a-month. At the next interview which M. de la Marck had with Louis XVI., the King said that the debts (as per schedule) should be paid, and that Mirabeau should receive 6000 francs a-month. Louis then placed in M. de la Marck's hand four notes of hand for 250,000 francs each, making in all one million (40,000*l.*), which were to be given

to Mirabeau at the close of the session of the National Assembly, if he should have fulfilled his engagements. These bills were never made over to him, and after his death in the following year, M. de la Marck returned them to the King.

Such acts of munificence threw Mirabeau into a state of frantic joyous excitement, and he instantly discovered in Louis XVI. all the qualities of a great sovereign. The first use he made of this turn in his affairs was, regardless of all that could be said by his friends, or was said by his enemies, to quit his lodgings and set up a luxurious establishment, with cook, coachman, and all the external signs of an expenditure extravagantly beyond his known resources.

The immediate result of this arrangement was the letter addressed by Mirabeau to Louis XVI., dated the 10th of May, 1790, which has been alluded to by several writers as the royalist profession of faith of the great orator, and, indeed, had already been published by M. Barrière, but the solemnity of its language, and the peculiarity of the engagement thus contracted, entitle it to a place here:—

'To the King.'

'Profoundly affected by the sufferings of the King, who has least deserved to feel the pangs of personal misfortune, and persuaded that if there be a prince in such a situation whose word may be trusted, that prince is Louis XVI., I am, nevertheless, so armed by mankind and by events against the touching impression of all human vicissitudes, that I should feel an invincible repugnance to play a part in this moment of partisanship and confusion, if I were not convinced that the restoration of the legitimate authority of the King is the first requisite of France, and the only means to save her.

'But I perceive so clearly that we are in anarchy, and that we are sinking deeper into it every day—I am so indignant at the idea that I should only have contributed to a vast demolition—and the fear of seeing any other head of the State than the King is so intolerable to me, that I feel I am imperiously recalled to public affairs when, wrapped in the silence of contempt, I imagined that I aspired to retirement. Here then is the profession of faith which the King has desired. He will himself deign to name the person in whose hands it shall be deposited, for the dictates of prudence forbid his Majesty to retain it, and this writing will remain for ever as a judgment upon me or a testimony in my favour.

'I engage to serve with my whole influence the true interests of the King, and, lest this assertion appear too vague, I declare that I hold a counter-revolution to be not less dangerous and criminal than it is chimerical in France to establish a government without a chief armed with the necessary powers to apply the whole public force of the country to execute the law. In these principles I shall communicate my opinion on passing events in writing, and I shall

make it my chief business to place the executive power in its proper place in the constitution, which ought to be in its plenitude, without restriction or division, in the hands of the King.

'I promise the King loyalty, zeal, activity, energy, and a courage beyond all that has been imputed to me. I promise him all, in short, except success, which never depends on a single man, and which it would be culpable rashness and presumption to promise in the terrible disorder which undermines the State and threatens its chief. He must be a singular man who should be indifferent or unfaithful to the glory of saving both the one and the other, and that man I am not.

'THE COUNT DE MIRABEAU.'

In spite of the rhetorical artifices of this piece, which wants the simplicity of truth, and looks like a case drawn up for ulterior objects, we do not believe that the professions of the writer were deliberately and entirely false. It is impossible to doubt that Mirabeau had long since conceived the most gloomy forebodings of the results of the revolution; and we think it likely enough that in his furious appeals to the popular party his true sentiments were in reality more disguised than in his secret communications with the Court. The negotiations just completed through M. de la Marck had flattered his vanity, inflated his hopes, and relieved him from his creditors. To inspire confidence in the Court towards the insidious and terrible ally thus enlisted in their service, was obviously the only mode of strengthening and perpetuating his influence. He already aspired to a sway more definite and positive than that which he wielded as the tribune of a popular Assembly and the hero of a Club. He despised cordially that Assembly which he fired day after day with eloquence not always in the best taste, or led by arguments which were as often sophisms as truths. The remnant of the executive power seemed almost within his grasp, and he flung himself upon it in the general wreck. Totally devoid of principle, he turned with equal indifference to either side, and his interest seemed to incline at that moment towards the Court. But that fragment of power was already chiefly held, and might hereafter be successfully disputed, by a man who up to that time represented more than Mirabeau himself the republican spirit of the Revolution. M. de Lafayette occupied in the streets of Paris, in the National Guard, and in the eyes of the public, the foremost place; Mirabeau had as yet scarcely extended his popular influence beyond the range of his parliamentary eloquence. All France was at the feet of Lafayette. The revolution was in his hands. The patronage of the Crown was at his disposal. His presumption and his republicanism knew no bounds; and the arrogance with which he

treated Mirabeau was equally preposterous. 'I have conquered,' said the tricolor General of the Parisian Guard to M. Frochot, 'I have conquered the King of England in his power, the King of France in his authority, the People in its rage; certainly I shall not yield to M. de Mirabeau.' Yet the struggle and the personal aversion of these two rivals were kept within limits. Mirabeau, on his side, was well aware that Lafayette was a man he either must conciliate by his advances or paralyse by his attacks. He tried to do both, and, with his usual audacity, both simultaneously.

'Oh! M. de Lafayette!—he writes to the hated rival—Richelieu was Richelieu against the nation for the Court, and through Richelieu did infinite harm to public liberty, he did a large amount of good to the monarchy. Be Richelieu over the Court and for the nation, and you will reconstitute the monarchy whilst you extend and perpetuate the liberties of your country. But Richelieu had his Capucin Joseph; do you too have your EMINENCE GRISE, or you will ruin yourself without saving us. Your great qualities require my impulse; my impulse requires your great qualities: and you believe little men, who, for little considerations, by little manœuvres, and for little objects, seek to render us useless to each other: you do not see that you must espouse me and trust me for the very reasons for which your stupid partisans have most abused me. Sir; you palter with your destiny.'—ii. 22.

It was on the 1st of June, 1790, that this letter was despatched to the General. On that same day Mirabeau penned his first note to the Queen—and in it we read:—

'What is to become of that man who has already, from a supple intrigant and a humble courtier, come to be a keeper of kings—if nothing stops him in his career? Master of the Parisian army, and by that army of Paris—master, through Paris, of a great part of the National Guards of the kingdom; able to dispose of the executive power—if the ministers are chosen by himself; thus, too, of the army—thus, too, of the legislature. If ministers devoted to his ambition refuse him no means of influence, will he not be the most absolute, the most formidable of dictators?—ii. 27.

What can surpass these flagrant proofs of duplicity within seven pages of a work designed gravely, it seems, to act as the white-washer of Mirabeau?

Another note, addressed to the Court on the 20th of June, was even more unmeasured in its language and arrogant in its pretensions:—

'It cannot be disguised that the political crisis is at its height, and is alarmingly complicated. I do not think the throne and still more the dynasty, have ever run a greater danger. It is no longer time to trust by halves, or to serve by halves. There is ample proof that Lafayette is

equally ambitious and incapable. He will make himself generalissimo—that is, he will cause the post of generalissimo to be offered him; in other words, receive the *de facto* dictatorship from the nation, or what appears to be the nation. That is his whole scheme for the present. As for a plan, he has none. His means, he picks them up by hand day by day. His whole policy is to excite such a fermentation amongst our neighbours that he may be allowed to extend over the whole kingdom the influence of the mob (*de la Courtille*). The only resource against this state of things lies in the imbecility of his mind, the timidity of his character, and the narrowness of his head. The King has but one man, and that is his wife; the only security for her is in the restoration of royal authority. I trust she would not accept life without her crown, but I am certain she will not preserve her life unless she preserve her crown. The day will come, and that soon, when she must try what can be done by a woman and a child on horseback. That is for her a family resource (*une méthode de famille*); but meanwhile we must be prepared, and not expect to get out of an extraordinary crisis by ordinary men or means. The Queen must speak to Lafayette, in the presence of the King, prepared and resolute, and say to him,—"Your functions entirely absorb your individual faculties, which can only be those of one man—and, while you are waiting to be strengthened by a new ministry, we shall be lost. We must therefore strengthen you. You have and we have the conviction that, besides his talent, M. de Mirabeau is the only statesman of this country; that no other has his completeness, his courage, his character. It is evident that he would not willingly assist in demolishing us; he must not be driven to that pass; he must be ours. To make him ours we must be his. He wants a grand object: great dangers, great means, a great glory. We are resigned or resolved to give him the confidence of despair. I demand that you shall unite yourself to M. de Mirabeau completely and entirely, so that we may say:—Those two men are ours: whatever is deliberated and agreed upon by them is our will, and that will must be executed, or we must perish."—ii. 42.

That this rhodomontade should have been seriously addressed to the Court by Mirabeau, and an attempt made to place such expressions as these in the mouth of Marie Antoinette by the very man whom they concerned, is certainly one of the most startling specimens of impertinence and vanity that even the French Revolution ever exhibited to the world. But the attempt to bully and terrify the Court overshot its mark; and, on the other hand, all approach to a reconciliation with Lafayette fell to the ground. Shortly afterwards Mirabeau, in writing to M. de Segur, said that he defied M. de Lafayette to name a single instance in which he had not broken his promises to Mirabeau, or in which Mirabeau had not kept his promises to Lafayette. Before October of the same year their relations had settled into permanent aversion and re-

sentment, and thenceforth Lafayette is only mentioned in this correspondence under the nicknames of *Gilles le Grand*, *Jupiter-Scapin*, or the like. The Queen, however, did not express her disapprobation of the tone of the extraordinary communication just cited; and it was a few days after she had read that paper—on the 3rd of July—that a secret interview took place—the first and last—between Mirabeau and Marie Antoinette in the upper part of the gardens of St. Cloud. The Queen accosted him (as she afterwards informed Madame Campan) by saying:—"In presence of an ordinary enemy, a man who had sworn the ruin of the monarchy without perceiving its utility to a great people, the step I am now taking would be extremely out of place; but when I speak to a Mirabeau," &c. Mirabeau quitted the Queen with the exclamation—*Madame! la monarchie est sauvée!* But in spite of the apparent intimacy which his relations with the Court had at this period acquired, and the vehement frankness with which he addressed the illustrious personages to whom these notes were transmitted, there is no indication that the conduct of either party was sincere. Mirabeau, in the receipt of a large pension paid at short intervals, and in the hope of acquiring more positive power by the overthrow of the ministry and the destruction of his rivals, was, we doubt not, earnest enough in his immediate proposals;—but there we halt as to him; and on the other hand, from first to last it would seem that his remonstrances and suggestions remained without effect; his advice had been asked, as an indirect method of paralyzing his hostility in the Assembly—but it was never taken; and from time to time he was irritated by the discovery that some agent of very inferior capacity, like M. Bergasse, had contrived to guide that perplexed and irresolute coterie which all his own eloquence and reasoning failed to move.

In the position which Louis XVI. had then reached, it is impossible to deny that the policy traced out by Mirabeau was infinitely preferable to the feeble palliatives of the existing ministry, who were drifting down the torrent, or to the abortive projects of flight and reaction put forward by the remains of the aristocratic party. Mirabeau strenuously advocated the formation of a nucleus of troops in some available part of France, either at Fontainebleau or at Rouen, sufficiently near Paris to take away the appearance of flight, sufficiently remote from the turbulent capital to restore the sovereign and the royal family to their personal independence. Disorganised as the army was, it was still possible to rely on the fidelity of a few regiments animated by the spirit of their officers, and Mirabeau had al-

ready observed the valour and discipline of the Swiss Guards, which were by and bye to be vainly expended in the last fatal struggle of the 10th of August. He proposed to revive the office of Inspector-General of the Swiss troops, and to entrust that post to Count de la Marck himself, as an officer of unquestionable fidelity and ability. Alone amongst all the advisers of the Court, who professed any tinge of liberal principles, Mirabeau boldly avowed that he did not recoil from the prospect of civil war, since he regarded it as an evil of far less magnitude than the rule of mobs and the triumph of anarchy, and he foresaw that nothing but the regular action of military power could restore the authority of the crown. But he ardently, and in this instance successfully, resisted the peril of foreign war, and especially of war with England, when Spain, on the prospect of hostilities with reference to the Nootka Sound dispute, claimed the execution of the Family Compact. The appeal to foreign succour against the internal dangers of the royal family and the monarchy, which so greatly aggravated those dangers on the outbreak of the war, and became the heaviest of the charges against the Court, never entered into the plans disclosed by this correspondence: for it is worthy of remark, that although, throughout this transaction, M. de Mercy, the Austrian ambassador in Paris, and M. de la Marck, an Austrian by birth, were the principal agents of the Court, they uniformly and exclusively acted as Frenchmen should have acted, and in defence of purely French interests. If ever there was an 'Austrian Committee,' as it was termed, in the closet of Marie Antoinette, it was in 1789 and 1790, and it was composed of these two men. Long before the pretended disclosures of the Iron Chest, it had ceased to exist altogether, for both of them had left France; but even during the period of their greatest activity not a line is to be found which the most captious partisan could construe into an encroachment on the independence of the French nation. Mirabeau's uniform recommendation to the King was to endeavour to prepare military resources and some degree of popular support out of Paris and in the country: to retire *then* from the capital with his face towards the enemy; to form a government on national and liberal principles; to complete the constitution, but to put an end to the revolution; and to stake everything on the success of a scheme which, though hazardous, was better than sinking bit by bit, under the heavy pressure of necessity, into that abyss whose depth Mirabeau had already sounded.

The King distinctly intimated, at a still later period, that he regarded his statements as much exaggerated; but the advice given, and the

force of reasoning with which it was supported, in spite of the blemish of occasional violence and exaggeration of language, considerably raise our estimate of Mirabeau's political judgment. There is, we believe, no doubt that these papers were entirely written by himself. The drafts in his own handwriting are to be seen at this moment in the archives of the House of Arenberg at Brussels. The preparatory labours of his Genevese *aides de camp* for his speeches on questions of general interest in the National Assembly were of a different character, and it seems that none of those persons were cognizant of the extent of his relations with the Court. These writings, on the contrary, bear the stamp of his own genius—of his ardent resolution—and not unfrequently of his irritation at the manifest failure of all his suggestions. For, as has been already stated, this correspondence, continued during a period of ten months, was invariably and completely sterile—except indeed by its indirect influence on the public conduct of Mirabeau in the Assembly, where he might, and doubtless would, have become more bitterly hostile, if he had been thrown altogether and exclusively on his revolutionary associates.

On the 20th of September he wrote to M. de la Marck:—

'The reason we do not get on is not my occupations, absorbing as they have been for the last ten days, but the strange conduct of the Court towards me. It never profits by one of my counsels, and then calls me unprofitable. It is for ever aggrandising its enemy, without giving me any consecutive means of action or habitual instructions, and then affects to suppose this enemy is to be vanquished by me. This is pitiable.'—ii. 198.

And again more bitterly a month later:—

'I hardly know, my dear Count, why I send you these notes; but take them for what they are worth—here is another. These subjects for comparison with the masterpieces of Bergasse, and perhaps of Barnave and other great men, to whose hair, as of old to that of Nisus, the safety of the throne and of the empire is doubtless bound—these subjects for comparison are a mode of study not duller than a prison or more useless than a fairy tale. *Vale et me ama.*'—ib. 256.

But the 6000 francs a month kept him employed, and he exhaled his resentment in undoing his own work elsewhere. At that price success was an object of secondary importance.

M. de la Marck himself, who, in all that has been preserved of their direct correspondence, manifests thorough confidence in Mirabeau, did occasionally indicate some alarm and distrust, arising out of this state of things, in

the reports which he addressed to Count de Mercy, after that Envoy had been withdrawn from Paris by the Imperial Government. Thus on the 26th of January, 1791—

'M. de Mirabeau is seeking to conciliate an apparent wish to serve with inaction, to drive others forward and to hold back himself, to have the merit of success without exposing his popularity to too severe a trial. We must not deceive ourselves; this man finds in his talents, in his mistrust, and even in his faults, subterfuges of dexterity by which he frequently escapes the nicest observation. . . .

'M. de Mirabeau has been elected *chef de bataillon* in the National Guard*—and three days later a member of the administration of the department. He has accepted both these places, meaning subsequently to resign the former. He is now trying to be elected *procureur syndic* of the department. His popularity has really increased of late, *which makes me uneasy*: if ever he despairs of the government and stakes his fame on his popularity, he will be insatiable: and you know as well as I do, Monsieur le Comte, what popularity is in a time of revolution.'—iii. 30.

Such was the lame and unsatisfactory course of a negotiation which Mirabeau himself, in the most complete and elaborate of these documents, describes as a system of 'obscure intrigue and artful dissimulation'; for he who had shown himself most powerful to agitate and to destroy, proved himself powerless to save, and, in the course of the *imbroglio*, many of the provisions on which he affected to rely for the salvation of his paymasters, were so puerile as to merit our wonder. The only feasible measure to which the Court brought itself to assent was a journey undertaken by M. de la Marck himself to Metz and Strasbourg in February, 1791, for the purpose of seeing M. de Bouillé and the army on the eastern frontier of the kingdom, which was in truth the last hope of the monarchy. It is probable that the reports addressed by M. de la Marck to the King and Queen on his return

* This election gave rise to one of the strangest communications of Mirabeau to the Court, for the National Guards were at that time the keepers, and almost the jailers, of the Tuileries, the officer on duty having the royal family under constant *surveillance*. Mirabeau affected to ask the Queen's permission to accept the post, insinuating that, while he was playing ninepins with the Dauphin, or picking up his ball, he should have ample opportunities of conversing with his Sovereign.

But, in fact, Mirabeau was always eager to be elected to everything. He was indignant when Bailly was chosen mayor of Paris in preference to himself; he continually aimed at the presidency of the Assembly—he intimated to Lafayette his readiness to accept an embassy to the East—he acted in the National Guard when named *chef de bataillon*—and probably would not have refused, on the first vacancy, to be sexton of the parish.

to Paris, strengthened the idea of flight—which, when all other hopes had failed, was afterwards executed, but interrupted at Varennes. *Mesdames*, the King's aunts, actually attempted to make their escape on the 19th of February, contrary to the advice of Mirabeau, and were arrested at Arnay-le-Duc in Burgundy. When the news of this incident arrived, La Marck had been sitting up all night, *drinking*, and forwarded the intelligence to Mirabeau, with an intimation that his own faculties were not perfectly clear. But the question having been discussed in the Assembly, Mirabeau obtained a vote in favour of the Princesses, who were consequently allowed to depart. On this occasion La Marck observes, in writing to M. de Mercy—

'The determination of *Mesdames* to start has proved, that if the King followed their example he would probably have the same success. He should only announce positively beforehand that he means to go out of Paris, fix the day of his departure, and persist with energy in his resolution. *Il faudrait bien qu'on le laissât faire.*'

Yet, as it turned out a few days afterwards, a mere excursion of the Court to St. Cloud caused a riot in Paris; and indeed in the very same letter he speaks of M. de Lafayette's resolution 'to keep his prisoner'—for the King was the hostage of the monarchy held by the mob of the capital, and the dread of his escape was the constant bugbear of every club in the city.

Such was the state of affairs, with no definite plan and no prospect of a more vigorous course of action, when the man, who was the centre of these intrigues, was struck in mid career by the abrupt summons of a mortal disease. In the last week, during which Mirabeau attended the sittings of the National Assembly, a question was under discussion relating to mines and the rights of mineral proprietors in France, which was of the utmost personal importance to Count de la Marck. The Assembly seemed disposed to prohibit grants of mining leases. Mirabeau said to his friend—'If I do not defend sound principles in this matter, there will be an end of mining in France, and you will lose one of the chief parts of your fortune. If I do defend them I shall crush our antagonists.' He spoke with effect on the 21st of March on this subject, his speech having been prepared by Pelletene, one of his secretaries. The question was to come on again on the 27th, and though already ill, he set to work again to produce the harangue that was to gain the victory.

'On the morning of that day,' says M. de la Marck, 'he came to my house before nine o'clock.

His countenance was haggard, and he looked like a man on the eve of a serious illness. He got worse, and even at one time lost his consciousness. I did all I could to prevent him from going to the Assembly, but without success. He continually answered, "My friend, those fellows will ruin you if I don't go; I will go; you shall not keep me." Feeling himself too weak to walk, he remembered I had some old Tokay, which he had drunk of several times. He rang and himself ordered some of it to be brought him. He took a couple of glasses, and got into his carriage. I wished to accompany him, but he insisted I should not go that day to the Assembly. He begged me to wait at home till he came back to me. I was obliged to yield. About three o'clock he returned. As he came into my room, he flung himself upon a sofa and said—*Your cause is gained, and I am a dead man!*—I cannot express what I felt at the moment, struck with terror as I was by the state of Mirabeau. In a few minutes I gave him my arm—led him to the carriage, got in with him, and drove to his house, which he never left more till he was carried to the grave.—iii. 93.

The disease, which had on several former occasions threatened the life of Mirabeau and preyed upon his shattered constitution, now declared itself with extreme violence. From the first Cabanis, who attended him, entertained no hope, and Mirabeau himself seemed, from the expressions he made use of to his friends, to be fully prepared for the worst. M. de la Marck was constantly with him, and it was on the fourth day of his illness and the third before his death that he confided to him the whole collection of his papers, at that time of such momentous importance to the chief persons in the state. On the 2nd of April, 1791, at half-past eight in the morning, after a long and painful struggle, Mirabeau expired, at the age of forty-two. His loss was mourned by the people, whom he had so often misled, as a national calamity, and it was said that upwards of 200,000 persons escorted his remains to the Pantheon. Certain it is that of all the adventurers whom the earlier months of the Revolution had thrown before the world, Mirabeau alone at that moment seemed qualified to stride onwards in its rapid and terrible course. He had the good fortune to die before his popularity with the Assembly had undergone the test of ministerial power. He left, therefore, to both parties a sense of his vast abilities, augmented by the vague hopes which are apt to be excited by a career of unfulfilled renown. To the popular party it seemed, in the anarchy which speedily ensued, that nothing was wanting to the cause of liberty but that daring leader; to the Court, that the Revolution might still have been arrested by the counsels of such a convert. The character of Mirabeau, judged by his public acts, assisted by

the strong light thrown on his private motives in this publication, justifies, in our opinion, no such favourable inference on either side. In the clubs and assemblies of the people there is ample evidence that he was playing a game widely distinct from his genuine opinions or his secret desires: in his relations with the Court he was met at every turn by the distrust which his own virulent language in public could not fail to inspire. But the real incentive was neither patriotism nor loyalty; it centred altogether in his own personal interests, and his conduct was turned either to the right or to the left by the merest caprice or by the basest impulses of resentment.

With such objects and such means of action, we can discover no evidence in support of the still not uncommon notion, that if the life of Mirabeau had been prolonged it would have fared otherwise with the French Revolution, and that even the monarchy might by his hands have been saved. We can discover no ground for supposing that his efficiency, the confidence of his employers, or the conjuncture of events, would ever have become greater or more opportune than they had been during the last twelve months of his life. He might have prevented some disastrous mistakes, such as the flight to Varennes and the return of the Royal Family; but it was already beyond his reach to arrest the ravages of the monster he himself had invoked upon his country. In these respects the Correspondence now before us changes none of those conceptions of the man which we have on former occasions expressed: it leaves him in possession of the doubtful honour of genius fruitful only in destruction, and of dishonesty marking even his better actions as if they were crimes. On one point only it improves the aspect of his character by the apparent warmth and sincerity of several of his personal attachments, and especially of that for Count de la Marck himself: but even in their connexion we trace not a little of the selfishness and the unfair practices of his habitual course. He has left behind him the reputation of unrivalled eloquence, of daring worthy of a nobler cause, of a judicious sagacity in the discussion of many of the chief political questions of the day, and even of a desire to quench the conflagration he had kindled. But it was too late; the evil was beyond the control of any mortal power; and had he lived, he would have lived only to perish, like all his political confederates, in the fierce anarchy which avenged the monarchy upon the authors of the revolution. Upon quitting the tempestuous atmosphere of France in October, 1791, Mirabeau's amiable correspondent (who had previously dropped, and never resumed, the title of Count de la Marck) entered the military service of the

Emperor; and during the long years of revolutionary confiscation his only income was his pay as a general officer. On the fall of Napoleon Prince Augustus re-acquired a great part of his fortune, and, settling at Brussels, continued to live there in the exercise of most graceful hospitality until 1833, when he died at the age of eighty.

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- ART. V.—1. *Sir Thomas Browne's Works, including his Life and Correspondence.* Edited by S. Wilkin, F.L.S. 4 vols. 1836.
2. *History of the Religious Orders and Communities, and of the Hospitals and Castle, of Norwich.* By Mr. John Kirkpatrick. Written about the year 1725. 1845.
3. *The Antiquities of Norfolk; a Lecture delivered at the Norwich Museum.* By the Rev. R. Hart, B.A. 1844.
4. *The Vocabulary of East Anglia.* By Rev. Robert Forby, Rector of Fincham. 2 vols. 1830.
5. *Suffolk Words and Phrases.* By Edward Moor, F.R.S. 1823.
6. *Notices and Illustrations of the Costume, Processions, Pageantry, &c., formerly displayed by the Corporation.* Norwich. 1850.

To the minds of most men the word *Norfolk* is suggestive merely of turkeys, partridges, and the four-course shift of husbandry; while to the ladies it conjures up visions of crapes, bombazines, lustrés—all the endless combinations of cotton, wool, and silk. With those ideas there is an end of Norfolk to the world at large. This corner of Old England has no landscape of renowned beauty or grandeur to attract the tourist;—though in the wild, the curious, and even the romantic it may be richer than is suspected. It has not the thinnest vein of subterranean wealth resembling that which converts a sweet little Welsh valley, or a breezy Scotch upland, into a seeming Pandemonium. It is not enriched on the fiendish condition of having to breathe an atmosphere of diluted soot and coal-dust as a fine-certain on the continuance of its prosperity, but is for weeks and months illumined by sunshine to which the white-lights of the Opera are but as shadows. Nor has it been made the scene of any remarkably glorious 'demonstration,' which would bring it prominently before the national eye in newspaper columns. It is a quiet, homely, regular-living province, decidedly open to the reproach of being some modicum of years behind-hand. It is little visited, except for straightforward business

purposes. A few summer immigrants come from the adjoining inland counties, for the sake of Yarmouth jetty and its sandy beach. The musical festival brings down some outlandish amateurs, who, while in the fine old city of Norwich, doubtless fancy themselves at the ἑσχατα χθονὸς; and who would find their impression remarkably confirmed if they had the courage to penetrate as far as the unfrequented line of coast—to Winterton, Horsey, Salthouse, or Snettisham. An excursion thither is a most complete and exhilarating escape from the cut-and-dried well-behaved people whom *Eöthen* describes as 'the sitters in pews.'

Should any stranger wish really to explore the sister provinces once so dear to Sir Thomas Browne, he cannot get on without some knowledge of their language, and therefore we have placed on our list two glossaries, both careful and also spirited works—for even glossaries may show life. Moor's was put together with great zeal and good-will, under the vivid impressions of a return home after twenty years' absence in India. Forby, on the contrary, passed all his days within the boundaries of East Anglia; yet his Vocabulary, unluckily but a fragment, is enlivened with a heartiness that is no less delightful. The reverend author committed the imprudence of taking a warm-bath, to which he was unaccustomed, without the presence of an attendant; fainting, as supposed, he was found drowned. His friend and pupil, Mr. Dawson Turner, of Great Yarmouth, has prefaced the posthumous work with a pleasing memoir.

Browne had made a slight beginning in his 'Tract viii.—Of Languages, and particularly of the Saxon Tongue.' In the course of it he observes:—'It were not impossible to make an original reduction of many words of no general reception in England, but of common use in Norfolk, or peculiar to the East Angles countries; which to effect, the Danish language, new and more ancient, may prove of good advantage.' But he uses some local terms *passim*, as *snast*, the burnt portion of the wick of a candle (iii. 178). Forby is only to be blamed for having spoken of his subject in an unduly apologetic tone. If, as he truly asserts, after much prolix and elaborate criticism by the annotators on the old poets, and especially Shakespeare, 'a difficulty often remained as it was found, which an East Anglian clown would have solved at first sight or hearing'—he should have seen no need to anticipate a cold reception—as if, 'being merely oral, and existing among the unlettered rustics of a particular district, provincial language were of little concern to general readers, of still less to persons of refined education, and much below the notice of philologists.' But the truth is, that

Englishmen, instead of being proud of their county vernacular, as they ought, are mostly ashamed of it. An Italian, although he may use a perfect *bocca Romana* in polite society, would on no account forget his home dialect, whether it be the vocalic Venetian, the harsh and aspirated Tuscan, or the Neapolitan mish-mash of transplanted 'roots.' Dialectic Italian is not thought low and vulgar; it has its dictionaries, its standard works, and the patronage of the upper classes; but an educated Englishman, instead of being proud to converse with his rustic neighbours in their own idiom, would have it thought that he was born *nowhere*. If, in the warmth of debate, a phrase, or tone, indicative of his native spot escapes his lips, he blushes like a school-girl; as if he had uttered naughty words, and not the very language of Ben Jonson, Shakspeare, or Chaucer. The study of Moor should re-assure many such timid gentlemen. The weakness, too, is as ineffectual as it is unworthy. Not one man in a thousand but can be detected to *have had* a home, however much he may mince and Londonise his talk.

The Icenic archaisms collected by Forby are still alive and current in 1851. It is to be wished that some competent hand would set about supplying his omissions. He 'cannot forbear figuring to himself some plain, unpretending, old-fashioned yeoman, who has been unmercifully rallied upon his Norfolk or Suffolk talk, lighting by chance upon this book, and discovering that he speaks a great deal more good English than either he or his *corrector Bestius* was aware of.' Some of the Norfolk talk, however, is very tolerable French. Thus, *paryard*, the yard by the barn-door where the farm-animals are kept, though derived by Forby from *par* an inclosed place, is clearly the *pailler*, or *straw-yard*, which some Norman brought into the country. He could not mistake about *plancher*, a boarded floor, and refers us to the *planched* gate in 'Measure for Measure.' Some words in his list strike us as scarcely dialectic; *e. g.*, *poorly*, in the sense of ailing, and *onto*—upon. Others fascinate by their apt expressiveness, as *plumpendicular*; *laldrum*, an egregious simpleton, a fool and a half; *mush*, guardedly silent; *pample*, to trample lightly. A child *pamples* upon a bed in a garden newly raked, or upon a floor newly washed. A heavy-heeled fellow *slods* over either. Some expressions seem to be Malapropic rather than Icenic:—*e. g.*, *refuge* potatoes, a *currency* of air, and *circulating* windows. To *terrify* is not to frighten, but to tease, to annoy. Sheep are '*nationally terrified*' by the flies. A young woman on some proposition being made to her, replies, 'Sir, I ha' n't no *projections*.' Another suitor gains a hearing by the promise that he will not con-

tain you long. An *entired* tradesman *inclines* having anything more do do with business: he 'oon't be *bull-ringed*, nor yet made a *hoss-fair* on no longer—that he *oon't*.

One grand characteristic of the East Anglian dialect, which cannot be divested of its ludicrousness even by classical authority, is the system of abbreviation, by which certain phrases are compressed almost into nothingness. A farmer's spouse will *procrustize* my husband down to *m'usban*. Lord Wodehouse must submit to have his title smoothed into *Wud-dus*. We can call to mind numerous utterances of Forby's examples, such as *muckup* for muck-heap, *sidus* for sideways, *wammel-cheese* for one meal (of milk) cheese, *shunt* for should not, *cup* for come up, and *k'ye thinder* for look ye yonder. '*Howstrew?*' (How is it true?) asks a sceptical listener: '*Strews-god-sin'evn?*' is the profane reply. But Shakspeare uses *dup* for do ope. *Doff* and *don* are still great staples with the modern-antique melodramatists. 'But all these,' says Forby, 'are tight, compact condensations of two, or at most three short words. Some are on a larger scale.' Take this. A girl employed on a task commonly allotted to boys, called herself a *galcobaw*—a word which might puzzle the most learned East Anglian philologists. It was found to mean a *girl-cow-boy*.

Although it is now more than two hundred years since Browne settled in Norwich, his name is still inseparable from much that must ever be of interest to both the city and the county. Besides his examples of the respectable if not venerable Icenic phraseology, there is his 'Account of birds found in Norfolk' (iv. 313), enabling the naturalist to discover what species have been driven off by cultivation and increased population. Thus 'Cranes are often seen here in hard winters, especially about the champion and fieldy part; now, they *never* make their appearance. His Ichthyological Discourse is worth referring to, if only for the record, 'Salmon no *common* fish in our rivers, though *many* are taken in the Ouse; in the Bure, or North river; in the Waveny, or South river; in the Norwich river but seldom, and in the winter. But four years ago, fifteen were taken at Trowse Mill, at Christmas' (iv. 384.) It is of *some* interest to know that two hundred years have not altered the character of certain local species. 'Oysters, exceeding large, about Burnham and Hunstanton, whereof many are eaten raw; the shells being broken with cleavers; the greater part pickled,* and sent weekly to London and other parts.' That he made

* As thus: 'Two neat pickles may be contrived, the one of oysters stewed in their own vinegar, with thyme, lemon-peel, onion, mace, pepper; adding Rhenish wine, elder vinegar, three or four pickled cucumbers.'—(iv. 453.)

even a brief list of Fossil Remains (iv. 454) shows that he was in advance of an age which supposed such things to be Nature's abortive failures. His *Hydriotaphia* arose out of 'The Sepulchral Urns lately found in Norfolk.' The *Vulgar Errors* have been enriched by native materials; and the correspondence given by Mr. Wilkin is a very treasury of provincial antiquities, manners, and natural history.

Of the edition of Sir Thomas Browne, which cost Mr. Wilkin the labour of nearly twelve years, Southey often expressed his very warm approbation—and more than once he promised a review—but died *re infecta*. Were not the multiplicity of the laureate's tasks so well known, we might wonder, as well as regret, that he did not execute his project. His mind would have thoroughly sympathised with Browne's, in all that related to the *dulce est desipere in loco*. Both of them would assuredly interpret *locus* to be any passage or subject around which it was their pleasure to gambol and curvet. The 'Doctor,' in one of his freakish moods, would receive with an approving grin, rather than sift with stern criticism, Sir Thomas's speculation whether painters and sculptors are not wrong in representing Adam with the usual umbilical dimple—'seeing that he was not born of woman,' and, therefore, could not be impressed with the scar that is so ornamental to all the rest of mankind. Nor would he have quarrelled with the list of empirical remedies for the gout, which Browne drew up for the use of those 'unsatisfied with the many rational medicines;'—such as 'Wear shoes made of a lion's skin,' and, 'Try the way of transplantation; give poultices taken from the part unto dogs, and let a welp lie in the bed with you;'—nor with 'Musæum Clausum, containing rarities of several kinds, scarce or never seen by any man now living:'—the very first of which, as a fair specimen, is 'A poem of Ovidius Naso, written in the Getick language; found wrapt up in wax, at Sabaria, on the frontiers of Hungary, where there remains a tradition that he died in his return towards Rome from Tomos, either after his pardon, or the death of Augustus.'—'Tis sweet to trifle now and then.' Southey's trifling with Browne would have been a perfect Saturnalia of learned misrule.

Sir Thomas, then, though born in London (1605), belongs eminently to East Anglia. After a liberal education at Winchester and Oxford, he settled at Norwich as a physician, in 1636, and retained an extensive practice in the city and county to the end of his life. In 1641 he married 'Mrs. Dorothy Mileham, of a good family in Norfolk.' In 1642, his *Religio Medici* was surreptitiously printed, and therefore there appears to us a slight anachronism in Dr. Johnson's remarks—'This marriage

could not but draw the railery of contemporary wits upon a man, who *had just been wishing in his new book*, that we might *procreate like trees without conjunction*;' and, 'Whether the lady *had been yet informed of these contemptuous positions*, or whether she was pleased with the conquest of so formidable a rebel, and considered it as a double triumph to attract so much merit, and overcome so powerful prejudices; or whether, &c. &c.' The correspondence shows that Mrs. Dorothy, amidst her domestic duties, was not likely to care two straws about what her man thought or wrote on such matters, so be it he did but keep the pot boiling respectably, and provided 'sheus,' 'cotta,' 'briches,' and 'manto-gowns' for the little Brownes, whether cuttings or seedlings, which she presented him with in not slow succession. In authorship she would allow him to be eccentric; but if, in family matters, he resembled other every-day, good-sort-of doctors, she was satisfied and happy.

The splendid success of the *Religio Medici* most likely took Browne by surprise. Though possessed of a modest sense of his own ability and a respectable independence of spirit, he was far above the arrogance of vanity. It may be believed that most writers who eventually attained great popularity, although they might have some instinctive consciousness of the power within them, were yet unable to guess exactly how, or when, it would receive a public recognition. They just let their inspiration have its utterance. Nor (in many cases at least) could they subsequently tell with precision *what* it was in their writings which had fastened on them so universal a sympathy. The bond of attachment between an author and his reader may be too subtle for analysis. Perhaps granting even a superabundance of genius, with all the acquired skill of practice, disappointment would be the fate of him who determined to sit down, and compose, resolutely, a book which should *take*, as decidedly and confessedly as the *Pilgrim's Progress*, *Robinson Crusoe*, or the *Religio Medici*.

All Browne's subsequent works were written in Norwich; and not a few minor pieces, besides those already mentioned, are specially local. In 1671, he was knighted by Charles II., when on a visit to the ancient *palace* (always so styled) of the Howards in Norwich. Eleven years later he was seized with a colic, which, after having tortured him about a week, put an end to his life, on his birthday, Oct. 19, 1682—*anno ætat.* 76. He *did* lie buried in the Church of St. Peter Mancroft.

Of those productions which take high rank in a formal list of *opera omnia*, the *Garden of Cyrus* (1658) is the least inviting, though eminently characteristic of its author, as is at once shown by the second title, viz: 'The

Quincuncial Lozenge, or Net-work Plantation of the Ancients, artificially, naturally, mystically, considered.' Even Mr. Wilkin confesses that it has, by general consent, been regarded as one of the most *fanciful* of his works, and that the most eminent even of his admirers have treated it as a mere sport of the imagination. There are, as Coleridge says, 'quincunxes in heaven above, quincunxes in earth below, quincunxes in the mind of man, quincunxes in tones, in optic nerves, in roots of trees, in leaves, in everything.' The quinary theory of created things, as propounded by some few modern naturalists, would have been a great God-send to Browne; and Mr. Wilkin is seriously inclined to regard the Garden of Cyrus in a higher point of view than a mere *jeu d'esprit*. 'How far,' he asks, 'has he anticipated in this work those who have conducted their inquiries in the midst of incomparably greater light and knowledge?' (iii. 390.) But we may safely surmise, that the pentangular speculations of Messrs. Mackleay, Vigors, and Swainson are just as capable of practical use and strict application, as are the decussated whimsies of the amiable physician and philosopher of Norwich.

The Garden of Cyrus is so styled because

'all stories do look upon Cyrus as the first splendid and regular planter. According whereto Xenophon (in *Oeconomico*) described his gallant plantation at Sardis, thus rendered by Strobæus—*Arbores pari intervallo silas, rectos ordines, et omnia perpulchrè in quincuncem directa*. That is, the rows and orders so handsomely disposed, or five trees so set together, that a regular angularity, and thorough prospect, was left on every side; owing this name not only to the quintuple number of trees, but the figure declaring that number, which, being double at the angle, makes up the letter X:—that is the emphatical decussation, or fundamental figure.

'Now, though, in some ancient and modern practice, the area, or decussated plot, might be a perfect square, answerable to a Tuscan pedestal, and the *quinquernio* or cinque point of a dye, wherein by diagonal lines the intersection was rectangular—accommodable unto plantations of large growing trees—and we must not deny ourselves the advantage of this order; yet shall we chiefly insist upon that of Curtius and Porto in their brief description hereof. Wherein the *decussis* is made within in a longilateral square, with opposite angles, acute and obtuse at the intersection, and so upon progression making a *rhombus* or lozenge figuration.'—iii. 388.

With this *lozenge* as his sole semaphore and guide, Browne starts at full gallop on his literary steeple-chase; if he halts a moment for refreshment it can only be at the sign of the Chequers. He gets more and more excited by the game, but diamonds are trumps at every hand. He finds even the Garden of

Eden laid out in the Dutch style, and probably full of quincunxes. 'Since in Paradise itself the tree of knowledge was placed in the middle of the garden, whatever was the ancient figure, there wanted not a centre and rule of decussation.' iii. 393. Of course not; where there's a will there's a way to lozenges.

'The net-works and nets of antiquity were little different in the form from ours at present. As for that famous net-work of Vulcan, which inclosed Mars and Venus, and caused that unextinguishable laugh in heaven—since the Gods themselves could not discern it, we shall not pry into it. . . . Heralds have not omitted this order or imitation thereof, while they symbolically adorn their scutcheons with masques, fusils, and saltires, and while they dispose the figures of ermines, and varied coats in this quincuncial method. The same is not forgot by lapidaries, while they cut their gems pyramidally, or by sequierural triangles. Perspective pictures in their base, horizon, and lines of distances, cannot escape these rhomboidal decussations. Sculptors, in their strongest shadows, after this order do draw their double hatches.'—iii. 396.

And so on, *ad infinitum* it might be. Browne stops only because he chooses to stop, not because he has run himself dry. There are digressions it is true, but not of wide circuit. We do not regret them when they contain passages like the following:—

'Light that makes some things seen, makes some invisible; were it not for darkness and the shadow of the earth, the noblest part of the creation had remained unseen, and the stars in heaven as invisible as on the fourth day, when they were created above the horizon with the sun, or there was not an eye to behold them. The greatest mystery of religion is expressed by adumbration, and in the noblest part of Jewish types we find the cherubims shadowing the mercy-seat. Life itself is but the shadow of death, and souls departed but shadows of the living. All things fall under this name. The sun itself is but the dark *simulacrum*, and the light but the shadow of God.'—iii. 436.

But the moment the clock strikes five in any way, Browne is back again amidst his *sylva* of pentagons and lozenges. He nauseates 'crambe verities and questions over-queried,' and informs us that 'the noble Antoninus doth in some sense call the soul itself a rhombus.' This proposition is the sum of all things, and therefore, as he says, 'tis time to close the five ports of knowledge' on this transcendental matter. But we cannot even walk away from his symmetrical garden without being reminded, finally, that 'the incension or local motion of animals is made with analogy unto this figure, by decussative diametrals, quincuncial lines, and angles;' and that even in the motion of man the legs 'do move quincuncially

by single angles with some resemblance of a V, measured by successive advancement from each foot, and the angle of indenture greater or less according to the extent or brevity of the stride.'

Far more valuable than the Garden of Cyrus is the *Hydriotaphia*—originally published also in 1658. This 'Discourse of the Sepulchral Urns lately found in Norfolk' is made the homely ribbon on which pearls of learning and bright gems of fancy are profusely strung. The disinterment of a few earthen vessels, containing the ashes of our Roman conquerors, is the spell which calls up a complete kaleidoscope of sparkling visions, the changes and contrasts of which are inexhaustible. 'Time,' he says, 'which reveals old things in heaven, makes new discoveries in earth, and even earth itself a discovery. That great antiquity America *lay buried for thousands of years*, and a large part of the earth *is still in the urn to us*.'—When a writer is thus able to stretch forth his *tentacula* in a thousand directions, it is quite impossible to follow him, or to compress him within the limits of a Review. From many treatises the cream may be skimmed; but when an essay is all cream, a taste here and there is the only way to convey an idea of the dish.

'That carnal interment was of the elder date, the old examples of Abraham and the patriarchs are sufficient to illustrate. God himself, *that buried but one*, was pleased to make choice of this way, collectible from Scripture expression, and the hot contest between Satan and the Archangel about discovering the body of Moses. Others, by preferring the fiery resolution, politely declined the malice of enemies. Which consideration led Sylla unto this practice; who having thus served the body of Marius, could not but fear a retaliation upon his own.'

Browne little suspected (in 1658) how shortly Cromwell was to afford a new instance of posthumous indignity. Again—

'Christians dispute how their bodies should lie in the grave. In urnal interment they clearly escaped this controversy. To be gnawed out of our graves, to have our skulls made drinking bowls, and our bones turned into pipes, to delight and sport our enemies, are tragical abominations escaped in burning burials.'

But on the other hand—

'When Alexander opened the tomb of Cyrus, the remaining bones discovered his proportion, whereof urnal fragments afford but a bad conjecture, and have this disadvantage, that they leave us ignorant of most personal discoveries.'—p. 479.

The passage is almost prophetic of the fate

of Browne's own remains. Strange specialties touching cremation are also given in great abundance.

'To burn the bones of the King of Edom for lime, seems no irrational ferity; but to drink of the ashes of dead relations a passionate prodigality.'

'Some bones make best skeletons, some bodies quick and speediest ashes. Who would expect a quick flame from hydropical Heraclitus? The poisoned soldier (in Plutarch), when his belly brake, put out two pyres. Though the funeral pyre of Patroclus took up an hundred foot, a piece of an old boat burnt Pompey; and if the burthen of Isaac were sufficient for an holocaust, a man may carry his own pyre.'

The *Hydriotaphia* contains many passages of a higher tone:—

'Oblivion is not to be hired. The greater part must be content to be as though they had not been; to be found in the register of God, not in the record of man. Twenty-seven names make up the first story before the flood, and the recorded names ever since contain not one living century. The number of the dead long exceedeth all that shall live.

'Who cares to subsist like Hippocrates's patients, or Achilles's horses in Homer, under naked nominations, without deserts and noble acts, which are the balsam of our memories, the *emelechia* and soul of our subsistencies? To be nameless in worthy deeds exceeds an infamous history. The Canaanitish woman lives more happily without a name than Herodias with one. And who had not rather have been the good thief than Pilate?

'Were the happiness of the next world as closely apprehended as the felicities of this, it would be a martyrdom to live; and unto such as consider none hereafter, it must be more than death to die, which makes us amazed at those audacities that durst be nothing and return into their chaos again.

'The particulars of future beings must needs be dark unto ancient theories, which Christian philosophy yet determines but in a cloud of opinions. A dialogue between two infants in the womb concerning the state of this world, might handsomely illustrate our ignorance of the next, whereof methinks we yet discourse in Plato's den, and are but embryo philosophers.

'Happy are they which live not in that disadvantage of time, when men could say little for futurity, but from reason; whereby the noblest minds fell often upon doubtful deaths and melancholy dissolutions. With hopes, Socrates warmed his doubtful spirits against that cold potion; and Cato, before he durst give the fatal stroke, spent part of the night in reading Plato, thereby confirming his wavering hand unto the animosity of the attempt. It is the heaviest stone that Melancholy can throw at a man, to tell him he is at the end of his nature; or that there is no further state to come, unto which this seems progressional, and otherwise made in vain.'

The *Christian Morals* (posthumous, 1716), though searched out by an archbishop and

published by an archdeacon, hardly answer to the title which stands at their head. Those who refer to them for *Christian* morality will find much that they did not go for, and be disappointed of much which they did expect. The treatise is not even a formal specimen of sound Gentile ethics, but a compendium of sensible maxims of worldly wisdom, such as might have come from a less insincere Chesterfield or a less cynical Rochefoucauld. 'Good admonitions,' says Sir Thomas, 'knock not always in vain;' but his taps are as feeble as the didactic lessons of grandmamma, 'Now, dear Johnny, be sure you be a good little boy!' Browne himself had a well-regulated, fully-employed mind, with passions of but slight intensity, and seems scarcely to have known the force of the ejaculation, 'The good that I would I do not: but the evil which I would not, that I do. O wretched man that I am! who shall deliver me from the body of this death?'

'Rest not in an ovation, put a triumph over thy passions. Let anger walk hanging down the head; let malice go manacled and envy fettered after thee. Behold within thee the long train of thy trophies, not without thee. Make the quarrelling Lapithytes sleep and Centaurs within lie quiet. Chain up the unruly legion of thy breast. Lead thine own captivity captive, and be Cæsar within thyself.'

'Be not a *Hercules furens* abroad and a poltroon within thyself. To chase our enemies out of the field, and be led captive by our vices; to beat down our foes, and fall down to our concupiscences, are solecisms in moral schools, and no laurel attends them. To well manage our affections and wild horses of Plato, are the highest *Circenses*; and the noblest digladiation is in the theatre of ourselves; for therein our inward antagonists, not only, like common gladiators, with ordinary weapons and down-right blows make at us; but also, like retiary and raqueary combatants, with nets, frauds, and entanglements, fall upon us.'—iv. 70.

It is true, he adds, that in such combats 'not the armour of Achilles, but the arminature of St. Paul, gives the glorious day, and triumphs, not leading up to capitol, but to the highest heavens;' but he immediately falls back into the old strain—'Let right reason be thy *Lycurgus*!' &c.; and the treatise proceeds as a pleasing hint-book for decent conduct, and not in the least as a manual of Christian morals, or a foundation of Christian strength. The *Letter to a Friend*, to which this is intended as a corollary and supplement, is far more edifying, as well as far more touching and beautiful.

With this knowledge of what Browne's *Christian Morals* are not, they are well worth looking into now and then for the shrewd, honest, practical notions they contain. As in

his other works, metaphors and illustrations are produced in such rapid succession as almost to fatigue the reader's attention. It is a Chinese feast of a hundred little dishes, served in a hundred different ways, yet all rather stimulant than satisfying. One of his less decorated passages is as follows:—

'When thou lookest upon the imperfections of others, allow one eye for what is laudable in them, and the balance they have from some excellency which may render them considerable.'

'Since goodness is exemplary in all, if others have not our virtues, let us not be wanting in theirs; nor, scorning them for their vices whereof we are free, be condemned by their virtues wherein we are deficient. For perfection is not, like light, centred in any one body; but, like the dispersed seminalities of vegetables at the creation, scattered through the whole mass of the earth, no place producing all, and almost all some. So that 'tis well if a perfect man can be made out of many men, and, to the perfect eye of God, even out of mankind.'

The following may be taken as a good specimen both of the style and temper of the writer:—

'Make not one in the *Historia Horribilis*; flay not thy servant for a broken glass; supererogate not in the worst sense. Be not stoically mistaken in the equality of sins, nor commutatively iniquitous in the valuation of transgressions. Let thy arrows of revenge fly short, or be aimed, like those of Jonathan, to fall beside the mark. Too many there be to whom a dead enemy smells well, and who find musk and amber in revenge. But patient meekness takes injuries like pills, not chewing but swallowing them down, laconically suffering, and silently passing them over; while angered pride makes a noise, like Homeric Mars, at every scratch of offences. Since women do most delight in revenge, it may seem but feminine manhood to be vindictive. If thou must needs have thy revenge of thine enemy, with a soft tongue break his bones, heap coals of fire on his head, forgive him, and enjoy it. If thou hast not mercy for others, yet be not cruel unto thyself. To ruminate upon evils, to make critical notes upon injuries, and be too acute in their apprehensions, is to add unto our own tortures, to feather the arrows of our enemies, to lash ourselves with the scorpions of our foes, and to resolve to sleep no more: for injuries long dreamt on take away at last all rest, and he sleeps but like Regulus who busieth his head about them.'

The *Religio Medici*, though written much earlier, was first published, as we have seen, by a pirate in 1642. Its precise tendency and object has puzzled the world from that time to this; its ability has been unanimously acknowledged. By some the writer has been stigmatized as an infidel, by others lauded as a Roman Catholic under the compulsory dia-

guise of a member of the Church of England. Meanwhile the book attained at Rome the honours of the Index Expurgatorius. Mr. Wilkin refers those who do not perceive in it its own vindication to the eloquent and conclusive observations of the author's great admirer and biographer Dr. Johnson;* while the annotator to the edition of 1656, Mr. Thomas Keck, asserts that no more is meant by the title *Religio Medici*, or endeavoured to be proved in the book, 'than that (contrary to the opinion of the unlearned) physicians have religion as well as other men.' The words of his personal friend Mr. Whitefoot are perhaps those which ought to be relied upon in forming an opinion of the inmost sentiments of a mind so honourable though flighty as his, who candidly says of him self, 'When I cannot satisfy my reason, I love to humour my fancy.'—ii. 14.

'In his religion he continued in the same mind which he had declared in his first book, written when he was but thirty years old,—his *Religio Medici*, wherein he fully assented to that of the Church of England, preferring it before any in the world, as did the learned Grotius. He attended the public service very constantly, when he was not withheld by his practice; never missed the Sacrament in his parish if he were in town; read the best English sermons he could hear of, with liberal applause, and delighted not in controversies.'

The hardest and most painful hits that Browne ever received on account of the *Religio Medici* were those, probably, which were given by the envious sneers of Sir Kenelm Digby. The tone of the observations is conveyed by a single sentence from them: 'Assuredly one cannot err in taking this author for a very fine ingenious gentleman, but, for how deep a scholar, I leave unto them to judge that are abler than I am' (ii. 129). And the wounds were now and then envenomed by the insertion of a minute point of stinging truth: 'What should I say of his making so particular a nar-

ration of personal things and private thoughts of his own, which I make account is the chief end of his writing this discourse?' Digby is thankful that he is not as other men are, superstitious and credulous, even as this Browne:—

'I acknowledge ingenuously our physician's experience hath the advantage of my philosophy in knowing there are witches. And I confess I doubt as much of the efficacy of those magical rules he speaketh of, as also of finding out of mysteries by the courteous revelation of spirits.'—ii. 29.

And yet he, Digby, soberly explains why 'terrene souls appear oftenest in cemeteries and charnel-houses' (ii. 131), and that to the same cause 'peradventure may be reduced the strange effect which is frequently seen in England, when, at the approach of the murderer, the slain body suddenly bleedeth afresh' (ii. 132).

The re-perusal of these deep debates between Browne and his assailants emboldens us to the confession that we never greatly cared—

'On metaphysic jade to prance,
Step high, and ne'er a foot advance.'

The attempt of the soul thoroughly to grasp itself and its relations to a higher order of beings involves an utter impossibility. It is as if a watchmaker were resolved to construct a watch that would regulate, and set, and wind up itself. The floating straw, carried along by the stream, demands to regulate the force and direction of the current. An Irishman might liken the philosopher who would obey the γνῶσις θεῶν with the degree of intimate and transcendental knowledge that has been attempted by certain celebrities and unintelligibilities, to the Herculean Paddy, who, by some sleight of hand, took himself up in his own arms, lifted himself from the ground, and then ran away with himself. Browne truly said, 'God hath not made a creature that can comprehend him; 'tis a privilege of his own nature' (ii. 16); but he might have used similar expressions in reference to topics many degrees lower than the nature of the Godhead.

'What do you read, my lord?
Words, words, words!'

—not half so entertaining, and perhaps not so edifying as the 'slanders—that old men have grey beards; that their faces are wrinkled; and that they have a plentiful lack of wit, together with most weak hams.' Browne's 'words' are neither better nor worse than many others of the same sample. He might well say, that 'with the wisdom of God he recreates his understanding—with his eternity

* 'It is, indeed, somewhat wonderful that he should be placed without the pale of Christianity, who declares that "he assumes the honourable style of a Christian, not because it is the religion of his country, but because having in his riper years and confirmed judgment seen and examined all, he finds himself obliged, by the principles of grace and the law of his own reason, to embrace no other name but this;" who, to specify his persuasion yet more, tells us that "he is of the reformed religion; of the same belief our Saviour taught, the Apostles disseminated, the fathers authorized, and the martyrs confirmed;" who, though "paradoxical in philosophy, loves in divinity to keep the beaten road," and pleases himself, that "he has no taint of heresy, schism, or error;" to whom, "where the Scripture is silent, the church is a text; where that speaks, 'tis but a comment;" and who uses not "the dictates of his own reason but where there is a joint silence of both." —*Life by Johnson.*

he confounds it.' The satisfactory results which he attained, may be believed attributable to his making the study of the wisdom and the works of God a corrective of his passion for the solitary recreation of 'posing his apprehension with involved enigmas' (ii. 13)—the same which are related to have been found baffling in another sphere—where more potent intelligences

'reasoned high
Of providence, foreknowledge, will, and fate;
Fixed fate, free will, foreknowledge absolute;
(Vain wisdom all, and false philosophy!)
And found no end, in wandering mazes lost.'

Let us contrast two not far disjacent passages of the *Religio Medici* :—

'The world was made to be inhabited by beasts, but studied and contemplated by man; 'tis the debt of reason we owe unto God, and the homage we pay for not being beasts. Without this, the world is still as though it had not been, or as it was before the sixth day, when as yet there was not a creature that could conceive or say there was a world. *The wisdom of God receives small honour from those vulgar heads that rudely stare about, and with a gross rusticity admire his works. Those only magnify him, whose judicious inquiry into his acts, and deliberate research into his creatures, return the duty of a devout and learned admiration.* Every essence, created or uncreated, hath its final cause, and some positive end both of its essence and operation. *This is the cause I grope after in the works of nature; on this hangs the providence of God.* To raise so beauteous a structure as the world and the creatures thereof was but his art; but their sundry and divided operations, with their predestinated ends, are from the treasury of his wisdom.'—ii. 18-20.

The reader will perceive that this is the theme and the principle, the working out of which has produced some of the noblest works that adorn our literature. The subject, too, is inexhaustible; as *we* increase in knowledge, so will *it* in richness and power. But what are we—what are we like to be—the wiser and the better for such speculations as are about to be quoted?

'Who can speak of eternity without a solecism, or think thereof without an ecstasy? Time we may comprehend; 'tis but five days older than ourselves, and hath the same horoscope with the world; but to retire so far back as to apprehend a beginning—to give such an infinite start forwards as to conceive an end—in an essence that we affirm hath neither the one nor the other, it puts my reason to St. Paul's sanctuary; my philosophy dares not say the angels can do it. . . . In eternity there is no distinction of tenses; and therefore that terrible term predestination, which hath troubled so many weak heads to conceive and the wisest to explain, is in respect to God no precious determination of our estates to come, but a definitive blast of his will already fulfilled,

and at the instant that he first decreed it; for to eternity, which is indivisible, and altogether, the last trump is already sounded, the reprobates in the flame, and the blessed in Abraham's bosom. St. Peter speaks modestly, when he saith, "a thousand years to God are but as one day:" for, to speak like a philosopher, those continued instances of time, which flow into a thousand years, make not to him one moment. What to us is to come, to his eternity is present; *his whole duration being but one permanent point, without succession, parts, flux, or division.*

'There is no attribute that adds more difficulty to the mystery of the Trinity, where, though in a relative way of Father and Son, we must deny a priority. I wonder how Aristotle could conceive the world eternal, or how he could make good two eternities. His similitude of a triangle comprehended in a square, doth somewhat illustrate the trinity of our souls, and that the triple unity of God; for there is in us not three, but a trinity of souls; because there is in us, if not three distinct souls, yet differing faculties, that can and do subsist apart in different subjects, and yet in us are thus united as to make but one soul and substance. *If one soul were so perfect as to inform three distinct bodies, that were a petty trinity.* Conceive the distinct number of three, not divided nor separated by the intellect, but actually comprehended in its unity, and that is a perfect trinity. I have often admired the mystical way of Pythagoras, and the secret magic of numbers. *Beware of philosophy,* is a precept not to be received in too large a sense: for, in this mass of nature, there is a set of things that carry in their front, though not in capital letters, yet in stenography and short characters, something of divinity; which, to wiser reasons, serve as luminaries in the abyss of knowledge, and, to judicious beliefs, as scales and runnels to mount the pinnacles and highest pieces of divinity. The severe schools shall never laugh me out of the philosophy of Hermes, that this visible world is but a picture of the invisible, wherein as a portrait, things are not truly, but in equivocal shapes, and as they counterfeit some real substance in that invisible fabric.'—ii. 15-17.

The ear is tickled by well-contrasted words, and the mind is amused by a phantasmagoria of sublime visions:—but, is not the time approaching when efforts to explain the inexplicable will cease to be dignified by the title of wisdom, or even by the more modest appellation of philosophy?

It is, we believe, a feeling of this kind, and an understood, if not a formally pronounced verdict of public opinion, which has given to the *Pseudodoxia Epidemica, or Enquiries into Vulgar and Common Errors*, the palm of popularity and the praise of usefulness beyond all the other works of Sir Thomas Browne. Nor do we see it necessary to suppose, with Messrs. Wilkin and Basil Montagu, that the work 'is not to be ascribed to the mental activity of its author alone,'—and that 'we are not to regard it solely as the result of his own native and irrepressible thirst for know-

ledge, and of that unrelenting spirit of investigation which led him to scrutinize every position before he admitted it.—(ii. 161.) On the contrary, he felt with Sir Haman L'Estrange that 'naturalists readily follow one another, as wild geese flye;' other 'learned discourses' professing a similar object, were yet unsatisfactory to his mind; and, therefore, he determined to investigate matters for himself, notwithstanding the consciousness that 'a work of this nature is not to be performed upon one leg; and should smell of oyle, if duly and deservedly handled.'—ii. 179. Such a work was manifestly one of the *desiderata* of literature;—

'And, therefore, we are often constrained to stand alone against the strength of opinion, and to meet the Goliath and giant of authority with contemptible pebbles and feeble arguments drawn from the scrip and slender stock of ourselves.'

Lord Bacon's opinions as to the *use of doubts* could be of little service to him. He waged a bolder warfare: 'For,' he says,

'knowledge is made *by oblivion*; and, to purchase a clear and warrantable body of truth, we must forget and part with much we know. We hope it will not be unconsidered, that we find no open tract, or constant manuduction in this labyrinth, but are oftentimes fain to wander in the America and untravelled parts of truth.'

It is no just reproach against Browne, and no disqualification for his task of sweeping away vulgar errors, that he was not himself wholly free from those of his own age, or the ages immediately preceding it;—that he was, as Mr. Wilkin states, 'a stout adherent to the falling fortunes of the Ptolemaic astronomy;'—that he believed eels might be bred 'on or in the back of a codfish;'—that he did not refuse to 'send certificates for the evil for divers to be touched by his Majestie' (i. 259); that he was persuaded of the reality of apparitions, and of diabolical illusions, and affirms, 'from his own knowledge, the certainty of witchcraft.' (i. lxxxii.) As to the king's evil, it must be remembered that people *would* be touched;—also that the king was accompanied by sundry 'chirurgeons and physitians'; and finally, that the church had provided a regular and very solemn ritual for the occasion, which was used, no doubt, when Queen Anne touched Samuel Johnson, and was only dropt from our Prayer Book when the first Hanoverian king dropt the practice—resigning it to the purer blood of the exiled Stuarts. But more—it is true, though scarcely credible, that there exist (in 1851) rustics who believe in the *physical* benefit derived from the rite of

Confirmation.* And as to the witchcraft—the Appendix to Forby shows the recent existence of the belief. Nay, more than that; we ourselves have had *two* washerwomen who were successively bewitching and bewitched. They are both in life, though happily parted from our residence, and from each other, by a running stream.

In the *Pseudodoxia* Browne revels with delight, abandoning himself sometimes to a reckless orgie of quips and cranks and learned whimsies, to be patterned only in Shakspeare, and yet maintaining throughout a method in his madness. It strikes the reader as being *the most sincere* of his productions. In the others, he is constantly thinking *what may be said* upon a subject (of which the hints for his son Edward's lectures and his common-place book are signal proof): here, he is only anxious to have said his say, and eased his mind.

With what gallantry does he vindicate the Hebrew race from the calumny of emitting 'a kind of fulsome scent,—as Mr. Fulham experimented in Italye at a Jewish meeting, with the hazard of life, till he removed into the fresh air!'

'That Jews stink naturally, that is, that in their race and nation there is an evil savour, is a received opinion we know not how to admit, although we concede many points which are of affinity hereto. We will acknowledge that certain odours attend on animals, no less than certain colours; that pleasant smells are not confined unto vegetables, but found in divers animals, and some more richly than in plants; and, though the problem of Aristotle enquires why no animal smells sweet beside the pard, yet later discoveries add divers sorts of monkeys, the civet cat and gazela, from which our musk proceedeth. We confess that beside the smell of the species there may be individual odours, and every man may have a proper and peculiar savour, which, although not so perceptible unto man who hath this sense but weak, is yet sensible unto dogs, who hereby can single out their masters in the dark. We will not deny that particular men have sent forth a pleasant savour, as Theophrastus and Plutarch report of Alexander the Great, and Tzetzes and Cardan do testify of themselves. That some may also emit an unsavoury odour we have no reason to deny; for this may happen from the quality of what they have taken, the factor whereof may discover itself by sweat, &c., as being unmasterable by the natural heat of man, not to be dulcified by concoction beyond an unsavoury condition; the like may come to pass from putrid humours, as is often discoverable in malignant fevers—and sometimes also in gross and humid bodies, even in the latitude of sanity—the natural heat of the parts being insufficient for a perfect and thorough digestion, and

* We have conversed with an old woman in Norfolk who gets confirmed over and over again—as often as she can contrive it—it does her so much good!

the errors of one connection not rectifiable by another. But that an unsavoury odour is gentileous or national unto Jews, if rightly understood, we cannot well concede, nor will the information of reason or sense induce it.'—iii. 36.

Then follow store of good reasons, which are shrewdly clenched by this conclusion :—

'And, lastly, were this true, yet our opinion is not impartial; for unto converted Jews, who are of the same seed, no man imputeth this unsavoury odour; as though, aromatized by their conversion, they lost their scent with their religion, and smelt no longer than they savoured of the Jew.'—iii. 41.

In another place the editor is scarcely less courageous than his author. Browne gives a chapter 'Of the Pictures of Mermaids,'—without informing us of his own private belief respecting them. But Mr. Wilkin, in a note says,—

'Unconvinced even by Sir Humphrey Davy's grave arguments to prove that such things cannot be, and undismayed by his special detection of the apes and salmon in poor Dr. Philip's "undoubted original," I persist in expecting one day to have the pleasure of beholding—A MERMAID!' iii. 143.

So far we have seen Sir Thomas before the public, on the stage. The correspondence and journals which Mr. Wilkin's diligence has produced give us a glimpse behind the scenes; and an interesting peep it is into private life and country manners of old. The establishment of the 'London season' by the facilities of travelling, has spoiled the 'seasons' of our large provincial towns, or rather has prevented their having any true season at all. In Browne's days, many of the leading county families had their town houses in Norwich, where they wintered and kept Christmas in aristocratic style. Several of these yet remain under humbler occupancy. In Edward Browne's Journal, we find,—

'January 1 [1663-4].—I was at Mr. Howard's, who kept his Christmas at the Duke's Palace, so magnificently as the like hath scarce been seen. They had dancing every night, and gave entertainments to all that would come; hee built up a roome with the bravest hangings I ever saw; his candlesticks, snuffers, tongues, fire-shovels, and irons were silver; a banquet was given every night after dancing; and three coaches were employed to fetch ladies every afternoon, the greatest of which would hold fourteen persons, and cost five hundred pound, without the harnesses, which cost six score more.

'January 4.—I went to Mr. Howard's dancing at night; our greatest beautys were Mdm. Elizabeth Cradock, Eliz. Houghton, Ms. Philpot, Ms. Yallop; afterwards to the banquet, and so home. *Sic transit gloria mundi!*'

Transit, indeed! A glance through Kirkpatrick's pages brings strongly to mind the transitory nature not only of individuals but of families. Not persons merely, but their very names, appear and are gone, like the summer wavelets on the sandy beach. Those which do remain, retaining anything of their ancient position, are rarest among rare. The same result is derived from the inspection of other local lists.

'Even this fragment (of the Index of Harl. MS. Col. 1109) is not without its value. It shows how many Norfolk families, once entitled to bear arms, are now *totally extinct*;—for where are we to look for the Bolks, Burgullions, Batwellins, Bashpooles, Buttrys, Catta, &c.? That *man shall not abide in honour* is further manifest from the fact that many of these names are now only to be met with in the cottage or the union-house.'—Hart, iii. 41.

The correspondence shows that, with all his learned whims, Sir Thomas was not forgetful of the main chance. Good patients are carefully recommended; and a shrewd hint at the same time conveyed to his son Dr. Edward, the practitioner 'in Salisbury Court, next the Golden Balls,' and also a lecturer on his art in London:

'DEAR SONNE,—My worthy friend Mr. Deane Astley going to London, hee civilly asking mee whether I would send unto you, I would not omitt to send this letter. Hee hath had a lingering aguish distemper, which hath made him weak. *There was some exceptions last time by his lady, that when shee had visited your wife the visit was not returned.*'

'One Mrs. Towe, Madame Reppe's daughter, of Maltshall, who liveth in London, will come unto you. Shee is a very good woeman, and complains of her eyes, and some breaking out of her face. Lett her knowe that I writ unto you when she commeth. I think shee liveth in Guildhall Street. If one Mr. Jones, of the Middle Temple, a young man splenicall and hypochondr. cometh unto you, lett him knowe that I mentioned him unto you.'

'Mr. Payne, lately an alderman of Norwich, who lives in St. Gyles, his daughter, Mrs. Doughtie, will go to London the next weeke and consult you about the waters and some other infirmities. Shee is a good woeman, and hath a sober, honest gentleman of this countrie to her husband, of whom I will write further in my next, God willing.'

The son was equally anxious to secure the fees thus in prospect. 'I have not yet heard of the gentleman or gentlewoman you wrote me word of' (i. 227.) He appears, long after his establishment in London, to have received pecuniary aid from his father, as well as good patients and hints for their management. The senior says:—

'I beleave my lady O. Bryan is by this time in better health and safetie; though hypochoind and splenetick persons are not long from complayning, yet they may bee good patients, and may bee borne withal, especially if they bee good natured. A bill is inclosed; *espargnez nous autant que vous pourrez, car je suis agé, et aye beaucoup d'anxieté et peine de sustenir ma famille.*'—i. 269.

The italics are his own. Later still he writes:—

'God send you wisdom and providence, to make a prudent use of the moneys you have from me, beside what you gett otherwise. Least repentence come to late upon you, consider that accidental charges may bee alwayes coming upon you, and the folly of depending or hoping to much upon time-turnes yet to come.'—i. 297.

Still he was no niggard, either practically or theoretically. The liberal style in which he brought up his family speaks for the one; his opinion may be gathered from the following confidence to his son:—

'I am sorry to find that the King of England (Charles II.) is fayne to reduce his howsehold expences to twelve thousand pounds p. annum, especially hee having a farre greater revenue than any of his predecessors. God keepe all honest men from penury and want; men can bee honest no longer then they can give every one his due: *in fundo parsimonia* seldome recovers or restores a man. This rule is to bee earned by all, *utere divitiis tanquam moriturus, et idem tanquam victurus parco divitiis*. So may bee avoyded sordid avarice and improvident prodigality; so shall not a man deprive himself of God's blessing, nor throwe away God's mercies; so may he be able to do good, and not suffer the worst of evils.'—i. 307.

One more proof of his sagacity in public matters must be given. He was not unlikely to foresee what attempts would be made in the reign of James II., nor willing that his grand-child should be entrapped by the insidious aggressors of those days, so he puts these two sentences together in a letter to Edward: 'The players are at the Red Lyon, hard by; and Tom goes sometimes to see a playe. *Ut filia tua educetur in religione Anglicana etiam atq. etiam cura.*' (i. 293.)

Browne is continually sending to his son odd curiosities and choice scraps, to stick into his lectures in London. Thus, in 'the discourse *de aure*,' may be mentioned how a horse-leech got into the ear of a person of Naples, and how 'Sarverinus found out a good remedie for it.*' When the *ungues* are to be treated of, in another lecture, care is taken to have it stated

* Leeches are not desirable inmates either of one's person, or one's parlour. On the front of an old house at Wymondham in Norfolk is carved the motto, 'Nec mihi glis adist serrus, nec hospes hirudo.'

that Hippocrates was so curious as to prescribe 'the rule in cutting the nayle, that it be not longer or shorter than the topp of the finger. That barbers of old used to cutt men's nayles is to be gathered from Martial: lib. iii. ep. 74.'

The savans of the College of Surgeons will appreciate the ambition of Browne and his son to be the first to describe the zoological arrivals of the day.

'A great part of our newes is of the King of Fez and Morocco's ambassadour, with his presents of Lyons and oestrigeas. [This diplomatic African, as we learn from Evelyn, was the fashionable dark-skinned lion on the day.] There being so many oestrigeas brought over, 'tis likely some of them will be brought about to shewe, hither, as soone as to other parts out of London. If any of them dye, I beleave it will bee dissected; they have odde feet and strong thighes and legges. Perhaps the king will putt 3 or 4 into St. James' Park, and give away the rest to some nobleman.'—i. 325.

One of these unhappy bipeds passes into the possession of Dr. Edward, and then father and son go to work with their experiments, about as considerably as old Hopkins the witch-finder would treat the first aged dame that he happened to accost:—

'Feb. 3 [1681-2].

'DEAR SONNE,—I beleave you must bee careful of your ostridge, this returne of cold wether, least it perish by it being bredd in so hot a countrey, and perhaps not seen snowe before, or very seldome, so that I beleave it must be kept under covert, and have strawe to sitt upon, and water sett by it to take of, both day and night. Must have it observed how it sleepeth, and whether not with the head under the wing, especially in cold weather; whether it bee a watchfull and quick-hearing bird, like a goose in many circumstances. It seems to eat any thing that a goose will feed on, and to love the same green hearbs, lettuce, endive, sorrell, &c. You will be much at a losse for hearbes this winter, butt you may have cheape and easie supply by cabbages, which I forgott to mention in my last, and graines, all kinds of graines and brinne, or furfure, alone or mixed with water or other liquor. To geese they give oates, &c., moystned with beere, butt sometimes they are inebriated with it. *If you give any iron, it may bee wrapped up in doue or past; perhaps it will not take it up alone.* You may trie whether it will eat a worrne, or a very small eel; whether it will drinke milk; and observe in what manner it drinke water. Aldrov. and Johnstonus write, that a goose will not eat bay leaves, *and that they are baa for it.* You may laye a bay leafe by the oestrige, and observe whether it will take it up. *... If it delights not in salt things, you may try it with an olive.*'—i. 326.

That is, what it hates, give it. After a short course of allopathic treatment by the two physicians, one is not surprised to read—

'**MOST HONOURED FATHER.**—I received a letter from you this day, wherein were two heads of oestriges. The bill of ours seems to be more flat than of either of those sent in the letter, and the round eare is not exprest in the figures. *Ours died of a soden*, and so hindred the drawing or delineating of the head and other parts, or making further experiments. *We gave it a peece of iron which weighed two ounces and a half*, which we found in the first stomach again not at all altered.'

Mr. Wilkin seems to think that Doctor Edward had encroached too much on his father's permission to travel. The correspondence does not impress us with that view. The Knight was desirous that his children should derive every advantage from a foreign tour. He advises economy, but is far from stingy, and insists only on industrious observation. To Thomas he writes,—'God bless thee! You may learn handsom songs and aires not by book but by the ear, as you shall hear them sung. . . I see you are mindful of us, and not idle.' (i. 16.) He only grudges what he deems to be a useless expenditure: 'Beleeve it,' he writes to Edward, 'no excursion into Pol, Hung., or Turkey, addes advantage or reputation unto a schollar' (i. 166), and directs him accordingly. Thomas he orders to be 'as good a husband as possible, and enter not upon any cours of superfluous expense. . . Remember the camell's back, and be not troubled for any thing that other ways would trouble your patience here; be courteous and civil to all; put on a decent boldness, and avoid *pudor rusticus*, not much known in France.'—i. 3.

A curious contrast of locomotion in 1662 with that of 1851 is afforded by Edward Browne's travels into the 'strange, mountainous, misty, moorish, rocky, wild country of Darbishier.' What we now quietly and comfortably do in an easy day by ordinary trains, took his 'triumvirat' a hard-working week to traverse. The first day they accomplished much, for they 'baited at Licham and layed at the King's Head in Linne. The next day morning, after the town music had saluted' them, they saw, ate, and drank all sorts of things. The journal is delightful from the high glee with which it is written. No adventure comes much amiss. The great affair of that day, however, was the passage of the Wash:—

'Taking a guide, it being somewhat late, wee desired to bee conducted in the highest way to Boston. Hee told us there were two waies to passe, either over two short cuts, or else quite over the long Wash, which latter wee chose, partly because it was the highest, but chiefly for the novelty to us of this manner of travailing at the bottome of the sea; for this passage is not

lesse convenient at a flood for navigation than at an ebbe, for riding on horseback out of Norfolk into Lincolnshire. . . . Our convoy made such haste with his flying horse, that hee landed us on the banks in Lincolnshire in less than two hours, *quite crosse this equitable sea, or navigable land*—[true chip of the old block!]*—fourteen miles in length.*—i. 23.

Edward, too, notes the dialect of Nottinghamshire. 'Very few let us passe without a good e'en, and were very ready to instruct us on our way. One told us our *wy lig'd* by *youn nooke of oakes*, and another that wee *mun goe strit forth*, which maner of speeches not only directed us, but much pleas'd us with the novelty of its dialect.' On they go, undismayed, 'up mountaine, downe dale,' shaken on the backs of their 'poore jades,' not quite so luxurious as Darwin's 'rapid car.' One of their companions was a sort of ancient Mr. Briggs, for 'a friendly bough, that had sprouted out beyond his fellows over the rode, gave our file leader such a brush of the jacket as it swept him off his horse.' Another Briggs, No. 2, was a 'most excellent conductour; who yet, for all his hast, fell over his horse's head as he was plunging into some dirty hole, but by good luck smit his face into a soft place of mud, where I suppose he had a mouth full both of dirt and rotten stick, for he seemed to us to spit crow's nest a good while after. If his jaws had met with a piece of the rock, I doubt hee would have spit his teeth as fast.' Briggs the first, trusting to fine September weather, 'came no better armed against it than with an open'd sleeved doublet, whose misfortune, though wee could doe no otherwise then much pity, as being the greatest of us all, yet it made us some sport to see what pretty waterworkes the rain had made about him; the spouting of his doublet sleeves did so resemble him to a whale that wee—that could think our self no other than fishes at that time, swimming through the ocean of water that fell—dare never come nigh him.' We dare not follow the party much further among the 'mountaineers' and the 'natives,' for as they approach 'the castle, situated upon the left buttock of the peak hill,' and prepare to see 'this place so much talk'd of, called (save your presence) by, in my judgement, no unfit appellation, considering its figure, whose picture I could wish were here inserted,' in short, as they enter the *penetralia*, the terms employed become so minutely anatomical, that we must proceed, quicker than they did, to Buxton—where they found the waters 'very hot, and judged not inferior to those of Somersetshire.' We would allow no comparison, judging by the hexameter they inspired:—

'Buxtoniis thermis vix præfero Bathoniannas.'

'And so on, and so on, till they had had enough of it. In returning, 'wee went,' in a very blinde rode, very hard to find, to Leister.' They 'intended to have viewed Ely nearer hand, but, being almost tir'd and discouraged by reason of the bad way, wee tooke over to Wisbich, riding ten miles upon a streight bank of earth, and four miles more by the side of a made river.' At last, when dying for diaculum, 'that famous city of Norwich presents itselfe to our view—Let any stranger find mee out so pleasant a county, such good way, large heath, three such places as Norwich, Yea, and Lin. in any county of England, and I'll bee once again a vagabond to visit them.'

There are two minor characters brought out by the domestic correspondence, with whom we confess to be mightily taken: good Dame Dorothy Browne and her grandson 'little Tomey,' *alias* 'Tomy,' 'Tomay,' 'Tome,' 'Tommy,' finally, 'Tom.' The lady is as loveable as ever was anybody's mother; and her spelling is 'ever charming, ever new.' Of a good family, as has been already recorded, she was of 'such symmetrical proportion to her husband, both in the graces of her body and mind, that they seemed to come together by a kind of natural magnetism.' And although Browne had expressed a wish to become a parent rather in horticultural than in human style, she brought him twelve children, doubtless in the usual way. In these her thoughts were mainly centred. When a child is absent, ever ready that they may see her writing, she slips a postscript into her husband's letter, and contrives to insert therein some bit of good advice or pleasant news. To her son Thomas she writes,—'Be sure to put your trust in God, and be civill to all that you have to doe with; all, and find out all that you can in that place; for in the sommer I beleieve your father will have you goe to some other place.' (i. 2.) 'All the servants present their loves to you, and are mighty joyd to hear of you, and will observe your commands.' (i. 5.) Little maternal kindnesses are uppermost in her mind. 'I will send your weg (wig) by the choch (coach), and the buf cotte, if I can get it.' (i. 117.) She wishes to keep up appearances, but at the same time insists on frugality. 'If you want more money, Mr. Scoltowe will latt you have it; butt bee suer to spand as little as you can. *Latt me here from you.*' (i. 117.) 'Bee as good a husband as you can posable, for you know what great charges wee are at.' (i. 119.) A request to her daughter-in-law, in London, is, 'I would desire you to by mee a painted fan; it is for a present: a bought (about) twenty shilens; *give rayther under.*' (i. 232.) The reader is already on terms of intimate acquaintanceship with Lady Browne.

As to Master Tom, we are inclined to follow

him from the beginning to the end of his story. He was the eldest child of Sir Thomas's eldest son Edward, born in London, 1672–3. Mr. Wilkins does not mention this Little Pickle in his 'Memoir,' which is supplementary to the 'Life' by Dr. Johnson; but we learn (p. cix.) that in the January subsequent to his death in 1710, by which the male line became extinct, the libraries of his father and grandfather were sold by auction, at the Black Boy Coffeehouse in Ave-Mary-Lane.

On October 17, 1676, Tommy, still in London, 'is so well as to goe to schoole to-day;' but in April, 1677, we find him safely domiciled in Norwich:—

'Little Tom is lively, God be thanked. He lyeth with Betty [his aunt, afterwards Mrs. Lyttleton]: shee takes great care of him, and gets him to bed in due time, for hee riseth early. Shee or Franck [Frances, Brown's youngest daughter] is fayne sometimes to *play him asleepe with a fiddle.* When wee send away our letters hee scribbles a paper, and will have it sent to his sister, and sayth shee doth not know how many fine things there are in Norwich.'—i. 210.

Grandmamma's visitors soon discover the way to ingratiate themselves:—

'Tomey this day has behaved himselfe so well to on Captain Le Gros, which is now come out of Flanders, as hee has presented him with a pretty picktur in a silver box. . . . *Wee thincke him a very sivell parson.*'—i. 233.

In May, 1678—

'Tom is much delighted to thinck of the guild; the maior, Mr. Davey, of Alderhollands [All-Saints] intending to live in Surrey Howse, in St. Stephen's, at that time; and there to make his entertaines; so that he (Tom) contrives what pictures to lend, and what other things to pleasure some of that parish, and his schoolmaster, who lives in that parish.'—i. 223.

Now, to justify Tommy's delightful anticipations, the reader ought to know something of the humours of Norwich guild at that date. The Guild-day was the mayor's day; the Guild-street was the street in which the mayor lived. Since 1835, when the old corporations were swept off, the antique pageantry which it has been Mr. Ewing's task to record in the Notices and Illustrations, has entirely passed away; but in the days of our childhood it yet retained a most respectable appearance. The manner in which the Guild-street was then decorated, depended much on the quarter in which the mayor resided. If his tent were pitched in the 'genteel' part of the city, the garniture was more commonplace, consisting of green boughs, triumphal arches, with a battlement of musicians, flags drooping from

ropes stretched from roof to roof, &c. &c. But if he abode in the lower wards, amidst weavers, dyers, bombazine-dressers, and the like, then, in addition to the above, the old traditional ornaments were displayed. The irons by which tapestry was suspended are still now and then to be seen; and carpets and rugs were made to serve the turn of tapestry. Pictures, and even gaudy tea-trays, were hung *outside* the house; sometimes the plate, the family spoons, and punch-ladle glittered among the wreaths of green rushes and 'sweet seg,' which were supplied in great variety. Effigies of the model couple, old Darby and Joan, emblems of domestic happiness, sat pipe in mouth with the tankard of 'fyne ypcraas,' 'claret wyne,' or perhaps only 'dobyll bere' before him. Their stature was of various proportions; colossal here, next door pigmy. Bowers of all shapes, contrived of leaves and flowers, and screening commodious benches, lined the way-side. Through this diversely-coloured avenue passed the mayor's procession to go to the 'grate chutch' (*anglice*, cathedral); after which the body corporate had to endure the infliction of a long Latin 'orracon' from one of the boys of the 'free skule.' This induced an appetite for luncheon at the Guildhall in the Market Place, and heightened by contrast the pleasures of the day, which concluded with a feast (such a feast!) in St. Andrew's Hall, and a ball at the Assembly rooms. But 'Tomey' was too young to go to the dinner, though his grandfather, we may be sure, occupied an honourable seat; and there were no Assembly Rooms in 1678. Tom would be awed by the superb costumes of the mayor, the aldermen, and the sword bearers; he might tremble—or not—at the grave dignity of the common councilmen; but he would enjoy an exciting mixture of terror and delight at the onslaughts of 'the Whiffers' and the threatening advances of 'Snap.'

The Whiffers were a set of men, clad in a quaint dress, of similar style to that of the Pope's Swiss guards, whose office it was to clear the crowd from before the carriage of 'the Mar.' This was effected by means of blunt swords, with which, in stern silence and a fierce countenance, they made apparently the most desperate cuts at the populace. Whiffing is, or was, as much a matter of practice and skill as fencing. The whiffer who *hit* his mark would lose his reputation as completely as the archer who missed it. But we suppose this will soon be catalogued amongst the lost arts. It used to be hereditarily handed down, and taught by the father to the son. A Whiffer still survives under the metamorphosis of a night-watch; whether his hand has altogether lost its cunning we cannot say.

'Snap' was the undoubted though degenerate descendant of the Dragon, that insulted the Lady, that was righted by St. George, that was patron of the principal Guild. In early days, Mr. Ewing informs us, the knight himself,

'clad in complete and glittering armour, well mounted, and attended by his henchman, was ordered by his worship the mayor "to maintain his estate for two days, and hold conflict with the dragon;" which, after much turmoil, amidst the braying of trumpets, the antics of the whiffers, and the shouts of the populace, was conquered and led captive by the Lady Margaret. She, too, mounted on her palfrey, richly caparisoned and led by her henchman, was welcomed from the windows and balconies by the waving of kerchiefs, the fluttering of flags and ancients, the ringing of church bells, the firing of cannon, and the music of the city waits and other minstrels.'—*Notices*, &c., p. i.

The extracts from Mackrell's MS. History of Norwich tell us that 'the last Dragon was made but a few years ago, and was so contrived as to spread and clap his wings, distend or contract its head: it was made of basket-work, and painted cloath over it.' *Idem*. p. 21. In such guise did it make its annual appearance previous to the corporation revolutions of 1835. In our days Snap had acquired the additional right of levying blackmail on the bystanders, and had learned the clever trick of swallowing half-pence in any quantity. Whether the utter suppression of these amusing gauds was quite discreet and in accordance with popular taste, may be surmised from the success attending the late allegorical processions on Lord Mayor's-day in London. We suppose the Archbishop of Westminster will do his best to supply the deficiency in the provinces in *his* way. On which side our 'Tommy' would have voted, is not difficult to guess—Tommy 'much a man' in his new 'cott' and 'brichis,' which he 'meanes to war carfully,' but nevertheless venturing within reach of Snap and the Whiffers. Her Majesty's late fancy ball ought to have been enriched by a Sir Thomas and Lady Browne, attended by their hopeful Tom.

Tom's sequel was to become an M.D. and an F.R.S., to get married, but to leave no children. Le Neve's pedigree records him as 'an ingenious gent,—but who afterwards gave himself up to drinking so much that he died, A.D. 1710, by a fall off his horse, going from Gravesend to his house in Southfleet in Kent, being drunk and up all night.' But as Le Neve commits the error of stating that Sir Thomas was buried in *Norwich Cathedral* and at a wrong date, we may fairly give Tommy's memory the benefit of a doubt as to the truth of the aforesaid story. At any rate,

with him the male line ended. Not so either the blood, the whim, or the talent. Sir Thomas's daughter Anne had a daughter Frances, whose eldest son Henry, 10th Earl of Buchan, was the father of the late Earl, David, of picturesque memory; also of Henry Erskine, the elegant and witty Lord Advocate of Scotland under *all the talents*, and of the inimitable Thomas, Lord Chancellor of England. Other branches of this goodly tree are still flourishing, and may yet put forth both flowers and fruit. The Brownean blood cannot be all turned to water.

The latest particulars which the biographer of Sir Thomas is enabled to give, are very remarkable. On the occasion of making a vault in the church of St. Peter's to receive the remains of a clergyman's wife, the workmen broke open with a pick-axe the coffin of

'one whose residence within its walls conferred honour on Norwich in olden times. The bones of the skeleton were found to be in good preservation, particularly those of the skull; *the forehead was remarkably low and depressed, the head unusually long, the back part exhibiting an uncommon appearance of depth and capaciousness*; the brain was considerable in quantity, quite brown and unctuous; the hair profuse and perfect, of a fine auburn, similar to that in the portrait presented to the parish by Dr. Howman, and which is *carefully preserved in the vestry of St. Peter's Mancroft*.'

Another account adds—

'The hair of the beard remained profuse and perfect, though the flesh of the face, as well as every other part, was totally gone.'

The parishioners may carefully preserve the picture, but they were careless to preserve the original; for the head was removed. It passed into the possession of the late Dr. Edward Lubbock, and was by him eventually *presented* (!) to the Museum of the Norwich Hospital, where it remains for the inspection of the curious, and subject to the reverent remarks of medical students who dabble in phrenology. A few casts of the skull were taken, one of which we have seen. As in the case of Byron, so this example by no means tends to further Mr. George Combe's mission. In it, the bumps of Causality, Ideality, Comparison, the Perceptive faculties, and even Benevolence and Veneration, are sadly deficient. Browne ought not to have been,—he had no business to be,—an acute observer, a fanciful speculator, a brilliant essayist, an amiable physician, a considerate thoughtful *paterfamilias*. He ought to have been a glutton, a sensualist, irascible and selfish, and, if not quite an idiot, a very every-day sort of body. He most clearly had no right to enter

in his commonplace book any such sentences as these, being by his organization incapable of feeling them:—

'To pray and magnify God in the night, and my dark bed, when I could not sleep: to know no street or passage in this city which may not witness that I have not forgot God and my Saviour in it. Since the necessities of the sick, and unavoidable diversions of my profession, keep me often from church, yet to take all possible care that I might never miss sacraments upon their accustomed days. Upon sight of beautiful persons, to bless God in his creatures, to pray for the beauty of their souls, and to enrich them with inward graces to be answerable unto the outward. Upon sight of deformed persons, to send them inward graces, and enrich their souls, and give them the beauty of the resurrection.'—iv. 420–1.

After this, what shall we think of phrenological tests? Who, now, will fix upon a wife, a friend, or a confidential servant, by the application of callipers to their *crania*?

But there may have been a mistake; the wrong coffin may have been opened.—No: for

'The coffin-plate, which was also broken, was of brass, in the form of a shield, and it bore the following quaint inscription:—

*Amplissimus Vir
Dns Thomas Browne Miles Medecine
Dr Annos Natus 77 Denatus 19 Die
Mensis Octobris Anno Dni 1682 hoc
Loculo indormiens Corporis spagy-
rici Pulvere Plumbum in Aurum
convertit.*

All this happened in August, 1840.—We ask not who was the churchwarden—but what were the reverend superiors about!—Did *they* authorize Dr. Lubbock to *present* the skull to the hospital? Were the noble Buchans left in ignorance as to the rude discovery and still worse after-treatment of their famous ancestor's relics?

To conclude with a more pleasant topic:—we beg once more to thank Mr. Wilkin for this excellent edition—the labour of many zealous years. It is probable that Sir T. Browne's works will be even more interesting to future generations of Englishmen, than to the present; and if so, they will be duly grateful to this gentleman for his diligent and able illustration of the old 'light of Norwich.'

ART. VI.—*The Lexington Papers; or some Account of the Courts of London and Vienna at the conclusion of the Seventeenth Century; extracted from the Official and Private Correspondence of Robert Sutton, Lord Lexington, British Minister at Vienna, 1694—1698.* Selected from the Originals at Kelham, and edited, with Notes, by the Hon. H. Manners Sutton, 8vo. 1851.

THIS title-page hardly does justice to the contents of the volume, which relate not merely to the Courts of London and Vienna, but, quite as much, to those of Paris and Madrid, and indeed of most of the minor powers of Europe. Nor is it what can be exactly called an *account* of any of those Courts—it is something better. It used to be, and we suppose still is, one of the prescribed duties of diplomatic agents at Foreign Courts to communicate to each other privately, or rather semi-officially, such information as to passing events as might even collaterally have any relation to their respective missions; and they also, besides their public and strictly official dispatches, have private and in general more really important communications with the Secretary of State at home. In the year 1694 Robert Sutton, second Lord Lexington, was appointed Envoy Extraordinary to the Court of Vienna, and then and there commenced that semi-official correspondence with his principals in London and his colleagues at most of the European Courts, of extracts from which this interesting volume is composed, and in which, though military movements and diplomatic affairs have of course the larger share, there is no inconsiderable intermixture of lighter matters—personal anecdotes—sketches of character—the news, the gossip, and even the scandal of the day.

Before we go farther, our readers will be glad to know something about Lord Lexington himself, of whom we dare say the majority of them have never heard—and we can tell them no more than we find in the editor's prefatory memoir.

Robert Sutton, Esq., of Averham, in Nottinghamshire, a distinguished cavalier—though we do not recollect his name in Clarendon—was created Baron of Lexington* by Charles I. in 1645, during the great Rebellion, but the Parliament refused to acknowledge the title; and there is in the State Paper Office a petition to the House of Commons originally signed *Lexington*—but this signature is erased and that of *Robert Sutton* substituted. He died in 1668, and was succeeded by his only son, then, it appears, about six or seven years old,

* He was descended in the female line from a Baron of *Lexington* of the time of Henry III. Sir Harris Nicolas's *Synopsis* spells both these titles *Lexinton*.

who served while young in the army, but made his first public appearance in the Conventional Parliament in 1689, when he voted for the joint sovereignty of the Prince and Princess of Orange, and was very soon employed by King William in diplomatic missions, and sworn of the Privy Council. He was appointed a gentleman of the Horse (Equerry) to Princess Anne, but on her difference with the King, in 1692, Lord Lexington took part with William, resigned his place in the Princess's family, and was soon after appointed a Lord of the King's Bed-chamber. Early in 1694 he was sent Envoy Extraordinary to Vienna, where he remained during the two or three critical years that preceded the unsatisfactory and short-lived treaty of Ryswick, upon the conclusion of which, in the winter of 1697, he, at his own desire, returned to England, leaving his kinsman and Secretary Mr. Sutton (afterwards Sir Robert—so disagreeably celebrated by Pope), resident minister. It was thought at the time that he was destined to replace the Duke of Shrewsbury or Sir William Trumbull, both of whom were desirous of being relieved from the office of Secretary of State—the Duke especially being dissatisfied with the terms of the treaty, but still more with the mode in which it had been conducted by the King himself and his Dutch Counsellors, with very little communication with the English ministry. But this arrangement did not take place. Shrewsbury was persuaded to postpone his resignation, and Mr. Vernon, who had been the Duke's Private Secretary—to the surprise of everybody—but probably as a propitiation to his Grace, whose co-operation was at that moment very important—succeeded Trumbull. Lord Lexington was, however, soon after made one of the Lords of Trade, but continued his services as a Lord of the Bedchamber, and was in attendance when King William expired. On this Mr. Sutton observes:—

'Smollett states that "Lords Lexington and Scarborough, who were in waiting, no sooner perceived that the King was dead than they ordered Ronjat to untie from his arm a black ribbon, to which was affixed a ring, containing some hair of the late Queen Mary!" It is difficult to conceive an adequate motive for this act, which, in the absence of any explanation, would appear to be one of ill-timed and heartless curiosity.'—p. 6.

The editor accordingly seems inclined to disbelieve the story, as 'totally at variance with Lord Lexington's general character.' Smollett only reproduces it as already told by Tindal—we know neither on what authority Tindal had relied, nor how it was ascertained that the ring, if any ring there was, contained the hair of *Queen Mary*; but surely it would be nothing

more than a strict act of respect and duty to take into safe custody for the moment any jewel or valuable object that the King might have about him, even if he had desired (which is not stated) to have it ultimately buried with him.

The earlier part of Queen Anne's reign Lord Lexington seems to have passed in retirement, probably from some unpleasant remembrance of the former difference, of which, no doubt, the Duchess of Marlborough, who was the principal cause of it, retained, as was her wont, a lively recollection and resentment. But after the disgrace of the Duchess, and when the new ministry had determined to bring about the peace ultimately concluded at Utrecht, Lord Lexington was employed in the collateral negotiations at Madrid, where he obtained from Philip V. that celebrated renunciation for himself and his successors of all claims to the Crown of France, the effect and validity of which have become, by the recent alliance of the houses of Spain and Orleans, of revived importance, or we should perhaps rather say of *debate*—for we do not see how that contract can affect circumstances wholly extraneous to it.

During this mission Lord Lexington's health and spirits were broken down by the loss of his only son, who had accompanied him to Madrid, and who died there in October, 1713, at the age of seventeen. The following extraordinary anecdotes of the inhuman bigotry then exercised in Spain have a peculiar and more than historical interest at the present moment, when the principles of 'toleration and of civil and religious liberty' are so impudently pleaded to justify and promote the extension of popery amongst us :—

'At that time the burial of a Protestant in Spain was attended with great difficulty; and even the high station of the British ambassador afforded no security that the remains of his son would be suffered to rest in peace, if committed to the earth at Madrid. On a previous occasion, when one of his domestics had died, Lord Lexington had found it necessary to conceal, rather than to bury, the body in his garden, and even this precaution had failed to preserve the corpse from disturbance and insult.

'Mr. Stanhope, also, when British minister, had experienced similar or even greater difficulties in the burial of his chaplain, who died there in 1691. On this occasion, although the previous consent of the authorities had been obtained, and the body was quietly buried in a field by night, the grave was violated, the coffin broken open, and the corpse insulted and mutilated; it was in this state returned to Mr. Stanhope, who was forced to bury it in his cellar.*

* Lord Mahon's 'Court of Spain,' p. 24. His Lordship gives no explanatory note of this strange transaction; but we surmise from the mention in subsequent letters of a certain *alcaldé*, who had been

'Warned therefore by his own experience, and by that of his predecessor, Lord Lexington determined to transmit the body of his only son to the burial-place of his ancestors in Nottinghamshire.

'The corpse was concealed in a bale of cloth, and safely, but with great difficulty, conveyed to England. It had always been supposed that the remains had been finally interred at Averham; but in 1842, when the vault at Kelham, which was built for Lord Lexington himself, was opened for the funeral of one of his descendants, the late Lord Manners, a coffin was discovered, which, unlike the others, bore no inscription. It was carefully opened; and although nearly 130 years had elapsed since it was first placed in the ground, the body within was in so remarkable a state of preservation, that its identity was at once determined by the resemblance of the features to the picture of Lord Lexington's son, which is now in the gallery at Kelham.'—p. 8.

We are tempted to extract another anecdote on the same subject from Lord Mahon's publication. Mr. Stanhope writes to his son James :—

'Mr. Freeman [we presume an English *attaché*, or amanuensis] left us on Sunday. The same day I engaged in his place a Swiss Protestant, a jeweller, formerly recommended to me by your friend Raab, who going from me last night to his old lodging, promising to return and bring his trunk next morning to stay for altogether; he not coming at his hour, I sent to see what was become of him, and Mr. Champion found the officers of the Holy Office registering what little [property] he had, and they told him the person he inquired after was carried away prisoner by six that morning, by orders of the Inquisition—never, as I suppose, to be heard of more; and everybody tells me I have no remedy.'—*Court of Spain*, p. 21.

We conclude the poor Switzer's original crime of being a heretic had been now intolerably aggravated in the minds of the Inquisition, by the audacity of entering the service of a heretic envoy. It is one of the main boasts of the Church of Rome that it is *semper eadem*. We admit it—and leave our readers—and wish we could persuade our statesmen—to draw the obvious conclusion from the foregoing premises.

On the death of his son Lord Lexington returned to England. He was severely censured in the report of Mr. Walpole's committee for his share in the much and unjustly vilified treaty of Utrecht, but his known adherence to the principles of the Revolution prevented his being included in the greater

dismissed for some (unstated) disrespect to Mr. Stanhope, that the violation of the grave may have been the offense of this *alcaldé*, thus disavowed and punished by his Government. Mr. Stanhope, it appears, interceded for his restoration.

severities of the Whig reaction. He passed all his ensuing years in retirement at Averham, and died there on the 19th of September, 1723, in the 63rd year of his age. Never, we believe, was a public man of anything like equal station and services so long and so utterly forgotten—and so he would no doubt have remained but for the recent discovery of his MSS. 'in the partially concealed closets of Kelham, the seat of his descendant Mr. Manners Sutton, M.P. for Newark, where they had been for a long series of years buried in dust—their existence not having been suspected by the present generation, nor even by the last.'

These papers, so unexpectedly brought to light, consists chiefly of Lord Lexington's correspondence during his two missions to Vienna and Madrid; the former only of which is produced in this volume, now edited by another of his descendants, the Hon. Henry Manners Sutton. Lord Lexington's daughter and heiress married the third Duke of Rutland;—her second son, Lord George Manners, succeeded to the Lexington estates, and assumed the name of Sutton in addition to that of Manners. Dr. Manners Sutton, late Archbishop of Canterbury, was a younger son of Lord George—father of the first Viscount Canterbury—and grandfather of the present lord and of the editor of these papers, who was for some time M.P. for Cambridge, and Under-Secretary of State for the Home Department in Sir Robert Peel's last administration.

Amidst the numerous instances which every day present themselves of abuse of the name, and neglect of the duties, of *editor*, it is satisfactory to have now and then an opportunity of commendation. It appears to us that Mr. Manners Sutton has edited his ancestor's correspondence with sagacity and good taste.

There is obviously considerable difficulty in dealing with such masses of correspondence, too voluminous and probably too antiquated to be printed in *extenso*. The present times are not very curious about obsolete diplomacy or strategy—which, however important in their day, and while the result is doubtful, become, like a hand at whist, of no interest when the game is won or lost, unless indeed to afford a stray professional criticism as to the mode in which it had been played. 'When the event is foreknown,' as Johnson says of the argumentative reasoning in Prior's Solomon, 'the process by which it is reached is not much regarded.' In truth all, or almost all, that is worth remembering of such matters has, in most cases, already passed into history, and whatever of novelty or amusement is to be derived from such publications will be found, generally speaking, in matters of a more per-

sonal and social and, in short, anecdotal character.

Mr. Sutton has evidently followed in this matter, as well as (luckily for his readers) in others, the precedent of the interesting volume of extracts from the correspondence of Mr. Alexander Stanhope (minister at Madrid while Lord Lexington was at Vienna) which his descendant, Lord Mahon, published some years since under the title of 'The Court of Spain under Charles II.' There are, however, two considerable objections to this mode of *selected* publication:—the first is that it leaves the evidence too much in the power of an editor and liable to the influence of his prejudices or predilections—but for that there is no remedy; for even a publication professing to be in *extenso* is still liable to be garbled, and we must in both cases depend in some degree on the character of the editor: but the second objection is more special—that is, the inevitable want of a connected narrative and of a continuous interest; one reads, as the French term it, *à bâtons rompus*, and the isolated or as it were amputated extracts have a vague and even bewildering effect. Every page or half page may open a new scene and fresh personages, amongst which, even with the help of the most zealous and judicious editor, one runs some risk of being distracted and wearied. Lord Mahon's 'Court of Spain' does not altogether escape from this difficulty:—though it has the advantage of being all from the same pen, and dealing in a great degree with the same localities, subjects, and personages, yet every reader, we believe, will have wished for more of his Lordship's explanatory notes; but the Lexington correspondence was of a wider scope, embracing the whole face of Europe, and the extracts from it must necessarily produce more frequent and wider chasms, and require, therefore, a more constant and copious commentary. This Mr. Sutton has supplied with laudable diligence and general success; and yet we suspect that the ordinary reader will still desiderate a more concentrated and continuous interest. This difficulty suggested to us a momentary doubt whether it might not have been better to have classed the extracts (as Coxe did the Shrewsbury Correspondence) under the several heads or Courts to which they related—but we soon saw that this would be impracticable; as the same extract sometimes deals with very different and distant subjects;—and we are finally satisfied that Mr. Manners Sutton has taken the most judicious, indeed we might say the only, possible course in presenting the documents in the chronological order in which they were written, even at the disadvantage of shifting the scene so frequently and so suddenly from Stockholm

to Turin, or from Whitehall to Constantinople.

After this preface we need hardly say that our specimens of the work must be of the most desultory character. We can neither compose out of it an historical narrative, nor combine a political theory, but must endeavour to select a few passages that may give our readers a fair sample of the general character of the volume. The Grecian pedant was laughed at for producing a brick as a specimen of his house. We must do the same, but with a better reason—for our materials are themselves only bricks.

The very first letter which Lord Lexington writes from Zell on his road to Vienna is remarkable. It is addressed to William Blathwayt, Esq., then in the subordinate office of Secretary-at-War, and not even a Privy Counsellor, but who in Holland, where he accompanied the King, was always, and even in London was frequently, but most unconstitutionally, invested with the duties of a Secretary of State, under the immediate and personal direction of William himself. We notice this the rather because Archdeacon Coxe, whose Shrewsbury Papers are full of complaints of the King's reserve and inattention towards his constitutional advisers in England, mentions Mr. Blathwayt very cursorily as *one of the King's private Secretaries*—apparently a trivial misnomer, but in fact a very serious misapprehension of the true state of affairs. How Mr. Blathwayt, who had been Secretary-at-War before the Revolution, came to be still so confidentially trusted by King William, is nowhere—that we know of—explained; but there can be no doubt that he was thus employed as a substitute for the Secretary of State, in order to keep the real conduct of affairs in the hands of the King himself and his Dutch favourites, whose acts the Ministers in England were subsequently forced—often very reluctantly—to cover with their official responsibility. A striking instance of these irregular proceedings occurs very early in the volume. Louis XIV. endeavoured about the close of 1694 to open a separate negotiation with King William by sending to Maestricht MM. de Callières and de Harlai, secretly authorised to propose certain terms of peace; and William, without any notice to his English Cabinet, placed these gentlemen in communication with the Dutch ministers, Pensionary Heinsius and M. de Dyckveldt. The negotiations ultimately failed, and the French gentlemen were dismissed, and then Heinsius wrote to acquaint Lord Lexington with the circumstance—that he might prevent the Court of Vienna taking umbrage at a negotiation from which it and the other allies seemed to be excluded. Lord Lexington of course, in his

correspondence with the Secretary of State at home, took notice of this affair, which produced from the Duke of Shrewsbury a confession and complaint that this was the first he had ever heard of it. After saying that the Queen's death prevented his talking to the King on business, he continues—

'I am so great a stranger to all proceedings that perhaps you will wonder at it—having never had the least light or intimation of this treaty from any of the ministers abroad, except what I have received from your Lordship, or been acquainted with the particulars of it from anybody at home; so I am very glad to find you are furnished from *other hands* with what to answer upon the meeting at Maestricht. Had you expected any information, or to have been helped with an excuse from *me*, I must have assured your Lordship that it is what I am now as much acquainted with as any gentleman that lives in the country, having never heard otherwise of it than as they may do in news-letters.—p. 40.

Well may the editor say, that 'in the Foreign Policy of England the ostensible ministers of the crown had but little share.'

That first letter also gives us a glimpse of one of the most romantic and mysterious stories of modern times, on one point at least of which we can supply an explanation that has escaped the editor's research. It is that of the celebrated Count Königsmark, a Swedish nobleman, who, after a visit of some years' duration at the Court of the Elector of Hanover, father of George I., suddenly disappeared, and was never more seen nor, indeed, distinctly heard of—and it is only in a corner of Horace Walpole's *Reminiscences* published a hundred and twenty years after the event that (as far as we know) any *authentic* traces of his fate are to be found. Walpole's account, derived from his father, who had it from Queen Caroline, who herself was the confidante of George II., is to this effect:—Königsmark—the same, Walpole thought, so famous or rather infamous for the assassination of Mr. Thynne of Longleat—had, while at Hanover, managed to make himself agreeable to Sophia Dorothea of Zell, wife of the Electoral Prince (afterwards George I.) and mother of George II. Though she was very handsome, the Electoral Prince was very inconstant and had several mistresses. This provocation and his frequent absences with the army of the Confederates, disposed the Princess to listen to Königsmark's adventurous proposals of *retaliation*, and she at least showed him a degree of favour that excited suspicion, and induced the old Elector to forbid him his Court. The night previous to his intended departure it is certain that the Princess received him in *her bed-chamber*. 'George II., who loved his mother as much as he hated his father,' and always asserted her innocence,

attempted to soften this part of the story by saying, that she was persuaded by the ladies about her—*creatures of her husband*—to commit this indiscretion, which, after all, was *only* allowing Konigsmark to *kiss her hand*. Whatever may be thought of this version, it is certain that from the moment that Konigsmark left the Princess's presence he disappeared—nor, though there were vehement suspicions that he had been made away with, was there any certainty as to what had become of him till after the death of George I., on the new King's first journey to Hanover, the body of Konigsmark was discovered under the floor of the Princess's dressing room—the Count having probably been strangled there the instant he left her, and his body thus secreted. The discovery even then was carefully hushed up, and George II. never divulged the secret except to Queen Caroline. The Queen seems to have led Walpole to suppose that the discovery of the body was made *accidentally* in the progress of some alterations in the palace. It is much more probable that George II. had, if not a positive knowledge, at least some suspicions of the fact, which he lost no time in verifying, and of course in relieving his favourite residence from such a disagreeable deposit.

We have no doubt that Walpole has repeated accurately George II.'s account of the transaction itself; but it appears that he, and almost everybody else, has made a most extraordinary preliminary mistake—no less a one than of the identity of the victim. There were published here anonymously a few years ago certain *Memoirs of Sophia Dorothea*—(2 vols. 8vo., 1845)—in which we have an apologetical or rather panegyric history of the Princess, most absurdly written and most wretchedly reasoned, and though affecting to be founded on documentary evidence, in truth, of no historical value at all beyond letting us know the palliations with which the Princess—in some dialogues written during her long imprisonment, and filling the second volume—could represent her own case; and which are, as might be expected, in the tone of George II.'s version, but to our mind still more strongly indicative of guilt; for she confesses that at her last meeting with Konigsmark she had arranged an attempt to escape with him next day from Hanover—only, as she says, to *her cousins at Wolfenbittel*; but when such an elopement happens we can better guess *how* than *where* it will end. But the point for which we refer to this trashy book is that it states, and so far we suppose it may be trusted, that the Konigsmark killed at Hanover, was not the person tried in England for the assassination of Mr. Thynne; *this* latter was Count *Charles John*; the former, a younger brother, Count *Philip Christopher*, who at

the time of Mr. Thynne's murder was in England, under the care of an English tutor. Charles John died in the Morea in 1686. Philip's exit was in 1694; so at least we gather from the date prefixed to one of the Princess's dialogues, for we have no where else seen the date of his tragedy.

This was only a few months before Lord Lexington's mission; and about that time the Countess Anrora de Konigsmark, the beautiful and fascinating sister of the missing gallant, had become the mistress of the Elector of Saxony (by whom she was, in 1696, mother of the celebrated Marshal Saxe); and through her influence, no doubt, the Elector of Saxony addressed to the Court of Hanover inquiries as to the fate of Count Philip, which appears to have been so seriously embarrassing to the Elector, that King William personally desired Lord Lexington to offer his mediation to get rid of the question:—

'Lord Lexington to Mr. Blathwayt.

'Zell, Sept. 18, 1694.

'The King was pleased to command me, when I came away, that, if I had an opportunity, I should offer his good offices at Hanover towards satisfying the Elector of Saxony about this Konigsmark, which I have done; and the Elector bids me say that he thinks himself mightily obliged to his Majesty for the kind offer, though there are hopes that there may be no occasion for it; their Minister at Saxony giving them so good assurances from the Elector, and by his order, that he was satisfied with the answer from Hanover; though Banners still continues to press for a more positive one what was become of that fellow, and says it is by his master's orders, so one does not know what to make of it; but I find this, that here we have no mind to own any knowledge what is become of him, though in confidence to one's best friends, and after so kind an offer; but I think one need not trouble oneself much about him, for I dare swear he is safe enough.'—pp. 10, 11.

The mystery which we see thus hung over the transaction makes us the more inclined to believe George II.'s statement that Konigsmark was secretly strangled and buried—perhaps by a refinement of vengeance—in the lady's dressing-room, than the assertion in the *'Memoirs and Dialogue,'* of the Princess, that there was a long scene of violence and butchery in which many persons were concerned, which attracted notice both inside and outside the palace, and which could hardly, therefore, have long remained a secret.

A kind of divorce was pronounced by a court held at Hanover, with the consent of the lady, as appears by the letters of Mr. Cressett (our minister at the Court of Zell) to Lord Lexington; but it did not release her from the custody of her husband, who kept her

for near thirty-two years in confinement, she dying only a few months before him; and the duchy of Zell, of which she was heiress, remaining annexed to the electorate. It was long believed that Konigsmark's ghost haunted the palace where we now know his body lay—and Mr. Cressett, in a subsequent letter, relates that it was supposed to have appeared on so incongruous an occasion as the ballet at a court opera. The obscurities and mistakes which have so long hung round this strange story induced us to go into the foregoing details; but our readers will see by this specimen, that if *extracts* of this nature were to be fully elucidated, there is some risk that, like Sir John Cutler's stockings, the darning would at last supersede the original fabric.

The first event of any public importance that we meet is the death of Queen Mary. Considering William's cold temper and habitually harsh treatment of his wife, and above all the notoriety and long continuance of his intrigue with Lady Orkney, which gave Mary great uneasiness during her life, and was the subject of even a death-bed and unavailing remonstrance, we have always had some difficulty in believing the sincerity of such extravagant sorrow as Burnet attributes to William on this occasion;—but the letters of Lord Lexington's correspondents go quite as far as the zealous Bishop. Mr. Vernon writes:—

‘Whitehall, Dec. 25, 1694.

‘Here has been an universal concern for Her Majesty's indisposition, but none more sensible of it than the King, who would never be persuaded to lie out of the Queen's bedchamber, and therefore had his field bed brought in thither, to be at hand and ready upon all occasions to assist her.’

The Duke of Shrewsbury says, on the 28th, the day of the Queen's death:—

‘About a week since, Her Majesty was taken with an indisposition which seemed at first but slight, but turned afterwards to the small-pox, and that of so fatal a kind, that as soon as the physicians agreed that to be her disease, their apprehensions for her life grew very great; and ill symptoms increasing upon her, it pleased God this morning, about one of the clock, to take her out of this world. Never did grief appear more general in a town, or more real sorrow in a court; and His Majesty's afflictions have been so passionate, and the neglect of his health so great, that it has given too just grounds for that request the Lords and Commons have made to him to take more care of his own person.’

Mr. Vernon too writes, of the same date:

‘My Lord President was then sent from the Council to His Majesty, to desire he would have some consideration of his own health; which

was very necessary advice, since His Majesty has so much neglected himself since the Queen's first falling ill. It was but two nights since that he has been persuaded to lie out of her bedchamber, and then he would only remove to the next room. He has scarce got any sleep or taken any nourishment, and there is hardly any instance of so passionate a sorrow as the King has been overtaken with, which seemed excessive while life yet lasted, and 'tis risen to a greater degree since; so that he can hardly bear the sight of those that were most agreeable to him before. He had some fits like fainting yesterday, but to-day they have prevailed on him to bleed.’—pp. 34, 35.

All this certainly would appear to confirm Burnet's statement, but we confess that it does not altogether convince us. There can be no doubt that William was very much disturbed by Mary's death—partly, perhaps, from conjugal affection, which is sometimes (as it so remarkably was in the case of George II.) combined with gross conjugal infidelity—but probably still more from anxiety as to its effect on his political position; and we cannot but suspect that there was a parade of devotion to Mary's memory, of which the chief motive was to prolong, as it were, her influence on the public mind, and to ingratiate the *monocracy* of William with the Parliament and the country, to whom he had never been personally acceptable. This conjecture is corroborated by the conciliatory measures that were immediately adopted towards the Princess Anne, who, though she had previously been on the worst possible terms with the King, was on this occasion persuaded to write, says Mr. Vernon,

‘a very submissive letter to the King, so that she is entirely disposed to be wholly governed by his Majesty; and there is no prospect for any to build their hopes upon a division of those who so well understand how much it is their interest to be united.’

On which the editor remarks:—

‘It is said that the letter referred to by Mr. Vernon was written by the Princess at the instance of Lord Sunderland, who, in thus effecting a reconciliation between the King and his sister-in-law, rendered an important service to the former, for the title of *William to the Crown had become even more defective than before, by the death of the Queen.*’—Note, p. 39.

We moreover see reason to suspect that it was with the same design of keeping alive the public feeling towards the Queen, that a most extraordinary delay of her funeral occurred. She died the 28th. of December. Mr. Vernon, on the 4th of January, writes to Lord Lexington, that it was intended that she should be

buried within a fortnight, but it was put off from time to time on various pretences, till the 5th of March—that is, near *ten* weeks, instead of *three*. Are we unreasonable in supposing that this unparalleled delay must have had some political spring?—Nor does the concurrence of Burnet, Shrewsbury, and Vernon weigh much with us, for they were parties to the King's policy, if policy there was; and this was just the occasion of which we may venture to say—

Regis ad exemplar vultus componitur omnis.

To this cause also may be not unreasonably attributed some degree at least of the extraordinary celebration of the Queen by all the poets who were or who ambitioned to be well at Court. It was so profuse as to excite the notice of those who did not suspect any political motive. 'The death of Queen Mary,' says Johnson in his *Life of Prior*, 'produced a subject for all the writers; perhaps no funeral was ever so poetically attended. Dryden, indeed, as a man discountenanced and deprived, was silent; but *scarcely any other maker of verse* omitted to bring his tribute of tuneful sorrow. An emulation of elegy was universal. *Maria's* praise was not confined to the English language, but fills a great part of the *Musæ Anglianae*. Prior, who was both a poet and a courtier, was too diligent to miss this opportunity of respect. He wrote a long ode, which was presented to the King, by whom it was not likely to be ever read.' Prior was at this period Secretary of Embassy at the Hague, and one of the most affectionate and familiar of Lord Lexington's correspondents, to whom he professed a decent sorrow for the Queen; but it was not very poignant, for we find that she had been dead above two months before he thought of his serious tribute to her memory.

'Mr. Prior to Lord and Lady Lexington.

'Hague, March 1, 1695.

'I am as yet so afflicted for the death of our dear mistress, that I cannot express it in bad verse, as all the world here does; all that I have done was to-day on Scheveling Sands, with the point of my sword:—

'Number the sands extended here;
So many Mary's virtues were:
Number the drops that yonder roll;
So many griefs press William's soul.'—p. 63.

We must recollect that a sword was then, and for near a century later, a part of a gentleman's ordinary dress. It would not have diminished Prior's poetical reputation if he had suffered the next tide to have quietly obliterated all recollection of these affected mus-

ings *κατὰ θνατὸν δακρυόεντες*—which are now worth quoting only to mark that the courtly topic of the moment was the king's excessive grief. Another, however, of Prior's letters leaves no doubt that on one point at least his own regret was sincere:—

'Since the horrid loss of her Majesty, at naming of which my Lord will sigh and my Lady will cry, I protest I have written nothing but nonsense, which is a present I humbly offer to some of my correspondents, but it is so not very proper for you. Upon this occasion I have lost my senses and 100*l.* a year, which is something for a philosopher of my circumstances.'—p. 46.

He had, it seems, a small office in the Queen's establishment—probably that which Johnson erroneously calls *Gentleman of the King's Bedchamber*. His grief, however, whatever it may have been, was very soon alleviated by some 'hopes of promotion'—and he proceeds in a strain that reminds us of the pleasantry in Steele's play, where the undertaker reproaches his men with negligence and ingratitude: 'I pay you,' he says, 'for looking dismal; and the more I pay you, the merrier you look:—

'I have given notice of this cruel change to the States and Ministers here, in a long trailing cloak and a huge band, the one quite dirty with this thaw, the other really slubbered with my tears. I am so much in earnest in this sad affair, that people think I am something very considerable in England, that have such a regard to the public, and it makes me cry afresh when they ask me in what county my lands are. Whether this proceeds from loyalty or interest God knows—but I have truly cried a basin full. *Je n'en puis plus*; 'tis impossible for me to tell you the sorrow that reigns universally in Holland: these people, who never had any passions before are now touched, and marble weeps.'—p. 47.

Stepney, another, though minor poet, just appointed minister at Dresden, was also a correspondent of Lord Lexington's, and he too thought it necessary to put his muse into court mourning, in an elaborate poem which was published in the *London Gazette* of the 11th March, 1695, and is really not without merit; but he confesses to Lord Lexington that 'with the beggarly impudence of a poet' he took this occasion 'of reminding Lord Portland of a gold medal and chain which that lord had promised him four years before, for his poem on the *king's voyage*, and which he had never yet seen' (p. 73). Moreover, a month before the gazetted poem Stepney celebrated the king's grief in a way that seems to leave little doubt that he had been invited to take up that theme, and that he was laughing at it in his sleeve:—

'I have several elegies from good hands on the Queen's death, which I will forward to Vienna for the Ladies' entertainment when I get to Dresden. I have had no time to settle to it, and could only hammer out one distich upon the Queen's dying resolutely and the King's grieving immoderately, which is as follows:—

So greatly Mary died and William grieves,
You'd think the hero gone, the woman lives—

Which a friend has thus burlesqued:—

Sure death's a Jacobite that thus bewitches:
His soul wears petticoats, and hers the breeches;
Alas! alas! we've err'd in our commanders,
Will should have knotted and Moll gone for Flanders.'

This doggrel seems to realise the old dramatic paradox, 'a lamentable tragedy full of pleasant mirth!'

Of Stepney so little is known, that we shall extract one or two passages from his letters to Lord Lexington, which are amongst the liveliest of the whole series:—

Wesel, Feb. 23, 1694.
" 13, 1695.

'I should send your Lordship some news from England, but I know not where to begin. If you have anything particular to ask me, state your queries, and I will resolve them as well as I can when I get to Dresden. The great Court is at Barclay House [Berkeley House, the residence of the Princess Anne], for the ladies must have some place to show themselves. I had an audience of congé, both of Princess and Prince, and never saw a greater concourse. The King will certainly make the campaign, and, I believe, will declare as much to the Parliament when he sees them next—to have, in a manner, *their consent*, lest his crossing the water in this nice conjuncture be called abdication. This is the talk of the Jacobites, who say likewise he will take Prince George over with him to be sure of him. Poor Duke Shrewsbury will be quite blind, and Sir J. Trenchard stone dead, very shortly. We have a weak Ministry at present, and for aught I see, nobody *brigues* the employment [of Secretary of State]. Mr. Blathwayt might have it, but seems to decline it, because without envy, he is warmer as he is. The vogue of the town speaks of Lord Montague and Comptroller Wharton. I wish your Lordship were at home to end the dispute, and be our provincial, instead of our correspondent.'

10
' At the King's Quarters before Namur, Aug. —, 1695.
26

'You will allow me to magnify my merit in telling you that I have brought my detachment* safe and sound to join our armies just in time, when we have most need of them. I have been

here three days, and expect to satisfy my curiosity in seeing both a battle and a storm, for we think we shall have both within three or four days.

'I never led a more pleasant life; the King is very gracious to me, and continues my allowance for only attending him from one camp to another on other people's horses.

'We are confident the coehorn and castle will be ours; the breaches are large in both of them. You may believe me: I have seen them, for I have been both on the batteries and in the trenches without being Godfreyed.* We are likewise certain of beating the French if they dare to attack us, for we have 70,000 men, which is as great an army as they are able to bring together.

'This I tell you that you may drink your bottle quietly with Mr. Heemskereck, without being molested with what other letters and gazettes may tell you.

'This day the Duke of Ormond remembered you, and the other day Mr. Blathwayt, in the best Grecian wine that was ever tipped over tongue. You know Jupiter was born in Candia, and were I a god, I would live in an island that produces such wines. Coehorn has laid the Elector of Bavaria 400 pistols that all the works are ours, and we masters of the place, before Wednesday the 31st. Others may write you more serious news.'

General Cohorn, the celebrated rival of Vauban, and who had constructed the work at Namur distinguished by his name, lost his wager without any derogation from his skill, for the garrison capitulated the very next day to that he had named.

Prior's letters afford abundant evidence that Pope's mean opinion of his talents for business was exceedingly unjust. It is sufficiently clear, *a priori*, that having been favourably distinguished by his services under William's own eye, as secretary to the mission at the Hague, he would not, if he had not shown himself quite equal to the employment, have been advanced to the important post of secretary to the negotiation at Ryswick, in which William took so great a part and so deep an interest. Nor, again, would he, but for his personal merit, have been selected from so many diplomatists to be secretary of Lord Portland's ostentatious embassy to Paris; nor, after some years' absence from public affairs, could he, without a considerable reputation in diplomacy, have been called from his retirement by such men as Oxford and Bolingbroke, on so great and so delicate an occasion as the treaty of Utrecht; nor, above all, would he have been

* The Editor says—'Mr. Godfrey, the Deputy-Governor of the Bank of England, was killed by a cannon ball in the trenches before Namur, while in attendance on the King. He was the brother of Sir Edmondbury Godfrey.'—This banker had come over to arrange some money matters with the King, and would needs see something of real war.

* Mr. Stepney had been commissioned to hurry the advance of a body of Hessian troops which were marching to Namur.'

so cruelly and groundlessly persecuted by the Whigs, after the Hanoverian succession, if he had not been a person of considerable merit, weight, and importance. Mr. Manners Sutton of course had selected from his correspondence, apparently very voluminous, such passages as seemed to afford the most intelligible and amusing extracts, which of course can give but a very imperfect view of his graver labours. Our extracts must lie under a greater degree of the same difficulty. We select two or three that throw a little light on Prior's personal history, of which we know less than of any man of equal station in literature and politics, for though, as Johnson says of him, 'he wanted not wisdom as a statesman nor elegance as a poet,' his literature was for a time obscured by his politics, and his politics have been since forgotten in his literature, and between two stools his fame seems to us to have sunk lower than it deserves.

'Mr. Prior to Lord Lexington.

'Hague, Oct. 9, 1696, N. S.

'As to my own concerns, I have been *bragging* and flattering at Loo, and, I believe, have brought the matter so far, as that nobody will stand before me in my pretensions to the secretaryship of the embassy; but, my God! what is it I ask or am fond of having? since there is not five pounds to be got out of the Treasury, and I owe five hundred.

'It would have been better manners to have named your Lordship before me, but we are in a world where no man thinks of anything but himself. What I hear, is that wherever the parade of this embassy may be, the substance of it will be at Vienna, and that your Lordship is too useful there to think, on this occasion, to be removed: this is the terrible effect of doing your duty, and you ought to have had less sense to be signing a treaty amongst others, since you are thought to have enough to do the thing, in effect alone.

'My obedient service is never to be omitted to the fair Secretary [Lady Lexington]; I have but one piece of news for her this time, which is, that my Lady Athlone, being a provident housewife, has at several times killed ten of the stags about Loo, and salted them for her servants, for which the King has fined the dame 600 pounds sterling.'—p. 224.

The correspondence is full of complaints of the scantiness and irregularity with which our foreign ministers were paid—and poor Prior was, in all his public life, a sad instance of it, for at the close of his last mission to France he was actually detained in Paris for the very moderate debt he had been forced to incur for his subsistence, and might have been at last really reduced (as he says) 'to be a blind ballad-singer on Fleet Bridge,' if he had not had, during his exaltation, the prudence of retaining a fellowship which he had early

attained at St. John's College, Cambridge. When he was reproached, while holding high and brilliant office, with the retention of this humble but honourable provision, he is reported to have excused himself by saying, in a homely but expressive phrase, that 'after all it would secure him a joint of mutton and a clean shirt.' His performance of his duties at the Hague and Ryswick seems to have conciliated the special favour of Lord Villiers—soon after Earl of Jersey—himself a favourite with the king and ambassador to the Congress; for we find (what we had only had a hint of in the *Vernon Correspondence*) that on the nomination of Lord Jersey to the Viceroyalty of Ireland, Prior was appointed his Secretary:—

'Wish me joy of my being named Secretary for Ireland, which I hope will prove some settlement, and be a patent for hindering me from starving. I know nothing that would make my new dignity more agreeable to me than it is, but that your Lordship in England should be in the post you deserve [Secretary of State], and send me the King's orders to Dublin.'—p. 265.

Neither of these appointments, it seems, took place. Lord Jersey was for a short time Secretary of State, when Prior became his under-secretary; the Peer, however, was soon removed, and Prior was compensated by being appointed a Lord of Trade, which place he seems to have held till 1706—but it does not appear how or where his time was occupied from that date till Queen Anne's Tory ministry recalled him in 1710 to, as Johnson says, 'his former employment of making treaties,' and used him most confidentially in the negotiations that were concluded the next year at Utrecht. It is beyond our present bounds to say any thing more of the treaty of Utrecht, but we think it right to observe that the charge made against Prior of having changed his party, which no doubt occasioned the subsequent animosity of the Whigs, was to a great degree unjust. It is clear, from his correspondence with Lord Lexington, that he was on principle exceedingly averse to the continental war which we were then waging, and he would naturally be so to the more exhausting and not more justifiable one in which we were subsequently involved; but moreover, a diplomatist by profession is something like a soldier or a sailor, who is not at liberty to refuse his services, when the government thinks proper to employ him, on any plea of personal opinions or connexions.

Shortly after Queen Mary's death, the discovery of a system of corruption in the Speaker, some members, and officers of the House of Commons, excited much interest:—

'The Chamberlain of London has given the committee an account that, by order of the Court of Aldermen, he paid the Speaker 1000 guineas, as their acknowledgment for his kindness to them in expediting the Orphans Bill, and the Clerk of the House, Mr. Joddrell, had 100l. 'Tis said that more has been given for that bill, by the parties concerned, to whom above 5000l. has been brought to account for the charges of that act, but to whom the same has been disbursed does not yet appear.'—*Vernon to Lexington*, p. 67.

Lord Portland, who was not over fond of a House of Commons that had already showed some jealousy of the King's grants to his Dutch favourites, says—

'You will have heard enough of what has passed, and is passing, in the Lower House, and that they are likely to push still further their inquiry respecting the affair of the Orphans and the East India Company, which may touch their own members.

'It reminds me of a party who, having got drunk together, quarrel, and separate with bloody noses.'—p. 72.

It was alleged that Lord Portland himself had been offered 50,000l., but it is certain that even if offered it was refused: there is, however, little doubt that the Duke of Leeds, so remarkable in the reign of Charles II. and at the Revolution, had accepted 5000l. for his good offices in a particular measure; and Mr. Guy, M.P., and Secretary of the Treasury, was expelled and sent to the Tower for having received a bribe of 200 guineas for passing the accounts of a regiment. Certainly those Whig gentlemen who regenerated our constitution, and affected such political puritanism, appear to have introduced into the management of public business a laxity of personal principle quite worthy of their predecessors in patriotism—Algernon Sidney and his fellow-worthies, who were bribed by the French king to play the parts of English patriots. We have an instance of this laxity, in perhaps its most venial form, in Mr. Vernon himself thanking Lord Lexington for a present made him by Mr. Varey, his Lordship's agent, in his name, which the editor thus explains:—

'The present referred to was a *douceur* of £10, with which Mr. Varey bespoke the assistance of Mr. Vernon in passing Lord Lexington's bill of extraordinaries. Neither of the parties engaged in this transaction seems to have thought that there was any impropriety—and there certainly was nothing uncommon—in the attempt to propitiate an officer of the Government by a present of money. It appears from one of Varey's letters to Lord Lexington, that Mr. Ellis, the under secretary in Sir William Trumbull's office, received a similar present on a similar occasion; and indeed it was the common custom of the day to offer and to receive such fees.'—p. 12, note.

There is no doubt a distinction to be made between perquisites and corruption—between the regular acknowledged fees of office—and such *douceurs* as were paid—sometimes, no doubt, only to accelerate the doing what was right—(and this may have been Mr. Vernon's and Mr. Ellis's case)—but too often for assisting in, or at least conniving at, what was known to be wrong—as was that of Mr. Guy's and of several other persons detected at this time. Addison, at his outset in office as secretary to the Lord Lieutenant of Ireland, made a law to himself, as Swift has recorded, never to remit his regular fees in civility to his friends, 'for,' said he, 'I may have a hundred friends, and if my fee be two guineas, I shall, by relinquishing my right, lose 200 guineas and no friend gain more than two: there is therefore no proportion between the good imparted and the evil suffered.'—(*Johnson's Life*.) Mr. Pitt commenced, and subsequent governments have carried out, the gradual abolition of fees in all the departments of the State as regards the emoluments of individual officers:—a system, about the advantages of which—and especially as regarded the convenience of men of business—great doubts were at one time entertained, but which we think experience has shown to be most advantageous to all parties, in every point of view, but especially in that in which it was most problematical—the facilities of transacting all kinds of public business.

Among Lord Lexington's correspondents was an anonymous informant in Paris—a spy, it would seem, of the British Government, but how it happened that his information was addressed so circuitously to Lord Lexington at Vienna does not appear. It must have been either that he had some special knowledge of and confidence in Lord Lexington—or that, for the purpose of secrecy, an out-of-the-way channel was preferred—or, which may be the most probable, that these letters were only copies, transmitted to Lord Lexington from home. This correspondent, whoever he may have been, was certainly well informed, and his communications must have been important, and the extracts from them are still interesting. They are particularly so on the point of the intended invasion of England contemporaneously with the plot for assassinating King William; and from a comparison of facts and dates, it seems, as the Editor remarks, hardly possible, notwithstanding the disclaimer of the courts of both Versailles and St. Germain's, but that they must have been aware of the plot, that the invasion was projected with a view to the success of that conspiracy, and that it was abandoned on its detection and failure. Of these, and the proceedings against the criminals, as well, indeed, as of several other important matters of do-

domestic history, Lord Lexington's correspondents gave him a more lively anecdotal, and at the same time authentic account, than can be found in any of the professed histories. But it is too extensive and too scattered to be collected into our limits.

We intimated at the outset the impossibility of giving within the compass of one of our articles anything like a full account of all the topics which such a work embraces. We have now done all we could well undertake—namely, the exhibiting a general view and a few specimens of the contents of the volume—such as will, we hope, recommend it alike to the mere readers for amusement and to the more serious notice of those who may wish to study authentic details of foreign and domestic affairs during an interesting epoch. To both these classes the diligent research and judicious observations of the Editor will, we can venture to promise them, be of infinite advantage; and if the leisure which the vicissitudes of political life now give him is to be continued, we do not see that it can be more usefully or honourably employed than in such literary exercises and historical researches.

ART. VII.—1. *Principles of Geology; or the Modern Changes of the Earth and its Inhabitants considered as illustrative of Geology.* By Sir C. Lyell. Eighth Edition, entirely revised. 8vo. 1850.

2. *A Manual of Elementary Geology; or the Ancient Changes of the Earth and its Inhabitants, as illustrated by Geological Monuments.* By Sir C. Lyell. Third and entirely revised Edition. 8vo. 1851.

3. *Anniversary Address to the Geological Society, February, 1851.* By Sir C. Lyell, M.A., F.R.S., President of the Society. 1851.

THE Treatise which twenty years ago established Sir Charles Lyell's reputation included both the *history* and the *philosophy* of his favourite science; but he by and by saw the expediency of separating the two classes of its materials; and we have now before us the Eighth Edition of the *Principles*, with the Third of the *Elemental Manual of Geology*. These numerous editions of each have all had the character of new works impressed upon them to an extent remarkable—perhaps unique; but this is only saying in other words that the author has kept pace with the most rapidly advancing of the mixed sciences—an advance, let us add, which has itself been very largely accelerated by the masterly epitomes of it thus from time to time prepared by the same highly-

gifted and indefatigable hand. The character of novelty belonging to the various editions has resulted wholly from the growth of geological data—the necessity of constantly incorporating or substituting fresh details, proofs, or illustrations. The leading theory according to which the data are explained and arranged continues the same. Startling as it sounded to most geologists when, twenty years ago, it was affirmed that '*the existing causes of change in the animate and inanimate world might be similar not only in kind, but in degree, to those which have prevailed during many successive modifications of the earth's crust,*' that fertile and guiding Principle of Sir Charles Lyell's Geological Philosophy seems to have gained a deeper and wider basis 'as the facts of the science have gone on accumulating.

In the eighth edition of the *Principles*, as in the first, the author, after giving a definition of geology and some observations on its nature, objects, and relations to other sciences, premises a sketch of the progress of opinion, particularly as exemplified in successive cosmogonies; ascribing the visionary systems of his earlier predecessors to the prevalence of the theory directly opposed to his own leading *Principle*; and tracing this prevalence to prepossessions in regard to the duration of past time, to our peculiar position as inhabitants of the land, and to our not seeing the subterranean changes actually in progress. He then endeavours to show that neither the different climates which formerly prevailed in the northern hemisphere, nor the former changes in physical geography (chap. VIII.), nor the alleged *progressive development of organic life* (chap. IX.), lend any real support to the opinion which he impugns.

In chap. X. the supposed intensity of aqueous forces at remote periods is considered, and the slow accumulation of strata is proved by their fossils. Attention is called to the evidence of lapse of time afforded by the vast masses of sedimentary deposits that have been removed from igneous rocks by the action of water. It has been recently shown in the Memoirs of the Survey of Great Britain, that a series of palæozoic strata, not less than 10,000 feet in thickness, has been stripped off considerable areas in South Wales and some of the adjacent counties of England. But the rate of denudation, it is contended, can only keep pace with that of deposition. The gain must always have equalled the loss, and vice versa; a truism which Sir Charles Lyell apologises for insisting on, in his Anniversary Address for 1850, because in many geological speculations, he observes, it is taken for granted that the external crust of the earth has been always growing thicker, in consequence of the accumulation of stratified rocks, as if they were not

produced at the expense of pre-existing rocks, stratified or unstratified.

Perhaps one of the most remarkable triumphs of the Philosophy which explains geological phenomena by the operation of existing causes, is that of its application to the transport and arrangement of the erratic blocks, which lie scattered, often of enormous size, over the northern parts of Europe and North America. Each year's experience has added to the confidence in the author's original suggestion of the transporting power of ice in regard to these blocks and boulder stones.

In the XIth chapter, which handles the more difficult question of the supposed former intensity of the igneous force, we have a most striking specimen of the writer's acuteness and logical powers. Subsequent investigations into the evidences of the geological periods during which the upheaval of mountain chains has been accomplished, have added singular and unexpected force to his line of argument against the peculiar intensity of the expansive power of heat during the ancient periods of this planet. When the granitic basis and other plutonic constituents of the Alps were ranked amongst the earliest monuments in geology, the formation of so stupendous a range of mountains naturally engendered corresponding ideas of the intensity of the assumed primeval forces by which their summits were lifted up. M. Desnoyers, however, had stated, some years ago, in his address to the French Geological Society, 'that the more the Alps are studied the younger they grow;' and it is now determined, chiefly by the researches of Sir Roderick Murchison in 1847, that the whole of the mighty operation of their upheaval was effected during the tertiary epoch. As Sir Charles Lyell pithily remarks, 'the clay of London was in course of accumulation as marine mud at a time when the ocean still rolled its waves over the space now occupied by some of the loftiest Alpine summits.'

In former editions of the 'Principles,' Sir Charles ably argued against the hypothesis of M. Elie de Beaumont, relative to the elevation of the Pyrenees, viz., that they were due to a single upthrow (*à un seul jet*), and which the accomplished French savant regarded as one of the most violent that the land of Europe ever experienced. The course of discovery, aiding the force of our author's reasoning, has since led M. de Beaumont to frankly confess his error: and he and M. Dufrenoy now agree with M. Durocher, that in the Pyrenean chain, notwithstanding the general simplicity of its structure, six, if not seven, systems of dislocation, each chronologically distinct from the other, can be made out.

Amongst the most important of the recent additional evidences of the gradual movements

of the earth's crust during periods long antecedent to the formation of the Alps or Pyrenees, are those which have resulted from the assiduous and unbiassed labours of the distinguished geologists occupied in the Ordnance Survey. In one of their late Memoirs we are informed that in Wales and the contiguous parts of England, a maximum thickness of 32,000 feet (more than six miles) of Carboniferous, Devonian and Silurian beds, has been measured, the whole formed whilst the bed of the sea was continuously and tranquilly subsiding. These and the like observations help to realize our conceptions of the enormous lapse of past time which our author invokes as his chief aid in illustrating, by reference to actual causes, the immense operations of which we now contemplate the completion in various parts of the earth's surface.

'The imagination,' says Lyell, after adverting to analogous instances of slow depression and upheaval, 'may well recoil from the vain effort of conceiving a succession of years sufficiently vast to allow of the accomplishment of contortions and inversions of stratified masses like those of the higher Alps; but its powers are equally incapable of comprehending the time required for grinding down the pebbles of a conglomerate 8000 feet in thickness. In this case, however, there is no mode of evading the obvious conclusion, since every pebble tells its own tale. Stupendous as is the aggregate result, there is no escape from the necessity of assuming a lapse of time sufficiently enormous to allow of so tedious an operation.'

We can only briefly allude to the delightful contents of the 2nd Book, treating of the changes in the inorganic creation, such as are known to have taken place within the historical era. In it an account is given of the observed effects of aqueous causes, such as rivers, springs, tides, currents, torrents, and floods—the carrying power of river ice—the origin and transporting power of ground-ice, glaciers, and icebergs. Afterwards the effects and probable causes of the volcano and earthquake are considered. The third and concluding Book, in the present modified form of the 'Principles,' is devoted to the *changes of the organic world now in progress*, and is divisible into two parts; the first of which comprehends all questions relating to the variability of species and the limits assigned to their duration, as well as the effects produced by the powers of vitality on the state of the earth's surface: while the second explains the processes by which the remains of animals and plants existing at any particular period may be preserved or become fossil; and the work concludes by a lucid and interesting account of the formation of coral reefs.

With regard to the 'Manual of Elementary

Geology,' in which is included the matter of the Fourth Book of the first edition of the 'Principles,' we may repeat emphatically, after profiting by its study, the author's statement that it is not an epitome of the 'Principles of Geology,' nor intended as introductory to that work; and we beg to add our conviction that it is the best elementary work of instruction in the science of Geology, whether in regard to the clearness and intelligibility of the definitions and descriptions, the arrangement of the topics, the comprehensive grasp of the divisions and relations of the science, the masterly ease of the style throughout, or the number, accuracy, and beauty of the woodcuts incorporated with the text.

The *Principles* and the *Manual*, in their present form, are each complete in itself, and only relate to one another inasmuch as, if the student should ask which he should read first, their author recommends him 'to begin with the *Principles*, as he may then proceed from the known to the unknown, and be provided beforehand with a key for interpreting the ancient phenomena whether of the organic or inorganic world, by reference to changes now in progress.'

Some may object that the student would thereby be liable to get a bias in favour of the uniformitarian views which characterize Sir Charles Lyell's explanations of the phenomena of geology. We do not participate in any fear of or dislike to such a bias being impressed on the mind of the beginner, deeming it a salutary counterpoise to that innate tendency to view the stupendous results of the forces that have affected the earth's crust in relation to the requisite amount of force, without due reflection on the time over which that force may have been diffused in producing the effects witnessed.

It is well that the student should know something of the nature of the various forces now more or less actively operating in changing the inorganic world. If any prepossession is to be deprecated, as likely to result from his introduction to geology by Sir Charles Lyell's 'Principles,' it is in reference to the organic world. Little, very little comparatively, is known of the circumstances that have led to the extinction of organic species, and absolutely nothing of the causes of the introduction of new species, or whether secondary causes have therein operated at all. Yet there is a strongly marked tendency throughout the writings of Sir Charles Lyell to apply the same principles in explanation of the changes in the organic world which he has applied with so much, and often so unexpected, success to those of the land and sea. Herein is shown, we think, the least favourable feature

of his work, although it is comparatively masked in the edition before us.

The author has, however, in his last Anniversary Address to the Geological Society, brought out his uniformitarian views as applied to plants and animals, in formal and direct opposition to what he admits to be the prevalent but believes to be an erroneous interpretation of the facts of Palæontology. We conceive it our duty, therefore, to take up the gauntlet which Sir Charles has thrown down, and we do so with the more readiness, as his challenge forms a prominent feature in the Edinburgh Philosophical Journal for July, 1851, where it appears without any sign of dissent on the part of the able and experienced editor, Professor Jameson.

Sir Charles, in illustration of the doctrine which he assails, viz., that 'a gradual development in the scale of being, both animal and vegetable, from the earliest periods to our own time, can be deduced from palæontological evidence,' cites recent works by Sedgwick, Owen, and Hugh Miller. The passage most to the point, from the celebrated discourse on the Studies of the University of Cambridge, is as follows:—

'The elevation of the *Fauna* of successive periods was not made by transmutation, but by creative additions; and it is by watching these additions that we get some insight into Nature's true historical progress. Judging by our evidence (and by what else have we any right to judge?) there was a time when *Cephalopoda* were the highest types of animal life. They were then the *Primates* of this world, and, corresponding to their office and position, some of them were of noble structure and gigantic size. But these creatures were degraded from their rank at the head of Nature, and Fishes next took the lead: and they did not rise up in Nature in some degenerate form, as if they were but the transmuted progeny of the *Cephalopoda*, but they started into life in the very highest ichthyic type ever created. Following our history chronologically, Reptiles next took the lead—and (with some almost evanescent exceptions) they flourished during the countless ages of the secondary period as the lords and despots of the world; and they had an organic perfection corresponding to their exalted rank in Nature's kingdom; for their highest orders were not merely great in strength and stature, but were anatomically raised far above any forms of the Reptile class now living in the world. This class, however, was, in its turn, to lose its rank; what is more, it underwent (when considered collectively) a positive organic degradation before the end of the secondary period—and this took place countless ages before terrestrial mammals of any living type had been called into being. Mammals were added next (near the commencement of the tertiary period), and seem to have been added suddenly. Some of the early extinct forms of this class, which we now know only by ransacking the ancient catacombs

of Nature, were powerful and gigantic, and we believe they were collectively well fitted for the place they filled. But they, in their turn, were to be degraded from their place at the head of Nature, and she became what she now is by the addition of Man. By this last addition she is more exalted than she was before. Man stands by himself the despotic lord of the living world; not so great in organic strength as many of the despots that went before him in Nature's chronicle, but raised far above them all by a higher development of the brain—by a framework that fits him for the operations of mechanical skill—by superadded reason—by a social instinct of combination—by a prescience that tells him to act prospectively—by a conscience that makes him amenable to law—by conceptions that transcend the narrow limits of his vision—by hopes that have no full fruition here—by an inborn capacity of rising from individual facts to the apprehension of general laws—by a conception of a cause for all the phenomena of sense—and by a consequent belief in a God of Nature. Such is the history of Creation.'—*Sedgwick*, p. ccxvi.

We take next the quotation from Miller:—

'It is of itself an extraordinary fact, without reference to other considerations, that the order adopted by Cuvier in his Animal Kingdom as that in which the four great classes of vertebrate animals, when marshalled according to their rank and standing, naturally range, should be also that in which they occur in the order of time. The brain, which bears an average proportion to the spinal cord of not more than two to one, came first: it is the brain of a fish; that which bears to the spinal cord an average proportion of two-and-a-half to one, succeeded it: it is the brain of a reptile; then came the brain averaging as three to one: it is that of the bird. Next in succession came the brain that averages as four to one: it is the mammal; and, last of all, there appeared a brain that averages as twenty-three to one;—reasoning, calculating *man* had come upon the scene.'—*Foot-prints of the Creator*, p. 283.

The paragraph cited from Owen's 'Nature of Limbs' we do not repeat, as it merely states, in reference to the vertebrate sub-kingdom, that the fish was the form first introduced.

If it be true, as is most probable from the caution and experience of Mr. Logan, the chief of the Government Survey in Canada, that the portion of the Montreal or Potsdam sandstone, bearing the impressions of an air-breathing quadruped, is, as Sir Charles Lyell had previously stated, of the same age as the lowest Silurian deposits in this country, then, according to the interpretation of those footprints given by Professor Owen,* a cold-blooded reptile, probably chelonian, was coeval with the oldest known fish. And the generalization, according to actual evidence, would be, that the cold-blooded vertebrata preceded, by a long series

of ages, the warm-blooded ones. Sir Charles Lyell, however, goes farther, and repudiates the theory of *successive development of organic life*; and, as he premises a brief preliminary statement of the principal points which he expects to establish in opposition to that theory, we shall, in the remainder of our article, confine ourselves to an examination of their value.

'First, in regard to fossil plants, it is natural that those less developed tribes which inhabit salt water, should be the oldest yet known in a fossil state, because the lowest strata which we have hitherto found happen to be marine, although the contemporaneous silurian land may very probably have been inhabited by plants more highly organized.

'Secondly, the most ancient terrestrial flora with which we can be said to have any real acquaintance (the carboniferous) contains coniferæ, which are by no means of the lowest grade in the phænogamous class, and, according to many botanists of high authority, palms, which are as highly organized as any members of the vegetable creation.

'Thirdly, in the secondary formations, from the triassic to the Purbeck inclusive, gymnosperms allied to *Zamia* and *Cycas* predominate; but with these are associated some monocotyledons or endogens, of species inferior to no phænogamous plants in the perfection or complexity of their organs.

'Fourthly, in the strata from the cretaceous to the uppermost tertiary inclusive, all the principal classes of living plants occur, including the dicotyledonous angiosperms of Brongniart. During this vast lapse of time four or five complete changes of species took place, yet no step whatever was made in advance at any one of those periods by the addition of more highly organized plants.'—*Address*, 21.

With respect to these propositions, we would in the first place remark that organized beings constitute one great natural assemblage of objects. Plants cannot be distinguished from animals except by special definitions, of which there have been several, founded,—*e.g.*, on sensation and motion,—on the stomach,—on the respiratory products,—on the chemical constitution of the tissues,—on the sources of nutriment, &c.,—each of which definitions draws the boundary line at a different latitude of the debatable ground. No generalization touching the progression of life on this planet can be materially affected by the phenomena of one particular group of living beings, least of all by the lowest group.

Plants are the lowest forms of organic life: *Vegetabilia crescant et vivunt, non sentiunt*: the system by which the individual takes cognizance of the things around it, and puts itself in sentient relation with them, has not begun to appear in any of the botanical orders or families. Progress in the organic scale could not be exemplified in any great degree within

* Appendix to Sir C. Lyell's Address; and Proceedings of the Geological Society, April 30th, 1851.

the limits of the vegetable kingdom; and it would be no argument against conclusions based on a survey of the animal world from its earliest traces on our planet to its actual condition, if even the so-called highest forms of plants had been discovered in the same strata with those first evidences of animal life.

Such discovery, however, has not yet been made. All that we at present know of the vegetation of the globe at the period of the earliest known fossiliferous deposits is that it was of that more simple or less developed kind which characterises the tribes growing in the sea. No doubt the lowest strata which we have hitherto found happen to be marine; but it helps us very little forward in the solution of the great question of stationary or progressive creation to suggest that the contemporaneous silurian land may very probably have been inhabited by plants more highly organized; because those plants may also, with some probability, have been lichens, mosses, ferns, or forms at least of a kindred grade of organisation. We do not know what they were, and our hypotheses must wait until we do.

The most ancient terrestrial flora with which palæontologists have any real acquaintance is that of the carboniferous period; and this contains coniferæ, which, although by no means the lowest of the phænogamous class, are still far from being ranked amongst the highest. Whether some of the fossil coal plants are referable to the family of true Palms is a point as yet not so clearly determined. But if botanists of the highest authority were all agreed as to the existence of those highly organised members of the vegetable creation at the carboniferous epoch, as they are respecting the predominance of gymnosperms allied to *Zamia* and *Cycas* in the secondary beds, from the triassic to the Purbeck inclusive, and in regard to the presence of exogens and dicotyledonous angiosperms in the eocene tertiary formations, and of trees resembling the *Cinnamomum* and *Podocarpus* in the miocene strata,—these facts would still leave the question of the progression of organisation unaffected. But of the 500 species of coal plants to which the critical and scrupulous investigations of Adolphe Brongniart have restricted the fossil evidences, one half at least are ferns, and the greater part of the remainder are gymnosperms; and Sir Charles admits both the fact and its remarkable character, viz., that none of the exogens of Lindley or dicotyledonous angiosperms of Brongniart, which comprise four-fifths of the living flora of the globe, have yet been discovered in the coal measures. It must be remembered, too, when the value of negative evidence is called in question, that the whole of Europe does not produce more

than 50 species of ferns—only one-fifth of the number that have left their remains in our coal strata; and accordingly M. Brongniart has called the flora of the carboniferous and Permian strata the 'age of Acrogens.'

In the strata from the triassic to the Purbeck inclusive, plants of the family of *Zamia* and *Cycas*, together with Coniferæ, predominated in Europe far more than anywhere now on the globe in corresponding latitudes, and this fauna Brongniart calls the 'age of Gymnosperms.'

Now, we presume, it will be admitted that Cryptogamia, Phænogamia, Gymnosperms, and Dicotyledonous Angiosperms constitute a succession and a progressive one; this is the order in which our present collection of facts compels us to arrange the records of the ancient evidences of vegetable life; and no suggestion of the possibility of contradictory facts, as yet undiscovered, can avail to subvert that order, or ought to affect the conclusions legitimately deducible from it. It is true that there is no very great difference in the perfection or complexity of the organs of a monocotyledonous and a dicotyledonous plant, but it is that very similarity in their grade of structure which diminishes the force of any argument drawn from vegetable fossils against the ideas of progression which have been derived from a comparison of the fossil remains of the animal kingdom. If there be some analogy in the succession of forms of the vegetable kingdom, showing a progressively nearer approach to those that now prevail, with the more striking progress towards actual forms in the successive tribes of the animal kingdom, it is as much as can be expected to be deduced from vegetable palæontology in reference to the main question at issue between the Progressionist and Uniformitarian. The Address proceeds:

'Fifthly, in regard to the animal kingdom, the lowest Silurian strata contain highly developed representatives of the three great divisions of radiata, articulata, and mollusca, showing that the marine invertebrate animals were as perfect then as in the existing seas. They also comprise some indications of fish, the scarcity of which in a fossil state, as well as the absence of cetacea, does not appear inexplicable in the present imperfect state of our investigations, when we consider the corresponding rarity and sometimes the absence of the like remains observed in dredging the beds of existing seas.

'Sixthly, the upper Silurian group contains amongst its fossil fish cestraciont sharks, than which no ichthyic type is more elevated.'

It is very true that representatives of all the four leading divisions of the animal kingdom are met with in the earliest sedimentary deposits containing any records of organised beings

—in other words, in the lowest Silurian strata. Not only do species of Radiata, Articulata, and Mollusca here occur, but remains of Vertebrata have been found: these, however, are confined to indications of a cold-blooded reptile and to remains of fishes—and amongst the latter no trace of a well-ossified vertebral column appears. Nay, even those piscine remains that have been discovered in the upper Silurian group show a retention of the same embryonic state of the skeleton; although, by the analogy of the recent cestracion, we may infer that a well-developed fish's brain and reproductive system were combined with the cartilaginous backbone. But Sir Charles Lyell makes a large demand upon our faith in possible contingencies when, referring to the rarity, and sometimes the absence, of cetaceous remains observed in dredging the beds of existing seas, he deems that the causes of such scarcity or absence may explain the non-discovery hitherto of cetacea in the lowest Silurian strata.—If, notwithstanding the vast numbers of fossil fishes that have been discovered in Silurian and Devonian beds, not one evidence of an ossified body of a vertebra has occurred, while almost all the species have shown the dermal skeleton developed in excess, the probability of warm-blooded cetacea, with a smooth vascular skin and well-ossified internal vertebral column having co-existed with such crustaceous-like fishes, will not appear very great.

‘Seventhly, in the carboniferous fauna there have been recently discovered several skeletons of reptiles of by no means a low or simple organization, and in the Permian there are saurians of as high a grade as any now existing, while the absence of terrestrial mammalia in the palæozoic rocks generally may admit of the same explanation as our ignorance of most of the insects and all the pulmoniferous mollusca, as well as of Helices and other land shells of the same era.’—*ib.*

With regard to the carboniferous epoch, the President of the Geological Society, in the Proposition above cited, reminds the members that ‘there have been recently discovered several skeletons of reptiles of by no means a low or simple organization.’ But no reptile has an organization that can properly be called simple or low—no fish even; for the vertebrated type is the highest of all. The question is whether the carboniferous fauna has yielded any evidence of a reptile which presents a high and complex organization compared to the rest of its class.

The reptiles to which Sir Charles refers in his Address are those, probably, that are indicated by foot-prints in the coal strata of Greensburgh, Pennsylvania, and which he had

an opportunity of examining in 1846. He says (*Manual*, p. 337), ‘I was at once convinced of their genuineness;’—but we confess that we should have valued the conclusion more highly if it had been more deliberately arrived at. We, however, by no means doubt the accuracy of the inferences that have been drawn as to the general character of the animal that left the foot-prints in question. These prints were first observed standing out in relief from the lower surface of slabs and sandstone, resting on thin layers of fine unctuous clay. Casts of cracks occasioned by the shrinking and drying of the clay accompany, and sometimes traverse, the footsteps, producing distortion in them; for the clay must have been soft when the animal walked over it and left the impressions, whereas, when it afterwards dried up and shrank, it would be too hard to receive such indentations. The foot-prints bear the greatest resemblance to those which have been discovered in the new red sandstones of Europe, and have been referred to an animal called *Chirotherium*; but the fore foot of the American *Chirothere* was less small in proportion to the hind foot, and it shows but four toes. The European *Chirothere* was at first conjectured, by Dr. Kaup, to have been a mammiferous animal allied to the opossum, but geologists have since adopted the conclusions of Professor Owen, that it was a reptile, having, like the Labyrinthodons, the most essential affinities to the Batrachian order.

Something better than foot-prints were discovered about the same period in the coal formations of Münster-Appel in Rhenish Bavaria—viz. the skull, vertebral column, and some bones of the extremities, of an animal which was referred by the able palæontologist of Frankfurt, M. Herman von Meyer, to the class of reptiles, under the name of *Apateon pedestris*. In 1847 Prof. von Dechen found in the coal-field of Saarbrück, at the village of Lebach, between Strasburg and Treves, the skeletons of three species of reptiles, which were described by Goldfuss under the generic name of *Archegosaurus*. These reptiles are regarded by both Von Meyer and Owen as being most nearly allied to the perennibranchiate *Batrachia*, e. g. the *Proteus anguinus*—only that they combine with their short and simple ribs a better development of the dermal skeleton, in that respect showing their analogy with most of the fishes of the same and antecedent periods.

Had mammalia existed in the same number and variety in the ancient forests that have contributed to the coal strata, as in the actual woods and swamps of the warmer parts of the globe—had armadillos and anteaters been then created to feed on the insects, sloths

on the leaves, and monkeys on the fruits of the coal plants, as they now do in the Brazilian forests, where the mammals preponderate over reptiles, we might have expected the first evidence of an air-breathing vertebrate animal discovered in the coal fields to have been mammalian. The osseous tissue of the skeletons of this class is a substance better adapted for preservation in a fossil state than the soft coverings of insects; and the diminutive size of these perishable creatures must be taken into the account, in comparison with the higher vertebrate classes, with reference to the probabilities of the discovery of the fossilized remains. When, therefore, we find the eloquent President affirming (*ibid.*) that the absence of land mammalia in the palæozoic rocks generally may admit of the same explanation as our ignorance of most of the insects and other terrestrial invertebrata of the same era, we can only attribute the oversight of the circumstances more favourable to the discovery of mammals to the influence of those uniformitarian views that have chiefly guided his labours in this field of science.

‘Eighthly, the fish and reptiles of the secondary rocks are as fully developed in their organization as those now living. The birds are represented by numerous foot-prints and coprolites in the Trias of New England, and by a few bones, not yet generically determined, from Stonesfield and the English Wealden.’—*Id.* 22.

It is no argument against the views that naturally rise out of the summary of the facts of Palæontology as they are now known, to urge that ‘the fish and reptiles of the secondary rocks are as fully developed in their organization as those now living.’ A fish must have the grade of organization of its class as such—and so of a reptile. The question is, whether the vertebrata of those classes bore the same proportion to birds and mammals as they now do!—whether the estuary and fresh-water formations of the secondary periods manifest as large a proportion of the fossil remains of warm-blooded animals, as those formations of the present period might be expected to do, or even as the same formations of the tertiary periods actually have done!

Before entering upon this question we will return to the eighth proposition which the President expects to establish in opposition to the theory of successive development. Our readers will remark that he cautiously abstains from the use of the word ‘progressive.’ Throughout his Address he tries to show that the ‘doctrine of successive development is not palæontologically true.’ We cannot suppose that in substituting ‘successive’ for ‘progressive’ he would ignore the main conclusion of

Palæontology. He nowhere at least extends his argument *ex ignoto* to the explanation of the non-discovery of forms, now only known as peculiar to the formations of one period, in those of an antecedent or of a later period.—We take for granted, therefore, that he does not wish to be understood as endeavouring to oppose the generally admitted inference, based on the actual state of palæontology, that the order of things in past time so far differs from that of the present as to require new species of animals to be successively created, and adapted, as we must suppose, to as many successively differing conditions of the surface of our planet.

Every fish and every reptile was doubtless as perfectly adapted to the circumstances under which it lived at the remotest of the Geological periods, as any fish or reptile at the present day: in that respect it was ‘as fully developed.’ Palæontology, however, has made us acquainted with different races of fishes in different formations, to which those races respectively are peculiar, and of which they are consequently characteristic; and as those formations succeeded each other in point of time, so we infer that the different races of fishes were successively developed. But what Sir Charles Lyell appears to be contending for is, that the forms of animal life that succeeded each other did not differ in the *grade of their organization*; man, of course, always excepted.

No doubt every fish is alike perfect in relation to its sphere of existence; but a gradation of complexity of organization is traceable throughout the class, as we now know it, and the lancelet and lamprey are, in this comparison, pronounced by naturalists to be inferior to, or less fully developed than, the tunny or the shark. There is, however, but a short range of gradation within the limits of this class as compared with that which extends from the fish to the mammal, or from the invertebrate to the vertebrate series; and in the class of fishes it is seen that when a species overpasses another in certain organs, as, *e. g.*, in the brain or the parts of generation, the advance is usually counterbalanced by a less full development of some other system, as *e. g.*, the respiratory and osseous. In no shark or ostracodon, *e. g.*, are the gills free, or is there any rudiment of the lungs such as the air-bladder of most osseous fishes presents; and the lower grade of the skeleton of the sharks is indicated by their position in the so-called ‘cartilaginous’ order of fishes. When once the skeleton becomes ossified in the class of fishes, little, if anything, can be distinctly predicated of the grade of organization or of development of the fish, as such; in the rest of their organization they are much alike.

One of the leading distinctions amongst

animals is the position of the skeleton; the great binary division of Lamarck into vertebrata and invertebrata was based upon this distinction; and Cuvier's supplementary labours, which made us better acquainted with the real nature and value of the invertebrate groups, have served in the main to confirm the reality of the great characteristic manifested in the internal or external position of the skeleton.

We have already adverted to the remarkable fact that no completely ossified vertebra of a fish had been discovered in the strata of the Silurian and Devonian period. Those strata are of enormous extent, and have been most extensively investigated. As regards the internal skeleton these primeval fishes were less fully developed than those of the tertiary and existing seas.

This fact, and the obvious conclusion from it, we maintain to be indisputable according to actual knowledge—according to those premises on which alone we can philosophically build conclusions. Probably, therefore, the conditions of the seas in which the primeval placoids and ganoids existed were such as to dispense with that state of the backbone which is acquired at its highest stage of development. In relation to the circumstances in which they lived, palæozoic fishes were as perfect as their successors; but, in comparison with these successors, they were 'less fully developed,' and the state of their world may be inferred to have differed *pro tanto* from the state of ours. We cannot shut out this evidence of a different order of things. Not any of the arguments which Sir Charles Lyell has endeavoured to apply in explanation of the non-discovery of terrestrial mammalia in the marine strata of the old world will apply to the remains of sea fishes. Palæontology demonstrates that there has been not only a *successive* development in this class, but, as regards their vertebrate skeleton, a *progressive* one.

Had the partially vertebrated fishes that existed prior to the coal-formations any structures that compensated for their incomplete back-bone?—we may next ask. And the answer which palæontology yields to that question is—that its cognizance of them is almost exclusively founded on the fossilized parts of the external or dermal skeleton. This system of hard parts was not only developed in excess, as compared with the great majority of recent fishes, but presented in its form and structure a closer resemblance to the exo-skeletons of invertebrata than that of any known fish which possesses the same system of hard parts well calcified. In the *Pterichthys*, *Pamphractus*, and *Coccosteus*, *e. g.*, of the old red sandstone rocks of Scotland, the exo-skeleton

presents the form of large plates; either symmetrical, or articulated symmetrically by 'harmônizæ' or straight sutures, like the shell of the lobster. The large calcified dermal shield which protected the head of the *Cephalaspis* has often been mistaken for that of a trilobite of the division *Asaphus*.—These, of course, are but analogies—and the invertebrate-like condition of the skeletons of the known palæozoic fishes was doubtless associated with a general plan of organization essentially vertebrate and piscine. But we can never hope to arrive at the truth, as it respects the course of creation on this planet, if we voluntarily shut our eyes to the fact and the bearing of these analogies.

All the known fossil fishes of the secondary rocks present that excess of calcareous matter in their scales or skin-plates which is indicated by the terms 'placoid' and 'ganoid' applied to the orders to which they exclusively belong. No existing placoid fish has an ossified external skeleton, and the like may be affirmed of many of the secondary ganoids.

'The predominance of osseous matter,' says Mr. Owen, 'deposited in the tegumentary system in these ancient extinct fishes, is not unfrequently accompanied by indications of a semi-cartilaginous state of the endo-skeleton, like that in the lepidosiren of the present day; the total absence of any vertebral centre in this fossilized skeleton of the *Microdon radiatus* (No. 70, Fossil Fishes, Mus. Coll. Chirurg.)—and the vacant tract, where they should have been, between the bases of the neur- and hæm-apophyses, which have been little disturbed—together with the remains of the scale armour which has kept all the fossilizable parts of the extinct fish together—show plainly enough that the primitive gelatinous *chorda dorsalis* has been persistent.'—*Comparative Anatomy*, i. 148.

The contrasted states of the exo-and-endo skeletons, described by the Hunterian Professor in the *Microdon radiatus* of the secondary epoch, may have been associated with as advanced a development of the soft parts as we find in the few ganoidal fishes that exist at the present day; but, the lower embryotic condition of the vertebrate skeleton being demonstrated, not only in that but in many other contemporary ganoids, it cannot be admitted that 'the fish of the secondary rocks are as fully developed in their organization as those now living.' This is a statement hazarded by the advocate of a particular view—not the generalization which the equal ponderer on all the phenomena would have enunciated.

The theory of successive development of animal species cannot be better tested than by the evidence afforded by the remains of those that inhabited the sea—for the differences in their organization are independent of the

mere pelagic nature of the deposits, and cannot be explained away, as in the case of the non-discovery of terrestrial organisms, by the non-discovery of the deltas of co-existing rivers. If, indeed, no ganoid fish had been found in a fossil state, the advocate of uniformitarian conditions of animal life might have urged against the conclusion of their non-existence in the earlier deposits of the earth's crust, that the only existing fishes with imbricated enamelled bony scales were fluviatile, and restricted to two genera—the *Polypterus* of Africa and the *Lepidosteus* of America. The extremely small proportion of the ganoids to the rest of the extensive class of fishes would render their non-discovery in a fossil state quite explicable, if the deltas of the contemporary rivers into which alone the remains of the ganoids might be expected to have been drifted had not been found. So widely different, however, was the nature of the piscine inhabitants of the secondary seas from those of the present, that—whereas all the existing sea-fishes with imbricated scales have them of the horny flexible stenoid or cycloid type—not one of the fossil fishes in the secondary strata below the chalk possessed scales of that type, but all with overlapping scale armour had these scales of the hard and solid ganoid structure.

The fluviatile cetacea of the present day are restricted, like the imbricated ganoid fishes, to two genera, and each genus is confined to a particular continent; the *Platanista* (*Delphinus gangeticus*) to the Asiatic river from which it derives its specific name, and the *Inia Boli-viensis* to some of the great rivers of South America. We cannot contrast the total absence of cetacean mammalia in the deposits of the paleozoic and secondary seas with the abundance of ganoid fishes in the same deposits, and the analogous abundance of marine cetacea with the total absence of imbricated ganoids in the seas of the present day, without the conviction that there must have been some difference in the conditions suited to animal life associated with such evidence of successive development.

To the arguments against that succession which Sir Charles Lyell founds on his statements that no ichthyic type is more elevated than certain cartilaginous fishes of the upper Silurian group, and that the fish of the secondary rocks are as fully developed as those now living, we will finally reply by recalling the remarks which the study of those ancient fossil fishes has elicited from the great founder of fossil ichthyology. Besides the incomplete development of the backbone, M. Agassiz points out other striking traits of an embryonic character. The cephalaspids of the old red sandstone were shaped like the tadpoles of Batrachia; the breathing organs and chief part of

the alimentary apparatus were aggregated with the proper viscera of the cranial cavity in an enormous cephalic enlargement; the rest of the trunk was for locomotion, and dwindled to a point. The position of the anal fin proves the vent to have been situated, as in tadpoles, immediately behind the cephalic-abdominal expansion. In the *Pterichthys* the mouth was small and inferior, as in the young tadpole; and there are long fin-like appendages, projecting from the sides of the cephalic enlargement, like the external gills of the Batrachian and Selachian larvæ. With regard to the development of the median or vertical fins of fishes, Mr. Owen says (*Comp. Anat.*, p. 145):

‘They are developed from a single continuous fold of integument, which is extended round the tail from the dorsal to the ventral surface, as in the tadpoles of Batrachia. In most fishes the growth of this fold is progressive at certain parts and checked at others; and where development is active the supporting dermal rays make their appearance, and the transformation into dorsal, anal, and caudal fins is thus effected. At first the caudal fin is unequally lobed, and the terminal vertebrae extend into the upper and longer lobe; the dorsals and anals are also, at first, closely approximated to each other, and to the caudal fin. M. Agassiz has shown that all these embryonic characters were retained in many of the extinct fishes of the old red sandstone; and the development of the caudal fin did not extend in any fish beyond the heterocercal stage until the preparation of the earth's surface had advanced to that stage which is called *jurassic* or *oolitic* in Geology.’

Hugh Miller, with his wonted fecundity of illustration and felicity of diction, referring to this peculiarity of the tail in the embryos of existing fishes, remarks:

‘What may be regarded as the design of the arrangement is probably to be found in the peculiar form given to the little creature by the protuberant (yolk) bag in front. A wise instinct teaches it, from the moment of its exclusion from the egg, to avoid its enemies. In the instant the human shadow falls upon its pool, we see it darting into some recess at the sides or bottom, with singular alacrity. As, like an ill-trimmed vessel, deep in the water a-head, the balance of its body is imperfect, there is, if I may so express myself, a heterocercal peculiarity of helm required. It has got an irregularly-developed tail to balance an irregularly-developed body, as skiffs, *lean* on the one beam and *full* on the other, require, in rowing, a cast of the rudder to keep them straight in their course.’—*Foot-prints*, p. 146.

If the final purpose of the heterocercal tail in modern embryo-fishes is explicable on the peculiar form of their body, that of the heterocercal tail of ancient fishes, without that peculiar form, may have related to some condition of the seas they were appointed to swim in

If any insight, at least, is to be gained into the state of the primeval ocean, the results of the researches of the palæontologist and physiologist into the nature and forms of the animal life of that ocean must be considered in an equal and comprehensive spirit; the great problems of progress or no progress in the preparation of the earth's surface, and in the grade of the dwellers upon it, can in no wise be advanced by masking those results under curt affirmations of the full development of any given class of palæozoic marine animals.

By opposing the theory of successive development, Sir Charles Lyell may intend only to contravene the proposition that invertebrata preceded the vertebrata, and the cold-blooded, the warm-blooded, back-boned animals in their appearance upon the earth. But the quotations which he premises from Owen *On the Nature of Limbs* (p. 86), and Miller's *Foot-prints* (pp. 283-6), as expressive of their sentiments on the theory of successive development, which he professes to oppose, contain nothing contrary to the idea that the vertebrate organization was coeval with the molluscous, articulate, and radiate types on this planet. Nor was it to be expected that blindness to the importance of the fragmentary evidence of vertebrata in the Silurian rocks would be found in the Physiologist who had first distinctly enunciated the generalization that in the development of the vertebrate animal the germ passed at once from the common form of the protozoon or monad to the vertebrated type, without transitorily representing either the radiate, articulate, or molluscous types.*

* 'As the insect must pass through the earlier forms of the articulate, so must man through those of the vertebrate sub-kingdom. The human embryo is first apodal and vermiform; not, however, at any period an articulated worm. The metamorphoses of the germ-cells in the spheroidal monadiform ovum have laid down the foundation of the nervous system coeval with the first assumption of a definite animal form; and, by placing it along the back as a rudimentary spinal chord, have stamped the vermiform human embryo with the characters of the vertebrate apodal fish.' And again—'The vertebrated ovum having manifested its monadiform relations by the spontaneous fission, growth, and multiplication of the primordial nucleated cells, next assumes, by their metamorphosis and primary arrangement, the form and condition of the finless cartilaginous fish, from which fundamental form development radiates in as many and diversified directions and extents, and attains more extraordinary heights of complication and perfection, than any of the lower secondary types appear to be susceptible of.' Owen on the *Invertebrate Animals*, 1843, pp. 248, 371. The proposition by Von Baer—'A heterogeneous or special structure arises out of one more homogeneous or general, and this by a gradual change' (*Ueber Entwickelungsgeschichte der Thiere*, 1837), is a principle which is illustrated in a remarkable degree by the succession of animal forms on our planet; but it could never

The great question with regard to any of the four leading divisions of the animal kingdom is, whether, according to the evidence already obtained, there has been not only a succession of different forms, but an advance made in that succession, and especially whether the earlier forms retained in a greater degree the characters which are transitory and embryonic in the existing forms.

The higher any primary group or subkingdom of animals ranks as a whole, the greater is the extent of gradation from the lowest to the highest of such group. Accordingly we do not find in any of the invertebrate subkingdoms so marked a distinction in structure and powers as is exemplified between the cold-blooded and warm-blooded members of the vertebrate subkingdom.

Sir Charles Lyell seeks to show that these were coeval in their introduction into this planet, and that they co-existed probably in the same proportions as at the present day. Thus, respecting the cold and warm blooded denizens of the deep, he states, in reference to the lowest Silurian strata, 'They also comprise some indications of fish, the scarcity of which in a fossil state, as well as the absence of cetacea, does not appear inexplicable in the present imperfect state of our investigations.' But we shall pass by for the present the consideration of the value of the argument *ex ignoto*, as applied to the warmblood fish-like mammalia, and proceed first to the statements offered in respect to the antiquity of the feathered tribes.

He admits that the earliest evidence which we possess of that warm-blooded class dates from the period of the deposition of the secondary rocks. 'The birds are represented by numerous foot-prints and coprolites in the lias of New England, and by a few bones not yet generically determined from Stonesfield and the English Wealden.' (*Address*, 21.) Admitting the accuracy of the interpretation

have conveyed or established the important ideas derived by Owen from reflection on the early phenomena of vertebrate development—and consequently the hypothesis that a vertebrate embryo transitorily typified, or passed through, the forms of the radiary, the worm, and the mollusk before acquiring its proper vertebrate character, continued to be held long after the promulgation of the vague statement of the course of development from the general to the special structure. It is only in the latest summary of physiology that we find Owen's view of the course of vertebrate development adopted—and it is given almost in his own words:—'In its very earliest grade, indeed, is [the human embryo] might be likened to the cells, or clusters of cells, of which the protozoa are constituted; but so soon as the multiplication and conversion of these has proceeded to such an extent as to give it a form and structure to which a resemblance can be traced to any higher animal, it is to the vertebrated type that we should at once assign it.' *Carpenter's Principles of Physiology*, 1851, p. 561.

given by Professor Hitchcock as to the class of animals to which the impressions in the new red sandstone of Massachusetts are to be referred, we have next to consider the grade of the supposed birds in their class. On this head Sir Charles is silent. 'The size, indeed,' he says, 'of some of the fossil impressions seemed at first to raise an objection against their having belonged to birds, as it far exceeded that of any living ostrich; but the *dinornis* and other feathered giants of New Zealand have removed this difficulty.' Now the character of size, when it surpasses a certain point, is of more value in reference to the grade of structure of a bird than in any other class of animals. All existing birds, at least, that surpass the condor or *lämmergeyer* in bulk are incapable of flight; their wings dwindle away, or rather their development is arrested at a point beyond which it is carried in birds of flight. If any one will look at the proportions of the wings in a newly-hatched chick, he will see that they are those which the ostrich retains throughout life; and he will also see that they are associated with a loose, downy character of plumage. The feathers in the great short-winged birds never acquire that compact closely-knitted texture of the barbs that characterizes the plumage of birds of flight. The cassowary, the emeu, the rhea, and the ostrich retain throughout life certain characters of the embryo or immature individuals of the higher orders of birds. In the *dinornis* the wings were arrested at the same extremely rudimental and diminutive stage which they present in the little *apteryx* of New Zealand, and we cannot, therefore, doubt but that its plumage was also arrested at the same incomplete stage as compared with that of birds of flight.

From the abrogation of their grand and characteristic locomotive power, and the concomitant undeveloped state of the plumage, ornithologists place the penguins and the *struthious* birds at the lowest step of the scale of ornithic organization. And guided by the stature of the birds, and the number and direction of the toes indicated by the foot-prints which offer the first sign of the feathered tribe hitherto recognized in this planet, we must also regard those birds as being amongst the lowest members of their class. It signifies little to object that other and higher members may yet be found in the same or earlier formations. The proper business of the philosophic geologist who generalises at all is to generalise from the known facts. The probabilities are as much on one side as the other, and may be claimed by either party who may feel dissatisfied with the facts as they are. All that we contend for is that the mere statement that birds existed at the period of the trias,

although a truth, is not the whole truth required for an impartial verdict on the issue of successive or progressive development. They were amongst the lowest organized birds—and so far the facts, in respect to the first introduction of birds, are analogous to those in respect to the first introduction of reptiles.

The Anniversary Address next affirms that a few bones of birds, not yet generically determined, have been obtained from the oolite of Stonesfield and the English Wealden.

This announcement of the remains of another warm-blooded class in the Stonesfield slate is scarcely less interesting than that first made by Cuvier and Buckland in 1823 regarding the mammalia.* But their statement was based upon the discovery of a recognizable bone of the skeleton—the lower jaw—with teeth. Sir Charles Lyell admits that the bones of the birds from Stonesfield are not yet generically determined; but he does not even tell us what bones they are. This want of information contrasts strangely with the amount of research, comparison, and discussion, to which the alleged evidence of mammalia was subjected before the fact of the existence of that class could be regarded as sufficiently established to become the basis of any reasoning upon the order of introduction of life in this planet.

Sir Charles proceeds, however, to argue with equal confidence to prove the existence of birds in the Stonesfield slate, although his only present grounds appear to be the statement from Mr. Bowerbank that 'among several bones of pterodactyls from Stonesfield, he had met with one from the same locality which, by its microscopic structure, was clearly referable to a bird;' and a similar statement by Mr. Quekett in regard to eighteen out of twenty bones, from Stonesfield slate, preserved in the Museum of the Geological Society.

We should be glad to succeed in impressing on Sir Charles Lyell the same degree of caution and hesitation in regard to the microscopic characters of the osseous tissue of the oviparous animals, with elliptical blood-corpuscles, that some experience with the microscope has enforced upon ourselves. The microscope is a good and useful servant, but it has often been abused, and nothing has tended more to detract from its true value, and to place it temporarily in abeyance, than a too confident assertion of results which subsequent and more careful observation has failed to confirm. Our readers may recollect that, during the panic of the cholera in 1849, a gentleman from Bristol boldly announced his discovery, by means of the microscope, of the actual en-

* Transactions of the Geological Society, vol. I., 2nd Series, p. 399.

ties that caused that fatal and previously mysterious disease. They were alleged to be a peculiar kind of fungi or microscopic mushroom, which floated in the infected atmosphere. He was unwilling to rest his statement on his own observation, and backed it by 'the opinion of so high an authority as would bear great weight.' This authority is a letter dated from the 'Royal College of Surgeons,' and signed JOHN QUEKETT.* The more careful and skilful microscopic observations of Drs. Baly, Gull, and Busk showed the true value of the statement and its certificate; the supposed cholera-fungoid proved to be the common *Uredo frumenti*, a denizen not of the air, but of our daily bread; and the Bristol discovery sank into the limbo of all hasty blunders.† The public confidence in the generalizations of geologists will depend on the care and caution with which the foundation facts are collected and stated.

Sir Charles affirms that 'the long-winged bird of the chalk, called *Cimoliornis* by Professor Owen, formerly considered as allied to the albatros, has now proved, as Mr. Bowerbank had inferred from the structure and proportions of the bone-cells, to be a *Pterodactyl*.' We had believed that the idea of the *Cimoliornis* of the middle chalk being a *Pterodactyle*, suggested itself to Mr. Bowerbank on his receiving from the same chalk-pit a skull and teeth of a large and undoubted *Pterodactyle*. If Sir Charles will turn to the Quarterly Journal of the Geological Society, vol. ii., containing the Proceedings of May 14, 1845, he will find that Mr. Bowerbank commences his Memoir by the announcement 'that he had recently obtained from the upper chalk of Kent'—(the mistake as to the formation was afterwards pointed out by Mr. Toulmin Smith)—'some remains of a large species of *Pterodactylus*;'—he then describes the unmistakable parts which included portions of the jaws and teeth, and he concludes by the remark, 'if it should hereafter prove that the bone described and figured by Professor Owen belongs to a *Pterodactyle*, the probable expansion of the wings would reach to at least eight or nine feet. Under these circumstances,' he says, 'I propose that the species described above shall be designated *Pterodactylus giganteus*.' The question of the microscopic structure of the bones is nowhere mooted in the Memoir in which the accuracy of the reference of the *Cimoliornis* to the class of birds is called in question.

* See Medical Gazette, September 28, 1849.

† Compare the able Report of the Cholera Sub-Committee of the College of Physicians on the so-called cholera fungi—(Medical Gazette, October 20, pp. 775-779)—with that by the assistant-conservator of the Royal College of Surgeons (Ib. p. 558).

The results of the microscopic examination of the questionable bones were submitted to the Geological Society three years later: and we may be permitted to doubt, after a due examination of Mr. Bowerbank's description and figures, whether the microscopic characters of the fossil bones of the *Cimoliornis* would ever alone have emboldened him to infer that they belonged to a *Pterodactyle*. But on this subject we prefer to lean on the authority of one whose contributions to Palæontology, by means of the microscope, have been received and confirmed by all subsequent observers:—as *e. g.* in the case of the teeth of the *Labyrinthodon*, *Dendrodus*, *Iguanodon*, *Megatherium*, &c. The characters of these parts, once pointed out, are readily recognisable and unequivocal. With regard to alleged characters from the osseous tissue, we shall quote the remarks which Professor Owen has offered in the last number (Part V., p. 237) of his History of British Fossil Reptiles:—

'I still think it for the interest of science, in the present limited extent of induction from microscopic evidence, to offer a warning against a too hasty and implicit confidence in the forms and proportions of the purkingean or radiated corpuscles of bone, as demonstrative of such minor groups of a class as that of the genus *Pterodactylus*. Such a statement as that the cells in *Birds* "have a breadth in proportion to their length of from one to four or five; while in *Reptiles* the length exceeds the breadth of ten or twelve times," only betrays the limited experience of the assessor. In the dermal plates of the tortoise, *e. g.*, the average breadth of the bone-cell to its length is as one to six; and single ones might be selected of greater breadth. With the exception of one restricted family of Ruminants, every Mammal, the blood-discs of which have been submitted to examination, has been found to possess those particles of a circular form: in the Camelidæ they are elliptical, as in birds and reptiles. The bone-cells have already shown a greater range of variety in the vertebrate series than the blood-discs. Is it, then, a too scrupulous reticence, to require the evidence of microscopic structure of a bone to be corroborated by other testimony of a plainer kind, before hastening to an absolute determination of its nature, as has been done with regard to the Wealden bone, figured in the Geological Transactions, vol. v. pl. xiii. fig. 6?—I would request the reader who may be desirous to exercise his own independent judgment on such facts as have been published on this point, to compare for example, some of the cells figured by Mr. Bowerbank, in Pl. i., fig. 9, of the Quarterly Journal of the Geological Society, vol. iv., as being those of the bone of a bird, with some of the wider cells, fig. 1, of the same plate, as being those of the bones of a *Pterodactyle*; and contrast the want of parallelism in the cells of the Wealden bone, fig. 9, with the parallelism of the long axes of the cells in the bone of the albatros, fig. 3.'

When Sir Charles Lyell has made this com-

parison he will be better able to appreciate the nature of the evidence on which he has been led to affirm the co-existence of the remains of birds with those of Pterodactyles in the oolite of Stonesfield and the Wealden of Sussex. For ourselves we shall suspend any reasoning on such alleged facts, until an indubitable portion of the skeleton of a bird shall have been recognized, by its obvious and unmistakeable characters, in one or other of those secondary strata. Had birds at that period actually co-existed with Pterodactyles, as at the present day they do with bats, and in the same proportions, there is no good reason why their remains should not be found in the fresh-water deposits of the eocene period. In these deposits they are far from being rare, and their characters are unmistakeable. In proof of this we may refer to the beautiful Ornitholites from the Sheppey clay figured in Owen's Fossil Mammals and Birds of Great Britain; and to the catalogue of tertiary fossils from Allier, in the south of France, recently submitted to the authorities of the British Museum by M. Lartet, in which not fewer than 673 specimens of the fossil bones of birds are specified from that single locality. Nor ought the remains of this class to be wanting, or even scanty, in the estuary deposits of any formation, if the class had actually been represented by as many species, and by species so numerous in individuals as exist at the present day. Yet, in reference to the absence of the remains of birds in certain strata, Sir Charles observes—

'They have left no fossil memorials behind them, because, if they perished on the land, their bodies decomposed or became the prey of carnivorous animals; if on the water, they were buoyant and floated till they were devoured by predaceous fish or birds, and in warmer countries by reptiles such as the alligator.'—*Address*, p. 46.

With respect to the littoral and estuary formations of the secondary period, we would remark that the carcasses of Ichthyosaurs and of the marine piscivorous long-snouted crocodiles called Teleosaurs, may have often sunk in deep sea, as well as have been floated and cast on shore; but the more amphibious Iguanodons, the turtle-like Plesiosaurs, and the soft or mud turtles (*Trionyxidae*), may be presumed to have left their carcasses usually in the banks and shores of the estuaries which they frequented, and so have been preserved to us, as, indeed, we now find them, in the mud that has become more or less petrified and converted by the operation of long ages into the Wealden and Oolitic estuary clays. We deny that the existence of any bird's bones in these formations has been satisfactorily established; and we do not regard the hypothesis that they were all devoured as explanatory of the fact,

on the assumption that the vertebrate kingdom was represented by the same classes, and in the same proportion at the secondary period as at the present day. The animals which now would be most likely to become imbedded after death in the sands and muds of sea-shores, are the seals—the mammals of the whale-kind, shoals of which are occasionally stranded in estuaries—and marine birds. Of the abundance in which the seals exist on the undisturbed coasts of the islands in the Southern Ocean, striking evidence is left on record by the navigators who first discovered and pointed out these sources of wealth to the seal-fisher. And the geologist and naturalist must himself visit those localities in order fully to realise the myriads of sea-birds, and the extent to which the remains of such must accumulate in the actual muds and sand-banks of those coasts, in spite of the addition of a more destructive carnivorous animal than any that operated in the Secondary or Palæozoic ages.

Mr. M'Gillivray, Naturalist to Capt. Owen Stanley's Australian Survey, found the Sooty Tern (*Onychoprion fuliginosus*) breeding in prodigious numbers on Raine's Islet. This species deposits a solitary egg, yet during the month of June a party employed in building a beacon on the Islet consumed 1500 dozens of these eggs.

'Great numbers of young birds unable to fly were killed for the pot: in one mess of twenty-two men the average number consumed daily was fifty, and supposing the convicts (twenty in number) to have consumed as many, 3000 young birds must have been killed in one month; yet I could observe no sensible diminution of the number of young—a circumstance which will give the reader some idea of the vast numbers of birds of this species congregated on a mere vegetated sand-bank like Raine's Islet.

Most of the Terns that swarm on this islet during the breeding season no doubt fly abroad and perish elsewhere; but vast numbers, of the young especially, may be presumed to perish from different causes on the sand-bank itself, the superficial soil of which, as it successively accumulates, must thus become charged with their skeletons.

Many of the petrels make burrows in the sandy soil of certain coasts wherein to build their nests and lay their eggs. Mr. Davies describes Green Island in Bass's Straits as being frequented by the short-tailed petrel (*Puffinus brevicaudus*) for that purpose:—

'The whole island is burrowed; and when I state that there are not sufficient burrows for one-fourth of the birds to lay in, the scene of noise and confusion that ensues may be imagined—I will not attempt to describe it. . . . Notwithstanding the enormous annual destruction

of these birds I did not, during the five years that I was in the habit of visiting the Straits, perceive any sensible diminution in their number. The young birds leave the rookeries about the latter end of April, and form one scattered flock in Bass's Straits. I have actually sailed through them from Flinder's Island to the head of the Tamar, a distance of eighty miles.'—*Tasmanian Journal*, vol. ii.

These sea-birds, moreover, are subjected to casualties which accumulate their carcasses on the sea-beach. Mr. Gould, who describes the small penguin (*Spheniscus minor*) as frequenting also in vast numbers the south coast of Australia, writes:—

'Heavy gales of wind destroy them in great numbers, hundreds being occasionally found dead on the beach after a storm; and when the sudden transition from the quiet of their breeding-place to the turbulence of the ocean, and the great activity and muscular exertion then required are taken into consideration, an occurrence of this kind will not appear at all surprising.'—*Birds of Australia*.

One testimony more to the profusion in which certain sea-birds exist—those most likely to have found a similar graveyard to that of the secondary reptiles—and we have done with them:

'A large flock of gannets was observed at daylight, and they were followed by such a number of the sooty petrels as we had never seen equalled. There was a stream of from fifty to eighty yards in depth, and of three hundred yards or more in breadth; the birds were not scattered, but were flying as compactly as a free movement of their wings seemed to allow; and during a full hour and a half this stream of petrels continued to pass without interruption, at a rate little inferior to the swiftness of the pigeon. On the lowest computation I think the number could not have been less than a hundred millions. Taking the stream to have been fifty yards deep by three hundred in width, and that it moved at the rate of thirty miles an hour, and allowing nine cubic yards of space to each bird, the number would amount to 151,500,000. The burrows required to lodge this quantity of birds would be 75,750,000; and allowing a square yard to each burrow, they would cover something more than 18½ geographic square miles of ground.'—*Flinder's Voyage*, i., p. 170.

If a verdict of a jury, dependent on their belief that birds co-existed with the extinct shore-going saurians and turtles in the same numbers as they do with the littoral amphibious seals of the present day, were to be claimed, we can well understand the ingenious pleader taking his last stand on the ground that the bones of the birds were not found with those of the Plesiosaurus, Iguanodon, and Trionyx, because they had all been eaten up.

But when the argument is employed by a President of the Geological Society to shake the convictions of the Geological world—convictions founded on the large induction which seems to have established so plainly the great fact of the successive development of animal life—we can only express our regret that the Philosopher should have been suffered to subside so far into the Advocate.

That the forms of animal life now are very different from what they were in the secondary and palæozoic periods, is shown not merely by the non-discovery of existing forms and classes in those ancient rocks, but by the non-existence now of the creatures that then lived in no mean numbers. The ingenious reasons assigned by Sir Charles to account for the non-discovery of mammals and birds in the Silurian and other less ancient marine formations do not apply to the non-discovery of Megalichthyans and Enaliosaurs in the present seas. No naturalist dreams that the air-breathing ichthyosaurs still 'tempest the ocean,' and have only escaped notice by the slenderness of their snouts, which they are compelled to protrude to inhale the atmosphere. Their lungs and the decomposing flesh would have floated into view their dead bodies, which, like those of all existing air-breathing sea-monsters, would have been occasionally cast on shore. No event in natural history would create greater astonishment than the discovery of a living Trilobite, Ammonite, Pterichthys, or Ichthyosaur! And why? Because of the fixed, and, we will add, well-grounded conviction in the law of the successive development of animal forms on this planet. Did it never occur to Sir Charles that the absence of a mammal and a bird in palæozoic periods may be a phenomenon of the same order as the absence of palæozoic forms in our present world?—It may be true that the necessarily limited researches into the organic contents of the bottom of the present ocean have brought to light extremely few vertebrate remains; yet, how many beds in the secondary seas might have been dredged without any remains of enaliosaurs being hauled up? As many and as often doubtless as have been dredged in the present day without the discovery of a cetacean tooth or vertebra. But the causes of the entombment of both kinds of air-breathing pelagic vertebrates, operating during a lengthened period and over suitable areas, have brought under our notice tons of fossil cetacean remains in the uplifted marine tertiary beds of Suffolk, and as abundant enaliosaurian bones in the secondary beds of Somersetshire, now equally converted into dry land. If we could receive the reports of a dredging party that worked the lowest silurian strata at the time they were being deposited, we might rea-

reasonably and logically account for their ill-success in the discovery of cetacea by the like ill-luck that might have attended the dredgers during a modern voyage. But we must contrast the conditions of the discovery of fossils in the silurian strata, in regard to the scarcity of its fishes and the nullity of higher marine vertebrate remains, with the like conditions in the secondary strata, where fishes and marine reptiles abound, and with those of the tertiary strata, in which, as in the red crag, cetacean remains are very numerous. And so we leave to the Geological Society to assign its value to their eminent President's decision that the scarcity of fossil fishes and the absence of cetacea in the lowest silurian strata is 'not inexplicable, in the present imperfect state of our investigations, when we consider the corresponding rarity, and sometimes the absence, of the like remains, observed in dredging the beds of existing seas.'—*Address*, p. 3.

'Ninthly, the land quadrupeds of the secondary period are limited to two genera, occurring in the inferior oolite of Stonesfield; the cetacea by one specimen from the Kimmeridge clay, the true position of which requires further inquiry—while an indication of another is afforded by a cetacean parasite in the chalk. But we have yet to learn whether in the secondary periods there was really a scarcity of mammalia—(such as may have arisen from an extraordinary predominance of reptiles, aquatic and terrestrial, discharging the same functions)—or whether it be simply apparent—and referable to the small progress made as yet in collecting the remains of the inhabitants of the land and rivers, since we have hitherto discovered but few freshwater and no land mollusca in rocks of the same age.'—*Ib.* p. 23.

There is no good reason to suppose that warm-blooded mammalia existed in extremely limited numbers when the seas of this planet were suited to their reception, and when they appear, from our evidences, to have been actually therein introduced. With regard to the cold-blooded reptiles, the enaliosauria evidently existed in tolerable number and variety at the period of the deposition of the secondary strata which first manifest their remains. So, likewise, in regard to the tertiary deposits in which we find the earliest unequivocal evidence of cetacea: that evidence occurs abundantly and in the varied form of true whales, grampuses, dolphins of a peculiar genus which Cuvier called *Ziphius*, and herbivorous cetacea, e. g. *Metaxitherium*, a form intermediate between the manatee and dugong. Contrast with this rich abundance the evidence on which Sir Charles affirms the existence of cetacea in the secondary period!—

Bronn, Morren has described a tubicinella from the chalk of Belgium; and Mr. Darwin, on calling my attention to this fact, observes, that if this cirripede has been correctly named, it implies, with a high degree of probability, the presence of cetacea in the cretaceous sea.'—*Ib.* p. 50.

The object of the laborious Bronn, we may remark, in compiling his Index of Fossils, has been to point out easily to geologists every fossil that had been named up to the date of the publication of that Index. He does not criticise the titles of the fossils to be entered in his lists, and every practised palæontologist knows how many fictitious species figure there. Next, as to Morren. He has given a good anatomy of the earthworm, has broached an unaccepted hypothesis of the spontaneous generation of intestinal worms, and is best known, perhaps, as a botanist of moderate repute; but as a conchologist he is not known at all. We are disposed, therefore, to doubt, not merely with Mr. Darwin if this cirripede has been correctly named, but whether the fragment of chalk-shell noticed by Morren be a cirripede at all.

Never surely was ground assumed for assailing a great conclusion, based by experienced geologists and comparative anatomists on a wide induction of facts, so slippery as that of the existence of warm-blooded mammals in the seas of the secondary period from the indication afforded 'by a cetacean parasite in the chalk.' The chalk has not been chary in evidences of the huge vertebrata that swarmed the seas at the period of its deposition. Carcasses of the *Mosasaurus*, the *Polyptychodon*, the *Ichthyosaurus*, and the *Plesiosaurus*, were drifted to those chalk-forming coral reefs, and their teeth and bones became mingled on the surf-beat shore with debris of the zoophytes and other microscopic calcareous organisms.* Why not in like manner the bodies of cetacea, if cetacea had then existed? No—not one of the numerous vertebræ of a *Balæna* or *Delphinus*, nor the fragment of a rib, nor an ear-bone, nor a tooth, can be adduced in proof of their existence: it is to be assumed, on the evidence of the shell of an alleged parasite, and one which must have been so deeply imbedded in the skin as only to be released by decomposition of the dead body of the mighty species to which the genus *Tubicinella* is now peculiar. We again beg leave respectfully to decline the cretaceous cetacean until its credentials are of a better character; and as to the 'one specimen from the Kimmeridge Clay,' Sir Charles admits that 'its true position requires further inquiry.'

* See Parts IV. and V. of Professor Owen's richly-illustrated work on British Fossil Reptiles.

† According to the Index Palæontologicus of

Seeing the annual increase in the recorded number of fossil Reptilia, we do not anticipate from further inquiry the subversion of our present creed that in the secondary period 'there was really a scarcity of Mammalia;' and one of the most astounding statements in the Anniversary Address is that 'we have yet to learn whether this be a fact.'

The secondary deposits are very rich in fossils, and extremely so in vertebrate remains; the number and variety of those of the cold-blooded amphibious and air-breathing marine animals is such that it has been termed the 'Age of Reptiles.' For the comparison in question, of the relative abundance or scarcity of Reptiles and Mammals, we have but to ascertain what orders in those respective classes are under the same or similar conditions, at the present day, in respect to the chances of the entombment of their remains in marine or estuary formations analogous to those that compose the greater part of the secondary strata. No physiologist doubts but that the carnivorous air-breathing grampus and dolphin play a like part in the present seas to that assigned to the Cetiosaur and Ichthyosaur in the seas of the secondary epoch. It is, also, highly probable that the littoral locality assigned to the seal tribe at the present day is very similar to that occupied by the Plesiosaurs of old. The importance of the comparison, in reference to the great question of the succession and progression of organic life, has been fully appreciated by Owen. In the Introduction to his History of British Fossil Mammals, he remarks:—

'The non-discovery of the remains of marine Mammalia is more conclusive as to their non-existence. Had whales, grampuses, porpoises, or manatees existed in the oolitic ocean, it is highly improbable that every trace of their bones and teeth should have escaped notice, especially when the remains of the Cetiosaurs and other Reptilian inhabitants of those ancient seas are so abundant.'—Ed., 1846, p. 14.

And this observation is deemed by the author of the 'Principles of Geology' so important that it forms one of the additional paragraphs in the seventh edition (1847) as well as in that of 1850 (p. 135). But if the negative testimony in regard to the marine Mammalia be truly so important, then how can the scarcity of Mammalia during the secondary periods be said to be 'yet to be learnt,' when one entire and large order has to be deducted according to the admitted value of the negative testimony? Let us add that, whilst abundance of littoral reptilia have left evidence of their existence in the secondary periods, not one specimen of a seal or other shore-dwelling mammal has been discovered.

We are disposed, also, to assign the same chances to the preservation and discovery of remains of flying mammals as to those of flying reptiles. The great Pteropi or frugivorous bats wing their way on leathern pinions in vast flocks from one coral island to another in the Pacific Ocean, and their remains must occasionally become imbedded in the sea shores and the coral reefs. The littoral oolitic deposits at Stonesfield, the estuary Wealden clays, and the chalk-pits of Kent, have given abundant evidence of the volant Reptilia of the secondary period, but not one fragment of the skeleton of a flying mammal.

The sole satisfactory proof of mammalia during the secondary period continues to be restricted to the fossil lower jaws of the insectivorous Amphitherium and marsupial Phascolotherium from the Stonesfield slate. Sir Charles is disposed to multiply the number of oolitic mammals by conjectural inferences. But as to Owen's remark, quoted in the Address (p. 49)—'that some carnivorous quadrupeds of coeval date could scarcely have been wanting to keep down the numbers of the little phascolotheres and amptitheres, which were probably, like the quadrupeds now most allied to them, quick breeders'—we do not attach so much weight to it as the President would seem to do. The large and formidable pterodactyles, and the carnivorous land saurians discovered by Buckland in the same oolitic slate, would be enemies sufficiently active and voracious to check the increase of the diminutive insectivora, without calling in the aid of larger hypothetical mammals.

Much stress is laid, in the President's propositions against the theory of successive development, upon the non-discovery of land-shells in the older strata as invalidating the like negative evidence in regard to mammals:—

'The absence of terrestrial mammals in the palæozoic rocks generally may admit of the same explanation, as our ignorance of most of the insects and all the pulmoniferous mollusca, as well as of the Helices, and other land-shells of the same era.' (ib. p. 21.)

But the chief weight of this argument depends on the assumption that *Helices* and other air-breathing snails did exist during the periods of the deposition of the Silurian and Devonian rocks as at the present day. They may have done so: it is even possible, though not probable, that they then existed under the recognizable forms of our common garden snails. But the only generalizations of any value in science are those that are based upon facts: and, above all, in Geology, it is more especially desirable that the acknowledged leaders of that fascinating science should set the example of

making their conclusions as closely as possible the exact expression of their facts. No progress towards truth can be expected to be made by an endeavour to explain away one fact or series of phenomena, on the assumption of another fact, of which not a particle of evidence has been obtained. The mammals of the entire series of secondary rocks, though recruited by the hypothetical cetaceous deserter whose whereabouts is surmised by an indication of one of his problematical parasites, are nevertheless so scarce that reference is again made, in the ninth proposition, to the non-discovery of land mollusca in rocks of the same age in order to justify the President's incredulity as to the fact of that scarcity (*ib.* p. 22.)

We beg, with much deference, to suggest that the value of the negative testimony as respects land invertebrata, in its application to the negative testimony as respects land vertebrata, should first have been shown by the comparison between the quantity of land invertebrata co-existing with the vertebrated fossils of a secondary period, and the same association at a tertiary period. It is at least highly probable, for example, that the circumstances of the formation of the fresh-water strata of the Wealden beds of Kent and Sussex, and of the fresh-water strata of the Eocene beds of Hampshire, were such as to pretty equally favour the fossilization, imbedding, and preserving of the remains of the terrestrial and aerial vertebrate and invertebrate animals which respectively existed at those different periods. First, with regard to insects—Mr. Brodie, in his valuable History of the British fossils of that class, informs us that in the marlstones and shales of the secondary formations in Gloucestershire, and other parts of the West of England,

'there are numerous remains both of insects and plants occasionally mingled with marine shells, sometimes also with fresh-water mollusca, of the genera *Cyclas* and *Unio*. One shale containing *Cypris* is charged with the wing cases of Coleoptera, and some nearly entire beetles, of which the eyes are preserved. The nervures of the wings of the neuropterous insects are also found in a very perfect state in the same bed. Throughout an extensive district several bands of this lias have been termed insect limestone, in consequence of the great number of such fossils—no less than 300 specimens of hexapods having been obtained, comprising both wood-eating and herb-devouring beetles of the Linnæan genera, *Carabus*, *Elater*, and others, besides grasshoppers (*Gryllus*), and detached wings of Dragon-flies and May-flies, or insects referable to the Linnæan genera, *Libellula*, *Ephemera*, *Hemerobius*, and *Panorpa*—the whole assemblage belonging to no less than 24 families.'

own summary of these researches; he adds (p. 42):

'These insects had evidently been washed down into the sea by a river, which also brought down the leaves of ferns and monocotyledons, together with fragments of other plants, possibly dicotyledons.'

No mammalian remains, so far as observation has extended, have been washed down into the liassic secondary deposits revealing this abundance of terrestrial and aerial insect life. No tertiary formation has yet rewarded so richly the explorations of the entomological fossil-hunter. We are at a loss, therefore, to understand the force, or indeed the truth, of the reference to the small progress made as yet in collecting the remains of the inhabitants of the land and rivers 'in secondary formations,' in Sir Charles Lyell's ninth proposition against the theory of successive development—(*ib.* 22)—where the object is to depreciate the value of the negative evidence on the existence of mammalia as contrasted with the abundant positive evidence of such existence in the tertiary formations.

But to return to the special member of the secondary formations selected in order to test the real value of the alleged characteristic paucity of terrestrial and fluviatile invertebrata in the formations from which mammalian remains are absent.

The clays of the Wealden formations abound in remains of the *Cypris*, a fresh-water invertebrate animal belonging to the Entomostracous or inferior division of the Crustaceous class. Dr. Dunker and Professor Forbes have determined the existence, in the Wealden, of species of fluviatile shells of the genera *Paludina*, *Lymanæus*, *Planorbis*, *Valvata*, *Physa*, *Melania*, &c.

In the fresh-water and estuary deposits of the eocene tertiary period at Hordwell Cliff, on the Hampshire coast, the present evidence of the invertebrate inhabitants of the land and fresh waters is not much more abundant than that obtained from the Wealden: in regard to insects it is much less abundant than the evidence yielded by older secondary deposits. Mr. Wood has succeeded in discovering in the Hordwell deposits a species of snail (*Helix labyrintica*), not distinguishable from an existing North American species. Upon the whole the circumstances under which the vertebrated inhabitants of the land might be preserved in a fossil state in the secondary and tertiary strata above cited, so far as those circumstances can be estimated by the fossil land and fresh-water invertebrata, were of the same or nearly equal likelihood, to effect such preservation.

The simple facts as regards the evidence of

the air-breathing vertebrate animals of the Wealden and Eocene beds, as tested by the analogous formations in Hampshire and Sussex, are as follows:—In the Wealden there are fresh-water and estuary tortoises, small lizards, plesiosaurs, crocodiles with biconcave vertebræ, and gigantic reptiles of probably terrestrial habits, called hylæosaurs, megalosaurs, and iguanodons. Not a fragment of a mammalian animal—not one satisfactorily determined and unequivocal fragment of a bird—but some remains of the flying reptiles called pterodactyles, are associated with those larger reptiles. In the Hordwell eocene beds there are fresh-water and estuary tortoises, small lizards and serpents, crocodiles with the same cup-and-ball vertebræ as the crocodiles of the present day, but not a trace of any of the larger herbivorous and carnivorous saurians above cited in the Wealden. In place thereof, there are remains of large carnivorous mammals of the genus *Hyænodon*, and herbivorous mammals of the genera *Anoplotherium*, *Palæotherium*, *Paloplotherium*, *Dichodon*, *Dichobunus*, *Xiphodon*, *Microchærus*, &c., besides small Rodentia, and Insectivora. Some bones of birds have also been found, but not a trace of a pterodactyle.

No evidence of insects or of pulmoniferous mollusca has yet been obtained from the Red Crag, a member of the older pliocene or miocene division of the tertiary series; but remains of not fewer than thirteen genera of mammalia from that formation were exhibited and determined by Professor Owen, at the last meeting of the British Association at Ipswich. We might cite many other instances equally demonstrating that the chances of the preservation of mammalian remains in strata formed at periods when that class was abundantly represented, are not to be estimated by the proportion of the remains of land or fresh-water invertebrata in the same strata. As well might the absence or paucity of these remains in certain tertiary formations be appealed to in order to explain the non-discovery therein of the great terrestrial dinosaurs, as to account for the non-discovery of mammals in the secondary or palæozoic formations, in which the terrestrial and fluviatile invertebrate fossils are equally wanting or scanty. The argument from the paucity of insects, and of fluviatile or land mollusks, seems to be on a par with the argument from the dredge.

'Tenthly,' continues our President, in opposition to the theory of successive development, 'in regard to the Palæontology of the tertiary periods, there seems to be every reason to believe that the orders of the mammalia were as well represented as now, and by species as highly organized, whether we turn to the lower, or to the middle, or to the upper eocene periods, or to the miocene or

pliocene; so that during five or more changes, in this highest class of vertebrata, not a single step was made in advance, tending to fill up the chasm which separates the most highly gifted of the inferior animals and men.'

We can well conceive the general idea with which 999 readers out of 1000 will rise from the perusal of this statement in the Anniversary Address. It would be the reverse of the idea which would be conveyed by the statement that, during the tertiary periods, the species of mammalia successively perished, and were replaced by species more and more resembling those that now co-exist with man.

Supposing the latter statement to be true, whence then, it may be asked, the difference between the general idea it is calculated to excite and that imparted by the statement of the President of the Geological Society? It will be found to reside in the difference of the meanings which may be attached to the words italicized in the three phrases 'as well represented,' 'as highly organized,' 'the most highly gifted.' If an order of mammals be represented by any species in the eocene and pliocene strata, it may be loosely said, in respect of the organization of such order, to be as well represented in the one as the other: for the gradation is not very extensive in the range of a natural order of the mammalian class. Still it is something; and a baboon of the genus *Macacus*, in respect to its generic organization, does not so well represent the quadrumanus as a tail-less ape of the genus *Hylobates*. If an order be considered as well represented according to the number of its representatives, then the quadrumanous one was better represented by the species of *Hylobates*, *Semnopithecus*, *Macacus*, and *Callithrix* of the later tertiary periods, than by the solitary *Macacus* of the earliest tertiary period. More *Quadrumanus* may, of course, be hereafter discovered in the eocene formations, but we are concerned in testing the accuracy of the generalizations from the actually acquired facts.

The Edentata are a very remarkable and peculiar Order of mammalia. The first representative known in a fossil state is the *Macrotherium Sansaniense*, from the miocene of the Département du Gers. Remains of the order became more abundant in the pliocene and post-pliocene strata; and it is now represented by different genera and species in Asia, Africa, and America. It was not at all represented in any of the eocene periods. An edentate fossil may, perhaps, be hereafter discovered in one or other of the divisions of the eocene—but Sir Charles Lyell's statement in respect to the palæontology of the tertiary periods is absolute.

The Ruminantia form one of the most numerous, as well as the most valuable, of the

The earliest Rhinoceros which has been discovered is from the Miocene strata of Eppelesheim and of Sansan, department of Gers: it was called *Rhinoceros incisivus* by Cuvier, because it retained fully developed incisors in both jaws; it was called *Acerotherium* by Kaup, because it never developed its horns; and it has since been denominated *Rhinoceros tetradactylus* by Lartet, because it had four toes on each foot, instead of three, as in all the later species of rhinoceros. It will be seen that in all these characters, the Miocene rhinoceros adheres closer to the common type, and resembles more the embryo than the adult of the Pliocene and existing species of rhinoceros. In the absence of horns, the presence of incisors, and in having the fourth toe on the fore-foot, the Miocene Rhinoceros also more resembled the *Tapirotherium*, its contemporary, than the modern Rhinoceroses do the modern Tapirs.

The Eocene herbivorous animals which most resembled the Ruminants are the Dicobune, Dichodon, and Anoplotherium. They were devoid of horns, had canines and incisors in the upper as well as the lower jaws, and had the two toes, answering to those that are soldered together to form common bones in the Ruminants, distinct—whence Professor Owen has compared them to the embryos of Ruminants.—*British Foss. Mamm.*, p. 333.

The Palæotherium is an Eocene herbivore, with the typical dentition, and with three toes on each foot: it has some affinity with the existing tapir; it has a closer one with the existing horse—but there is a wide interval between them. Compared with any known species of the genus *Equus*, the Palæotherium adheres much closer to the common Mammalian type, not only by having the toes answering to the second and fourth of the typical five functionally developed, but by retaining the first premolar in both jaws.

The Palæotherium of the Eocene period is succeeded in the Miocene by a species which departs so much further from the common type by the reduction in size of the outer and inner toes, that MM. Lartet and De Blainville have called it *Palæotherium Hippoides*. In the Miocene or Older Pliocene of Vaucluse there occurs another species of tridactyle herbivore in which the outer and inner toes are so much more reduced, though still retaining their hoofs, and the form and proportions of the rest of the skeleton and the teeth are so much nearer those of the horse, that it has received the name of *Hipparion* from one Palæontologist, and of *Hippotherium* from another discoverer of it. In the strata unquestionably Pliocene are first found some remains of the true Equine genus—in which the second and fourth toes are reduced to rudiments of

their metacarpals or metatarsals, called the 'splint-bones,' and which are concealed beneath the skin.

The huge proboscidean pachyderms are represented at the present day by the elephants of Asia and Africa. They are remarkable for the absence of premolars, for the large size and complexity of the true molars, for the absence of incisors in the lower jaw, and for the acquisition by the two incisors retained in the upper jaw of those enormous dimensions that obtain for them the name of tusks. This is a form of mammal that departs extremely in its dentition from the normal type. Some naturalists deem their peculiarities of such value as to make them a peculiar Order. But the Order or Family of Proboscideans had no known representatives in the Eocene tertiary strata. They are comparatively rare in the Miocene, and are most abundant in the newer Pliocene or Postpliocene strata.

In the Miocene age the Proboscideans are first represented by a species, which, from the comparative simplicity of its grinding teeth, is called *Mastodon*—and this mastodon (*M. Simorrensis* of Lartet) had two incisors in the lower as well as in the upper jaw, and had also premolar teeth in both jaws.*

Professor Owen has called attention to the prevalence of the normal or typical dentition in not only the herbivorous but the carnivorous mammals of the eocene and older miocene strata.† It appears to have been the rule then; it is the exception now.

The above cited and other analogous facts indicate that in the successive development of the mammalia, as we trace them from the earliest tertiary period to the present time, there has been a gradual exchange of a more general for a more special type. The modifications which constitute the departure from the general type adapt the creature to special actions, and usually confer upon it special powers. The horse is the swifter by reason of the reduction of its toes to the condition of the single-hoofed foot; and the antelope, in like manner, gains in speed by the coalescence of two of its originally distinct bones into one firm cannon-bone.

Man, whose organization is regarded as the highest, departs most from the vertebrate archetype; and it is because the study of anatomy is usually commenced from, and often confined to, his structure, that a knowledge of the archetype has been so long hidden from anatomists.

In one sense, therefore, and indeed in that in which it is most commonly understood, an advance of organization is made in their ratio in

* Notice sur la Colline de Sansan, par Ed. Lartet. 8vo. 1851.

† Art. 'Teeth,' *Oyclopædia of Anatomy*, vol. iv., p. 836.

which the archetype is departed from ; and it would tend altogether to mislead the student of palæontology, and to conceal from him the highly interesting and suggestive facts which that science has already revealed, were we to impress upon him the belief that—so far as our knowledge extends in regard to the succession of Mammalian forms during the Tertiary Periods of Geology—‘*there has been no step whatever made in advance, no elevation in the scale of being.*’ (Address, p. 54.)

Notwithstanding, therefore, the indication, from foot-prints of a cold-blooded reptile, and the evidence of fishes by rare and scanty fossils, in the earliest Silurian strata, we still hold that the generalization of the actual facts, as enunciated by Sedgwick, is more true than are the counter propositions of Lyell. We maintain that there are traces in the old deposits of the earth of an organic progression among the successive forms of life, and (in the words of the Cambridge Professor) that ‘*they are seen in the absence of Mammalia in the older, and their very rare appearance in the newer secondary groups—in the diffusion of warm-blooded quadrupeds, frequently of unknown genera, in the older tertiary system, and in their great abundance, and frequently of known genera, in the upper portions of the same series—and lastly, in the recent appearance of Man on the surface of the earth.*’—(Discourse, p. xliv.)

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- ART. VIII.—1. *History of the Church of Rome to the end of the Episcopate of Damasus, A.D. 384.* By E. J. Shepherd, A.M., Rector of Luddesdown. 1851.
2. *The Letters Apostolic of Pope Pius IX. considered with reference to the Law of England and the Law of Europe.* By Travers Twiss, D.C.L. 1851.
3. *Position and Prospects of the Protestant Churches of Great Britain and Ireland with reference to the proposed Establishment of a Roman Catholic Hierarchy in this Country.* By T. Greenwood, M.A., Barrister-at-Law. 1851.
4. *Letter to Lord John Russell.* By John Earl of Shrewsbury.
5. *Papal Aggression—Speech of Lord John Russell.*
6. *Du Pape.* Par Le Comte Joseph Le Maistre. Paris, 1843.
7. *Observations on the Arguments of Dr. Twiss, &c.* By George Bowyer.
8. *Seymour's Mornings among the Jesuits.* 3rd Edition. 1851.

None who ever read the history of Pilgrim Good-Intent, the ablest and most amusing of the successors of our old friend Christian, can have forgotten that at the outset of his journey he passed the dwellings of two giants, who in their day had been the terror of all bound to the holy city. One had long been dead, but the neighbourhood was still bleached with the bones of his victims. This was *Pagan*. The other, now infirm and lethargic, scarcely seemed to notice wayfarers, except by an occasional grin of impotent ill will.—Such was or seemed giant *Pope*, at the close of the last century ; and, as if old age and decay were doing their work too slowly, republican France stormed his den, and threatened to extinguish him *brevis manu*. His subsequent revival and rapid restoration to youthful vigour, with modernized dress, and reburnished armour, *alter et idem*, is perhaps the most wonderful incident of this age of wonders. We can conceive that the keen-eyed statesman might have foreseen a resurgence of Papal power even at the lowest point of its depression ; but never again, he would have argued (and this is no hypothesis, for all philosophers did so argue), could the system of Rome endanger the peace of the world. Nevertheless, by a combination of events which we were assured could never recur, our attention is forcibly recalled to times with which we had ceased to have any sympathy, and ecclesiastical history, which had been given up to the antiquary, becomes again the province of the practical politician.

We place at the head of our paper several works belonging to the recent controversy, because we have been indebted to them for information—(to Dr. Twiss's especially)—or shall have occasion to allude to their contents—but we have no intention to travel over the ground which has been made so familiar and so wearisome by the debates and disputes of many months. We propose to give a slight sketch of the progress of Papal Supremacy from its first equivocal generation to its full development, when it claimed to be what Bellarmine called it, *the cardinal point of Christianity*—with a view to illustrate the struggle between the ecclesiastical and civil powers, and the strangely complicated relation which since the Reformation has existed between Protestant governments and the Head of the Romish Church. In executing this task we need not of necessity anticipate much difference of opinion with our Roman Catholic countrymen. We shall rarely have occasion to take other ground than that already occupied by some of the wisest members of their church, in ‘the bitter but ‘decorous schism’ which has so long divided it on the question of the pretensions of its head.

The first pages of the history of ecclesiastical Rome present really a mere blank :—even the names of the bishops are disputed ;—but, as an infallible church must have a list of its rulers, a list is forthcoming—and the curious in physiognomy may be gratified by seeing their busts in the cathedral at Siena and their pictures in S. Paolo fuori le Mura near Rome. We need not pause to remark how inconsistent is this obscurity with any theory, however modified, of the original primacy of the see. It is enough for our purpose that Pope Pius II. and Dr. Newman both admit—that for the three first centuries the Church of Rome was little considered.* The only documents which imply the contrary have long been abandoned as forgeries. Some centuries later, when Rome was maturing her schemes of dominion, certain rescripts were produced, and were ultimately collected and put forth under the name of Isidore, Bishop of Seville, professing to be the letters of the early bishops (from Anencletus, the third on the list) and speaking in the lofty oecumenical style which they would doubtless have assumed from the first if they had been conscious of inheriting the primacy of the world. The forgery, though perfectly successful in a dark age, was but clumsily executed, and when afterwards exposed by the Centuriators of Magdeburgh, its defence was judged inexpedient by Baronius and Bellarmine. But, by admitting the spuriousness of these documents, Rome cannot cancel their existence. That she stooped to such a forgery, proves that she was animated by no swelling consciousness of the right to expand old doctrine, or to propound new—while it distinctly marks a depressing conviction that the Christendom of that day recognized in her no such prerogative, and was not disposed to admit her primacy without proof that from the first it had been claimed and exercised.

Mr. Shepherd tells us it was his object to write the history of the Papacy on the simple plan of collecting, under each reign, the facts established by documents, omitting the conjectural essays with which philosophical historians bridge chasms hopelessly dark, and hurry over wastes irredeemably dull. Such was his plan—and if his history has degenerated into a critical controversy, he protests it is not his fault.†

* *Enses Sylv. Ep. ad. Mayer.* 288, p. 802—*‘Ante Nicenum concilium parvus respectus habebatur ad Ecclesiam Romanam.’* Prof. Butler on Newman's *Essay on Development*, pp. 165, 319 ; Wordsworth, *Letters to Goudon*, p. 42.

† Mr. Shepherd's present volume is only the first portion of a large work ; though, from whatever motive, he gives no intimation of this in his title-page.

Mr. Shepherd wrote before the *Philosophical* *men*, ascribed to Origen, issued from the Clarendon Press. Accordingly, the first documents of any importance that he finds are the Epistles of S. Cyprian, from A.D. 250 to 258 ;—but, as he proceeds, he is much less embarrassed by the scantiness than by his ever-growing distrust of his materials. Continuing his examination through the writings connected with the council of Sardica, the life of Athanasius, &c., he detects so many anachronisms and so much inconsistency with each other, with probability, with the facts and with the silence of general history, that he comes boldly to the conclusion—

‘that what is recorded of the Roman Church is almost nothing ; and that those acts of interference with other churches which appear in the histories and some other writings are forgeries of a much later date, manifestly written to create a belief in a supremacy which had never existed, but which, at the time they were made, the Roman Church was endeavouring to introduce.’—p. 493.

So much is he irritated at being unable, at the distance of sixteen centuries, to disentangle the truth and fiction which were artfully interwoven in order to deceive a nearly contemporary age, that he broadly denounces the whole as a forgery, and pushes his incredulity so far as to deprive the venerable Cyprian both of his mitre and his martyr's crown—in fact, to reduce him to a mythical non-entity. This exaggerated scepticism not only exposes Mr. Shepherd to refutation on many points quite unconnected with the real matter in dispute, but is so little supported by probability that it tends to deprive his reasonings generally of the attention to which they are justly entitled. Granting that the Roman See desired to find or to make precedents to support certain meditated encroachments, we cannot see the policy or possibility of this double imposture. If we could suppose a modern Lord Chancellor forging an adjudged case in point, it is clear he would produce some unrecorded decision of a known predecessor, and not intercalate among the pre-occupants of the *Marble Chair* some name never heard of by Campbell or by Foss.*

The writings which are the objects of Mr. Shepherd's attack have always been admitted by scholars to be largely interpolated, but

* The instances of anachronism, if they can really stand the test of critical investigation, are unanswerably strong. What should we say to an alleged judgment of Lord Chancellor Eldon, if it included a lofty compliment to the *Tractarians* ? The book on Synods, attributed to Hilary, uses the word ‘essentia’ sixty or seventy times ; yet Augustine, in 391, uses the word professedly as a new one—thirty-three years after the work on Synods was written.—*Shepherd*, p. 301.

they have scarcely yet been subjected to the investigation they deserve. When dispute and criticism awoke, they had lost much of their importance. They are so far from supporting the extravagant claims of the See that they are quoted by the moderate Roman Catholic writers in opposition to its pretensions;* and the limited primacy which they tend to establish, may be admitted by the Protestant without injury to his cause. But the turn which the controversy with Rome has recently taken has greatly added to the controversial interest of early ecclesiastical history. Since the 'theory of Development,' incompatible as it is with the hypothesis of an immutable and infallible Church, has been permitted by Rome to grow up side by side with it, it is important to compel her to make her election between the two—nor is it less important to ascertain by historical testimony the precise mode and circumstances of each Development. Development is a process which its advocates wish to view through the haze of distance—we desire to witness its operation as near as possible. The word is one of those ambiguous expressions of modern invention which are meant to insinuate more than men dare assert. If the Romish Church has indeed received the commission to add new truths to revealed doctrine, each such addition is a fresh revelation, and not a development: but, admitting both the word and the theory for the sake of argument, we may be well assured that these developments would not be regulated by the rules of political expediency, nor sustained on the faith of forgeries.

There seems no reason to doubt that the advance of the Roman See to power resembled that of the other Great Patriarchates.

As Christianity gradually spread from the capitals where the first missionaries had planted a church, the affiliated churches naturally maintained a dutiful reverence and obedience (fact and etymology coinciding) to the metropolitan. In a large province where there were several such metropolitan churches, that of the capital claimed a primacy. The province of Rome at first was a small one, comprising only the suburbicarian churches; but, as there was no other metropolitan within its limits, the Bishop of Rome exercised a far more energetic control over each of his suffragans than fell to the lot of any other patriarch.† The

ambition of all metropolitans was to extend their authority; nor do we doubt that the Bishop of Rome seized the first opportunities of claiming an appellate jurisdiction;—but it does not seem probable that many such opportunities were afforded him till the conversion of the State to Christianity conferred political importance on the See of the Imperial capital.

The visit of Constantine after his conversion is a triumphant epoch for the Church, and it was subsequently adorned by fables becoming the dignity of the occasion. To that period is referred the *donation*, first produced long afterwards,

'Che Costantino al buon Silvestro fece;'

and also an edict, creditable alike to the Emperor's orthodoxy and his prescience, by which he gives the Church of Rome precedence over all other churches, including that of Constantinople, not yet founded (*Shepherd*, p. 52). His genuine gifts were hardly less important. By permitting the church to acquire real property, he laid the foundations of her temporal greatness. The hierarchy rose rapidly to wealth, and ambition was not slow to follow. We learn from Ammianus Marcellinus (lib. xxii. 3), that in the year 366, the contest between the followers of Damasus and Ursinus for the Roman chair was so hot—though no doctrine was at stake—that one hundred and fifty dead bodies were left in one basilica. 'And indeed,' exclaims the historian, 'I cannot blame the zeal with which so very good a thing is contested:—the successful candidate has at his command the luxuries of wealth—equipage and dress, and banquets of royal daintiness.'

The Church of the new seat of government, Constantinople, started immediately into consequence, and in the days of Gregory the Great seems to have been in a condition to claim the primacy over all others. There is extant a letter of Gregory in which he entreats his Byzantine brother not to violate *that equality which is the essence of the episcopate*, by accepting from the Emperor the title of *ecumenical bishop*. Gregory was a good man and a great, but before all things he was a churchman. When the blood-stained monster Phocas usurped his master's throne, Gregory thought it expedient to address the tyrant in terms of flattery, which (as Bayle remarks) prove that those who had forced him to be Pope knew him better than he knew himself. Not long after, if Baronius is to be believed, Phocas conferred on Boniface III. this same title of Ecumenical Bishop; which Boniface had concurred with Gregory in condemning when sought by another. This story has been

* For example, Sarpi grounds his argument against the extravagant claims of Paul V. on the writings of S. Cyprian.

† Hallam's Middle Ages, chap. vii.—on the *History of Ecclesiastical Power*—a chapter eminent, even among his writings, for ability—as clear as comprehensive—and especially worthy of re-perusal, because there can be no suspicion that it was written with an anti-Catholic bias.

disputed;—but that such is the version which Rome chooses to give in what may be considered her own official statement, is a fact in itself quite as interesting as the real truth could be if ascertained. However, we must remind the believers in Dr. Fleming's exposition of Prophecy, that on the precise accuracy of this assumption—namely, that in the year 606 this very title was granted, and that from the said grant the papacy takes its date—depends the whole of the ingenious calculation which fixed on the year 1848 as that in which the papacy should suffer an incurable, though not immediately lethal wound. Our readers will not have forgotten the wonderment which was occasioned by the republication of the old Presbyterian's prophecy just at the period of its accomplishment.

Not less important in the history of the papacy was the acquisition of independence by the Bishop of Rome on the revolt of Italy from Leo the Iconoclast.* The subsequent donation of the Exarchate of Ravenna by Pepin raised him to the rank of a temporal prince; and though at the time it produced little of solid advantage, it conferred a claim which at a later period the church was able to enforce. Perhaps also it suggested the magnificent forgery of Constantine's donation of the Western Empire, before alluded to, which was now first solemnly brought forward in a letter of Adrian I. to Charlemagne. In the following century the final schism between the Greek and the Latin Churches relieved the Western Patriarch of a powerful rival, and concentrated his exertions within more manageable limits. But there was yet a pause before the highest point of greatness was achieved.

For about 150 years the See, paralyzed by a series of revolutions and crimes, made little progress in extending its influence. But in the meantime the national synods of every country of Europe were successfully engaged in enlarging the ecclesiastical at the expense of the civil power. There is nothing more clear than the subordination of the Church to the State on the first introduction of Christianity. From the emperor of the civilized world to the chieftain of a barbarous tribe, from Constantine to Clovis, the royal convert became *ex officio* the head of his newly adopted religion, and its chief missionary to his unconverted subjects. The Church, *dante minor*, gratefully accepted his favours, and with them his supremacy.† But the effects

of time tended everywhere to alter this relation. The clergy held the keys of knowledge and of Scripture. It was their duty to instruct, and it became their ambition to direct. Every year the clergy had been gaining ground:—the episcopate concurred in electing sovereigns—they claimed the right to judge and to depose. At length, about the middle of the 11th century, the Papacy awoke from its slumber like a giant refreshed, and proceeded to wrest the fruits of victory from the national churches, who soon perceived that they had toiled for the exaltation of the common tyrant of clergy and laity.

The magnificent project of Gregory VII. proposed nothing less than the subjugation of the world as its end and the suberviency of the clergy as its means. To fit the Church for its high vocation he professed to reform it: in this task he chiefly employed the instrumentality of the monastic orders, and by exempting them from episcopal jurisdiction, he secured to the See the exclusive devotion of a disciplined ecclesiastical militia. To them moreover was committed the charge of preaching—a most powerful engine in an illiterate age—and by their aid he ultimately succeeded in enforcing the celibacy of the clergy—the final triumph by which the machinery of ecclesiastical despotism was completed. In the name of spiritual supremacy, the Roman See made rapid strides towards temporal dominion. The 'temporal' and 'spiritual' are easily distinguished in definition, but in action it is as difficult to discriminate their limits as to separate the functions of soul and body. By the alternate distinction and confusion of these terms the See developed the doctrine of spiritual supremacy till it embraced every object of worldly ambition. But Gregory and his successors were soon enabled to discard the perplexing sophistry with disdain. Boldly and without disguise they put forth the claim of temporal as well as spiritual dominion in behalf of the 'Vicar of Christ—the ruler of the world.'

Cardinal Baronius quotes certain maxims of Gregory VII. (*Dictatus Papæ*), which formed the basis of his system. They comprise those claims which his predecessors had never put forth to the same extent, or had failed in enforcing, but which he found essential to his 'ideal' of a church. They mark the theoretical boundaries of a kingdom that has never yet been fully entered on and possessed, but whose pretensions have never since been withdrawn. The following is a summary of the more important articles. 'The Pope is the

* Barrow notes the dexterity with which Baronius endeavours to represent the rebellion of Gregory II. against Leo as a deposition of the Emperor by the Pope.

† Gibbon, chap. 49. For the first thousand years after Christ all general councils were convoked by sovereigns; and in the early national synods, it must

be admitted, the lay presidents did not show themselves more careful of discriminating between temporal and spiritual jurisdiction than did the clergy in after years.

one Universal Bishop—with all power to depose, to restore, to translate, and to alter the sees of other bishops. No book is canonical without his sanction. No Council can be called General without his precept; his legate presides in every Council with supreme power. Those who are not in communion with him cannot be Catholics; those who are excommunicated by him are cut off from the commerce of mankind. He can depose emperors—he can absolve subjects from their allegiances. He is the judge of all men, and no man can judge him. He can reverse all sentences, and no one can reverse his. No one can be prevented appealing to the Holy See, and to it all great causes ought to be referred. All princes kiss his feet.* There is only one name in the world—that of the Pope, and by the merits of the blessed St. Peter he is endowed with personal sanctity.—That among these axioms there should also be one asserting the infallibility of the Church is by no means surprising, but it is very remarkable that Gregory should hesitate dogmatically to attribute this infallibility to the pontiff in his own individual person, more especially as he claims for him the more startling attribute of *personal sanctity*. When Mr. Seymour so puzzled his friends the Jesuits by denying that they could produce any dogmatic declaration of the Church's infallibility, we presume that he did not conceive the pith of his objection to lie in any degree of doubt he had thrown on the fact that a church '*extra quam nemo salvus esse potest*' does virtually claim infallibility; but the remark is valuable as showing—1. How unwilling the Church has been to expose this doctrine to the attacks of her adversaries by embodying it in a specific degree;—2. How impotent she shows herself to terminate the schism in her own body by dogmatically deciding where this infallibility resides;—3. How fearful of defining when and under what circumstances she is infallible, lest she should limit her power of denying at pleasure that she has spoken *ex cathedra*, and of thus relieving herself (when needful) of the grievous burden of infallibility.

The details of Gregory's ecclesiastical system were such as would naturally be derived from these principles. The subserviency of metropolitans was secured by the regulation which enjoined every archbishop to receive the pallium at the hands of the Pope. This law originated in an occasional compliment, which grew into a custom. The custom was made a

* Notwithstanding these grandiose pretensions, Gregory had allowed his election to be confirmed by the Emperor. A great advance was made when, not long after, the Papal elections were confined to the College of Cardinals, to the exclusion of Clergy and Emperor.

necessity by our English St. Boniface (the great apostle of Papal supremacy) and a synod of bishops at Frankfurt in 742; and Gregory, or, perhaps, some of his predecessors, construed this into a promise of obedience, and added an oath of fealty (*Hallam*, cap. vii.). The contest for the investitures of bishoprics which convulsed Europe for so many years, was begun by Gregory, and ended in a compromise by which, as usual, all that was obtained by Rome was clear gain for her. Moreover, in all countries the See made a systematic effort, attended with various success, to draw all causes to the ecclesiastical tribunals; to exempt ecclesiastics from lay jurisdiction, and church property from ordinary taxation—an immunity by which, when we see the use the Pope made of his power, the Church was hardly a gainer. It was no war for barren power that was waged:—all the good things of this world were at stake. The reader is familiar with the various devices of annates, first fruits, &c., by which a large portion of all Church revenues was brought to the Papal treasury. By a series of gradual encroachments, Rome had at one time succeeded in engrossing the greater part of the public and private patronage of Europe. On one occasion Adrian IV. had begged of some bishops a nomination as a favour. From this slender beginning, judiciously developed, arose the Pope's claim to nominate by a '*mandat*,' to any piece of preferment, at pleasure. By '*provisions*,' '*reserves*,' '*expectatives*,' he bestowed reversions, in defiance of the rights of the legitimate patrons: and so freely was this claim exercised, that the volumes in the Papal archives relating to expectatives, when they were classified and arranged in the year 1835, amounted, from the days of Martin V. to those of Pius VII. inclusive (about 400 years), to no less than 6690. A bull of Clement IV., published in 1260, is curiously illustrative of the tactics of the Vatican. The immediate object is to secure the presentation to the benefices of all who die in Rome—*Vacantes in Curia*. The exordium claims the right to dispose of the preferment of the world, whether vacant or in reversion. The policy of these pompous exordiums is obvious. In those days no Mr. Bowyer was needed to assure the public that this gorgeous language meant nothing; that it was only the Holy Father's usual style. Few thought of disputing about general principles, least of all with a Pope. The mountain is employed to produce a mouse; the mouse creates no alarm and causes no opposition, but there it remains to attest the vitality of its monstrous parent, and the legitimacy of all future offspring. By the subsequent invention of dispensations for non-residence, this universal patronage became a most efficient engine of

power.* Two centuries later, at the Council of Trent, the question of non-residence was agitated with the utmost vehemence by both parties, as being in itself decisive of the influence of the Roman See.

But the Pope by no means limited himself to the distribution of ecclesiastical patronage. He claimed the disposal of the good things of this world, and was ready to sanction the violence of any usurper who would recognise him as the patron. To attain his temporal ends, he was prodigal of spiritual censures—the cheap weapons of the Vatican, costly only in the amount of human suffering they could cause. But though reckless in their employment, nothing could exceed the art with which he wielded these weapons, formidable only by opinion, so as to preserve the secret of their power. He might hurl his whole stock of spiritual thunders at once, but he more often ‘shook, but delayed to strike’—that he might give the contumacious room for repentance, or secure a retreat for his own dignity in case of an obstinate resistance. The first step was interdict.† If the Prince remained unmoved at the distress thus occasioned to his unoffending people—personal excommunication followed—then the absolution of his subjects from their allegiance;—and here for the most part it was wise to stop, leaving civil broil and conscientious treasons to do their work; but, if an instrument could be found to execute the papal decree, the final sentence of deposition was formally pronounced. By such cautious steps did Innocent proceed, till he induced Philip Augustus to accept the crown of England, which John had forfeited. The French monarch summoned his lieges, borrowed a vast sum, and collected what history pompously calls a fleet of 1700 vessels. These preparations were scarcely complete, when the Pope, wisely considering that it was better to recover a weak vassal than to instal a too powerful one, accepted the submission of the craven John, and throwing his spiritualegis over him, left the King of France to disband his army, and pay his debts as he could.

If man's mind were so formed that there always existed a definite line between belief

and unbelief, and human reason, like a petty jury under the strong coercion of the English law, were compelled to give a verdict, and to act accordingly, the contest must speedily have terminated either in absolute submission or steady resistance to the Papal authority. But in early times the governments of Europe oscillated between outrageous defiance and abject submission. Violence was retaliated by violence—and wrong was repelled by wrong. For the most part the innocent suffered for the guilty, but they did not suffer alone. Their sovereigns were harassed with disputed successions, and the See was disgraced by rival councils and double elections. Kings were deposed, and Popes in their turn were expelled from their own States. When the Emperor Henry IV. for three wintry days shivered barefoot in the courtyard of Canossa, waiting for an interview with Gregory VII., and when Frederick placed his head under the foot of Alexander III. at Venice, the Pontiffs who so insulted Cæsars were at that very time fugitives and exiles. The same Pope (Boniface VIII.) whose haughty claim of temporal superiority over Philip the Fair is quoted by Lord John Russell, was seized in his castle of Anagni by the Colonna faction at the instigation of the insulted monarch, and not many days afterwards the Vicar of Christ, who had scarcely tasted food or uttered a word since the violation of his sacred person, was found dead in his bed, his staff indented with the marks of his teeth, and his countenance impressed with all the marks of ungoverned passion.

The same Philip the Fair, if he is not belied by history, poisoned the successor of Boniface; after depriving Christendom of its head for two years by his intrigues in the conclave, outwitted the Italian party; and made terms with Clement V., in virtue of which the see was transferred to Avignon—a step beyond all others fatal to the tiara and scandalous to Christendom. The land was filled with violence—but it would be unjust to attribute all the blame to the personal character of the pontiffs. The chief cause of all this misery was that the relation in which the Roman Catholic Church stands to its head has never been distinctly defined—and that the head systematically put forth claims which his successors have never modified—but which were not acknowledged then by the Church in general, and have down to our own day been warmly controverted by the profoundest theologians and the most virtuous men within the Roman Catholic pale itself.

In the midst of this reciprocal violence the ecclesiastical law of the land throughout the kingdoms of Europe, and the Roman canon law, grew up in mutual opposition to

* *Dizionario Storico Ecclesiastico*, vol. xix. p. 113. This work bears the name of the Abbate Gaetano Moroni, so well known at Rome as *Gaetanino*. It was compiled under the eye of Gregory XVI., and edited by his favourite; but it must not, we presume, be inferred that any share of it is from the pen of Moroni himself. According to Signor Farini (the historian translated by Mr. Gladstone) all the municipalities and their dependents were made to understand the necessity of buying the voluminous compilation of ‘the astute and fortunate barber.’

† There are few examples of interdict before Gregory VII. In the year 1848 it was the earnest demand of the *Liberal* party in Italy that the Pope should excommunicate Austria.—(*Farini*, i. p. 263)!!!

each other, like the breastworks of two hostile fortifications. Neither could be always and consistently enforced; but one was the record of what the State found it necessary to resist, the other of what the Pope thought fit to claim; and though the general course of events tended towards the actual circumscription of the Papal power within endurable limits, the canon law steadily advanced in the arrogance of its pretensions. The incidental phrase of one rescript forms the pompous preamble of the next, and by a third is quoted as acknowledged law. The pontiff always lays down broad principles of usurpation—he was resisted only as to the particular point in dispute. If beaten *de facto*, he triumphs *de jure*:—the retreating wave leaves the high-water mark distinctly visible—to be reached, if possible, at the next flood.

These apostolical constitutions or canons enforce in the openest manner the duty of persecution, the non-observance of faith to heretics, and all those other doctrines which the Roman Catholic laity of England profess to repudiate—and which they complain are brought forward only to make them odious to their countrymen (*Greenwood*, p. 112.) The first compilation, after two or three of minor importance, was that of Gratian, a monk of Bologna, in 1140. It is founded on those forged decretals of Isidore, which, although soon surpassed in extravagance by the genuine productions of the Vatican, still retain their place in the digest (*Hallam*, chap. vii). In 1234 a new collection was formed by the direction of Gregory IX., including, with his own rescripts, those of Alexander III., Honorius III., Innocent III.; subsequently Boniface VIII. added another book. From these names the character and spirit of the additions will readily be inferred. Clement V. and John XXII. made fresh supplements, and the code was at last completed by a book containing the decrees of the Council of Trent and other more recent matter. In such a confused heap of materials uniformity and consistency cannot be expected, and for every pretension that the See could raise, and for every course it could pursue, it is probable that a precedent and justification might be found; but lest infallibility should be confined within indecorously narrow limits, the Great *Dizionario Storico-Ecclesiastico*, edited by the 'astute' favourite of Gregory XVI. adds (vol. xix. p. 188) that, 'inasmuch as the jurisdiction of all Popes is equal, and the divine primacy is alike in all, all future rescripts will have an equal claim to the authority of law.' Such is the canon law which in the late debates honourable members have repeatedly risen to eulogize, and which other honourable members professed to think perfectly innocent because "binding only

on the conscience." We have often heard from liberal legislators of how little avail are laws, no matter how enforced, which are not binding on the conscience. But will these enlightened persons be pleased to tell us in what age or country had the obnoxious portions of the canon law any *other* sanction than that of conscience? Can they point out any kingdom in which the municipal law annulled contracts detrimental to the Church, or enforced the duty of deposing and murdering an excommunicated king?

In steady antagonism to the canon law of Rome grew up the law of the land, backed by the prerogatives of the crown and by the ancient canon law of the *national synods*. Here, William the Conqueror made stringent regulations to prevent the introduction of bulls, and the departure from the kingdom of the clergy without his license. Even in the disastrous days of our Henry II.—

'the general discontent found its proper issue in a solemn act of legislature, declaratory of the ancient law and custom of the realm, and utterly subversive of all the later encroachments of Rome.'—*Greenwood*, p. 43.

This statute is known as the Constitutions of Clarendon, and was signed by the reluctant hand of Becket himself.

As civilization advanced, in every country of Europe, the struggle subsided into a state which, though it may not be called peace, was remitting and mitigated warfare. The Pope, as he became more secure in his temporal possessions, was involved in the difficulties and obliged to adopt the policy of a temporal prince. It has been assumed by not a few recent writers, both Popish and Puseyite, that the perfection of the Romish religion would be attained if the Pope could cease to be a temporal sovereign without losing his independence, and thus be enabled to give his undivided and unbiassed attention to spiritual matters. We believe that the practical result of this arrangement would be to make him governor or agitator of every realm in Europe, and to establish a tyranny which would have no bounds but those of human credulity and endurance. Providentially, the territorial rapacity of the Popes was not less than their ecclesiastical ambition, and has in no small degree neutralized its effects. In practice, usually, the Pontiffs were obliged to submit to such modifications of their claims as the civil government elsewhere found indispensable to its own free action. But it is a mistake to suppose, that at any period antecedent to the Reformation, there was a state of repose. Subjects of dispute were never wanting—doubt and discontent were abroad—and

a spirit of enquiry was awakened to which the uncertain limits of the Papal authority were perpetually affording fresh aliment. Long before the first great English reformer overpassed the limits of orthodox opposition, he was employed by Edward III. to vindicate the independence of his Crown against the Pope's claim of fealty, and to resist his usurpation of ecclesiastical patronage within the realm. It was not till much later that John Wycliffe extended his inquiries from the authority of Rome to the purity of her doctrines—but it seems easy to predict where his speculations must end, when we hear that from his profound knowledge of Scripture, and constant reference to its text, he had acquired at Oxford the distinctive nickname of the 'Gospel doctor.' Wycliffe had a vast following among the Academics, and by his services to the State he had made many and powerful friends elsewhere. He was cited by the ecclesiastical authorities—and condemned—yet, though compelled to withdraw from the University, he ended his days in peace at his own living of Lutterworth. It was not till some quarter of a century later that his bones were dug from their resting-place in the chancel, by Archbishop Chicheley, and were burnt as the remains of a heretic.

His disciples were numerous, and his works spread far and wide, especially on the continent of Europe. Everywhere the leaven of the reformation was fermenting—yet never was Rome more reckless of the scandals her conduct excited. The fourteenth century closed with the great schism of the West, and in 1414 the Council of Constance assembled to decide the claims of *three* pretenders to the tiara. When at length the supporters of each of the rivals had given in their adhesion, and deposed the object of their choice, the united council decreed, what under the circumstances could hardly be denied, the supremacy of the Council over Popes—and then elected Martin V. The Council of Basle, which followed after an interval of a few years, forms the most critical period in the history of the See of Rome—and of the Romish Church. It was the last free Council. It was summoned by Eugenius IV., but it met in a spirit strongly opposed to Papal abuses. The moment it touched on first fruits and annates, writes our 'astute' lexicographer, whether with plain seriousness, or a sly touch of humour, we will not venture to say, 'it became clear that the council degenerated into a *conciliabulum*' (*Moroni*, xix. 114).—Eugenius quarrelled with the council—and then submitted to it—quarrelled again—published bulls asserting his own superiority to Councils—and transferred the Council to Florence. The Council retorted with a declaration of their own supremacy—and elected an antipope, the ab-

dicated Duke of Savoy, who took the style of Felix V. 'Henceforward,' says Sarpi, 'Italy has sided with Eugenius in his view of Papal authority—and countries beyond the Alps with the Councils of Constance and Basle.' The Council of Constance is unavoidably recognized as a general council by the see of Rome, and undoubtedly its emphatic declaration against keeping faith with heretics and its barbarous persecution of John Huss are titles in its favour. But that of Basle has been degraded from its list of acknowledged councils.*

Not long afterwards the Gallican Church—which during the great schism had made an important step towards freedom by withdrawing its allegiance from the See, till the claims of the rival Pontiffs should have been adjusted—set an example which was of most dangerous precedent to Papal pretensions. In France the resistance to ultramontane doctrines, not merely in their practical application, but in their theory and fundamental maxims, was conducted with singular firmness and uniformity of purpose. It is in the *Liberties of the Gallican Church* that we must look for the most perfect exemplification of the relation in which the Roman Catholic Church stands to its head. These liberties were early vindicated by Louis IX., who, saint as he was, desired to restrain the encroachments of Rome; and were more fully embodied in the pragmatic sanction of Charles VII. The twenty-three Articles of this celebrated declaration of Bourges (A.D. 1438) comprise all the consequences which flow from the leading maxim of the complete independence of the temporal power. It excited the most violent reprobation at Rome, and was afterwards given up by Francis I., in exchange for a concordat, to Leo X., who was glad to save the honour of the See by granting a concession instead of admitting a right. The Clergy and the Parliament struggled long against this concordat. The Gallican Church did not admit that it derived its liberties from the sovereign, or that they could be surrendered by him. They refused to owe to a Papal charter those rights which they deduced from the doctrines of the Gospel, from the decrees of General Councils, and the traditions of the universal Church, and which, in short, says M. Dupin, were only '*un vestige de ce qui dans l'origine formait le droit commun de la Chrétienté*.'†

By thus admitting the liberties of the Gallican Church as a fact, and denying them as a principle, the Pope had dexterously obtained a signal triumph; and under the guidance of

* *Dens' Theology*, vol. ii. p. 180.

† *Manuel du Droit Public Ecclésiastique Français*. This work (a favourite, as we are glad to find, with Lord John Russell) has lately been condemned by not a few of the French prelates!

its worldly-wise pilot the Church seemed destined to ride securely over the waves of contention—when the storm of the reformation, long louring on the horizon, yet, perhaps, little foreseen, burst overhead. So many similar dangers had blown past, that at first it created little alarm—but the preaching of Luther, more ominously powerful than any testimony that had yet been raised against Rome, roused at last the classic tenant of the Vatican. To attribute the Reformation to the commission granted to the Dominicans to preach indulgences, or (as Roman Catholics love to assert) to Henry VIII's passion for Anne Boleyn, is to substitute modes and accidents for causes. The reformation was inevitable, and its progress irresistible. The only system of defence adopted by the Popes, and to which for twenty-five years they clung with desperate tenacity, was to persecute to the death the 'new way,' to avoid the slightest concession, and to evade every demand for change. The sovereigns of Europe were generally hostile to Luther—but they desired to profit by the crisis to extort from the necessities of the Vatican that reform of the church in its Head and in its members which for years past had been the watchword of discontent. For this end, a General Council was loudly called for. Every evasion, every artifice which the disturbed state of Europe and its complicated political relations could suggest, was employed by Leo and three successive Pontiffs, to elude this demand. Every day the schism was becoming wider, and the Reformation was making fresh converts. The Emperor threatened to 'tolerate' till the doctrines of the Church were settled by a council. In Germany the cry was loud for a national synod—the result of which must have been a schism more fatal to Papal authority than the Reformation itself. At length further subterfuge there was none—and in December, 1545, in the Cathedral of Trent, by the legates of Paul III. was opened that famous Council which (says Sarpi) was destined to deceive the expectations of all who had desired or dreaded it. It widened the schism it was called to close—it methodized the abuses it was expected to reform. It confirmed the servitude of the Episcopate, which had looked to it for liberation—it consolidated the power of the Pope, which it was designed to limit. This result was mainly due to the consummate skill with which the Council was managed by the Papal Court. As theological discussions, Father Paul, who is on such points a profound judge, tells us its debates were not remarkable—but as a specimen of state-craft and diplomacy, the guidance of its proceedings was a masterpiece.* The Protes-

stants sent no representatives—the fate of Huss was too recent to be forgotten, and the quarrel was too deep to leave any hopes of reconciliation. The number of prelates, of whom consisted the *Sacrosancta Synodus Tridentina legitime in Spiritu Sancto convocata*, was incredibly small, and of these many were Bishops without sees (*in partibus infidelium*, of only titular rank), and many were pensioners of the Pope.* By an ingenious series of preliminary regulations, the entire direction as well as the Presidency of the Council was vested in the Papal legates. The object of the Holy See was threefold :—to obtain a dogmatic decision against all the heresies of Luther ;—to evade or to neutralize all projects of reform ; and, above all, to avoid giving a dogmatical decision on the many points of difference which existed among those who were yet members of the Romish Church.† All these points the Papal See carried with a happy mixture of caution and daring. No attempt was made to define the vagueness of its pretensions or to restrain the abuses of its power. The majority of Roman Catholics ardently desired reform—but they shared the usual fate of a moderate majority placed between two extremes, and were left to choose between downright Protestantism and unreformed Popery. After a struggle of twenty-eight years, the Pope remained the sole representative of the visible church, and released from dread of future Councils, which it seemed little likely the circumstances of Europe would ever again allow to be convoked.

Closely connected in our recollection with the Council of Trent, and most important as an epoch in the history of the Papacy, is the resistance opposed to Papal aggression by the Republic of Venice, in 1606, in which memorable struggle Sarpi, the great historian of the Council, was the theological adviser of the Signory. Paul V. (Borghese), a Pope whose violence, rapacity, and insolence would have done credit to an earlier age, took offence at the re-enactment by the Venetian senate of two laws, by one of which the foundation of any religious house, and by the other the acquisition of real property by the clergy, were

relays of horses, so as to secure constant and regular communication with the Vatican.

* Among the most powerful of the Papal auxiliaries must not be omitted the new order of Jesuits, a body whose influence was not yet fully appreciated by the clergy, though it was felt with the keen instinct of fear. 'Once,' exclaimed the Bishop of Paris at the Council, 'we were enslaved by the Cistercians, and then by the Mendicants, and now this new order, half regular, half secular, will complete our servitude.'—*Sarpi*.

† Those which were at issue between the Franciscans and Dominicans, Sarpi tells us, were hardly less numerous and important than the differences between the Catholics and the Lutherans.

* In days anterior to the invention of posts some credit is due for the ingenious thought of supplying

in future prohibited, unless having the approbation of the State. He pretended to object to the arrest of two priests charged with enormous crimes, for whom he claimed exemption from secular jurisdiction, and, after very few of the preliminary monitions, he laid the State under an interdict on the 17th April, 1606. The signory employed Sarpi to report on the claims of the see and the rights of the republic. Fra Paolo was one of those men of whom the world has seen but few. His profound learning was less remarkable than his genius—that brilliant genius than his clear judgment. He was passionately devoted to the sciences, and in each that he studied his powers of inductive reasoning raised him to the rank of a discoverer.* It is strongly illustrative of the times, that, before he ventured to comply with the request of his own Government, he demanded the most distinct pledges that he should in all events be protected by it. When thus re-assured, he made a powerful summary of those arguments which he boasts had never before been urged south of the Alps. He draws a broad distinction between the spiritual and the temporal power of the Pope, and urges the undoubted right of the Republic, as well as of every other sovereign State, to make regulations for her internal government, and to deal according to her pleasure with all violators of her laws; he argues 'that the interdict is unjust, and therefore invalid; that the Republic may appeal to the future Council; that, in spite of the prohibition of Pius II. and the bull in *Cœna Domini*, this appeal is lawful—that it is not an appeal from the superior tribunal to the inferior, because, according to the true doctrine of the Church, the Council is superior to the Pope; that Bellarmine admits this point to be one of doubt, and the Council of Trent has pronounced no decision on it; and, above all, that such right of appeal exists of necessity, because otherwise there is left no check to the absolute despotism of the Pope.' In conformity with this report was the reply of the Republic. The Pope stormed in Consistory; Cardinal Baronius reminded him that the command to Peter was two-fold: first, 'feed my sheep,' and then, 'arise, slay and eat'—a beautiful instance of the *mystical* interpretation of Scripture, which Dr. Newman tells us is so essential to orthodoxy that they must both stand or fall together. There was no unwillingness to slay and eat. The Pontiff armed; the Conde de Fuentes, Philip's viceroy at Milan, raised levies. But the Republic was strong, and there were many whose interest made them anxious she should not be eaten

* He was one of the earliest discoverers in algebra and optics, and went far to anticipate Harvey as to the circulation of the blood.

either by Rome or by Spain. Holland promised help; our pacific King James talked of fleets in the Adriatic; the Grand Turk himself offered his services; France mediated, the Empire mediated, the Duke of Savoy mediated. Even Spain affected to mediate rather than do nothing. The language of the Republic was as bold as it was temperate and dignified. She had committed no offence, and would make no apology. She acknowledged no interdict, and would receive no absolution. If her good friend the King of France felt any interest in the fate of the two ruffians whose arrest had occasioned all this commotion, she would gladly make a present of them to him, provided that no precedent to her disadvantage should be drawn from her condescension. No further concession could be extracted. In this peril the secular, and, for the most part, the regular, clergy remained true to Venice, and in defiance of the interdict continued to celebrate the rites of religion. The Theatines and another order left the territory of the Republic. The Jesuits, determined to raise a tumult among the people if possible, issued from their convents in procession, bearing in front the crucifix, and chanting, with amusingly insolent appropriateness, the *xiv.* psalm,

In exitu Israel de Ægypto, domus Jacob de populo barbaro.

The signory contented itself with adding a memorandum to the proposed terms that in no case could the Jesuits be included in the pacification.

It was currently reported at the time, and has been asserted frequently since, that the Republic and her adviser were at this crisis on the point of embracing the reformed doctrines. We believe this to be a mistake. The population was by no means ripe for such a change, and we cannot believe that the crafty and worldly-wise Signory would have been willing to expose the complicated machinery of the Venetian constitution to the rude shock of a religious struggle. The report, greedily believed by the Protestants, was circulated by the Romanists, who desired to throw obloquy on the Signory and their theologian. Probably in the end it served the cause of Venice by frightening the proudest of Pontiffs into moderation. The terms of the Republic were perforce accepted.*

* It is asserted in the life of Bishop Bedell (p. 15) that, to save the Pope's credit, the Nuncio came first to the hall of audience, and, making the sign of the cross on the cushion of the Doge's throne, pronounced a vicarious absolution. We disbelieve the stories which Sir H. Wotton tells us of the intimacy between Bedell, then his chaplain, and Father Paul; they were probably invented to amuse king James, and to serve the chaplain, who, being attached to a

But, although Sarpi was no Protestant, his orthodoxy had been impeached at Rome. Being cited to appear before the Holy Office, he had, as he previously stipulated, been forbidden by the Council to obey. One evening, as he was returning from the Government palace to his own convent of the Serviti, he was attacked by five bravoës, stabbed in various places, and left for dead. In his jaw there was found a dagger, which, having been bent by the violence of the blow, the ruffian in his haste had not been able to withdraw. He was not alone, and was instantly taken up by his scared companions. The Senate, which was then sitting, broke up, and its members repaired in crowds to the convent. The Council of Ten assembled, the physicians of the State were sent to attend him, and other steps were taken to relieve the sufferer and to give notoriety to the outrage.

The wounds were not mortal; when the dagger was extracted the patient exclaimed, 'I recognize the *style*—(or *stiletto*—the play on words holds in Latin as well as Italian)—of the Curia Romana.' The bravoës were all known by name; their chief, one Ridolfo Poma, on arriving the night before, had drawn on the Ancona Chamber of Commerce for a thousand scudi. They fled instantly to the Papal frontiers, and, on announcing the crime which they believed they had consummated, were hailed as deliverers. Those who hesitate to accuse Pope Borghese of having ordered an assassination may lay the blame on the Jesuits: their shoulders are broad and their name is legion. Thuanus adds to his narrative 'ignaro Pontifice.' Of course the Pontiff was ignorant; but we doubt much whether he would have thanked any candid advocate for proving that the Court of Rome did not direct the blow. It was the boast of the age that the arm of Rome was long, and all the benefit of example would be lost if the priest who had presumed to insult her was supposed to fall by another hand. If Sarpi could have been inveigled to Rome, there were few there who would have hesitated to send him to the stake; and in that age it was by no means peculiar to the Papal Court to believe that it was lawful to pursue by the assassin the criminal who could not be entrapped within reach of formal justice. Two subsequent attempts were made on Sarpi's life, and the powerful Inquisition of State could devise no more agreeable method of preserving their valued servant than enjoining him to lead a life very much resembling that of a State-prisoner.

From this period no very serious differences disturbed the relations of the See with those

foreign mission, could not have been allowed the slightest intercourse with a confidential servant of the Signory.

States that adhered to her communion. In France* the national synod, which in 1682 was convened in consequence of the disputes between Louis XIV. and Innocent XI., adopted unanimously the famous declaration drawn up by Bossuet. The four articles of which it consists asserted, in the first place, the complete independence of the temporal power, and denied the dispensing and deposing power of the Pope; the second declared the adhesion of the clergy to the doctrines of Constance with regard to the supremacy of Councils; the third maintained the ancient canons and usages of the Gallican Church; and the fourth denied the personal infallibility of the Pope. This declaration was declared law by Louis XIV., and was registered by Parliament. It was referred to as the law of France when the Concordat was negotiated in the time of Buonaparte; it was referred to as law by the Cour Royale in 1825; and, to bring its history down to present times, it is now attacked by M. de Montalembert and his *Néo-catholiques*, whose very name anticipates the conclusion we would come to, for the worst age of antiquity furnished no examples of their newfangled popery.

In all countries of Europe the same practical results were at last obtained; even at Naples (which the reckless cupidity of successive usurpers had reduced to the condition of a fief of the See) no bull could be published without the royal *exequatur*. And when in Parma Clement XIII. (Rezzonico) annulled on his own authority some trifling regulations of the Duke (the infant Don Filippo), the King of Spain withdrew his ambassador, the King of France seized Avignon, and the King of Naples occupied Beneventum and Ponte Corvo. Nor was it till ample satisfaction had been made by Ganganelli (the succeeding Pope), and on the intercession of the Duke himself, that the three Kings condescended to be appeased. The See never lacked ambition, but, as manners softened, influence came to be regarded as safer than authority; the Jesuit confessor was a more efficient and less obnoxious instrument than the turbulent legate or rebellious archbishop—and, if the See ruled at all, it aspired to rule by means of the sovereigns of Europe, and not over them.

In the meantime the Reformation had introduced a new social problem—one which at this moment seems farther from its solution than ever: 'What, in mixed Catholic and Protestant countries, are the relations and recipro-

* In 1594 P. Pithon published a digest of the French ecclesiastical law, which he dedicated to Henry IV. Its intrinsic merit gave it great authority; but it is no more true, as is now sometimes asserted, that Pithon framed the liberties of the Gallican Church, than that Blackstone invented the laws of England.

cal duties of the State and its dissenting subjects? At first, indeed, the question might be more broadly and simply stated: 'How are Protestants and Catholics to co-exist?'—and it affected not merely the internal organization of each State, but the international relations of the various members of the European family. The statesmen of the day were ill prepared with an answer. But the real obstacle to all accommodation was the Vatican, whose selfish and vindictive policy it was to perpetuate between the two parties a war of extermination. In the case of a Roman Catholic State and a Protestant minority, Rome invariably urged the Government to increase its severity till it compelled submission or drove to civil war. In Spain and Italy, where the Reformation had taken deeper root than is now generally believed, the exterminating energy of persecution imposed silence on all who wanted firmness to endure the stake. Germany had a war of thirty years, which, after afflicting her and other nations too with every variety of crime and calamity, was terminated, by the sheer lassitude of the combatants, in a compromise which the Popes have ever since endeavoured to disturb. In France there ensued a long civil war, strangely diversified with treachery and violence. Statecraft, indeed, must bear its share of the blame with bigotry; but statecraft would soon have suggested the compromise of toleration. The Queen Mother, Catherine of Medicis, was no bigot; she ere long became an object of suspicion to the ultra-papal party, to whom also, we must needs say, it were an excess of charity to impute bigotry, if by bigotry is implied religious enthusiasm. The useless crime of St. Bartholomew exasperated instead of crushing the quarrel. The Queen had planned it as a bold stroke of State policy. It was hailed with delight at Rome, chiefly because it committed the moderate party beyond recall, and seemed to annihilate the spirit of toleration, more dreaded at Rome than the Reformation itself.*

In England the problem took that form in which it remains not more than half solved at the present hour: 'How are the relations of

a Protestant State and a Catholic minority to be regulated, so as to allow to the one the full exercise of their religion, and yet secure to the other due loyalty and obedience? We are far from saying that the problem would have been so stated by any legislator of Elizabeth's days. The possible limits of toleration were by no means ascertained; but it was not Elizabeth's interest, and still less her wish, to persecute. For the first ten years of her reign there was within the realm peace between the State and the Roman Catholics, and as yet there was no interference from without. Philip, afterwards so deadly a foe, compelled the Pope to temporize. But this alarming tranquillity, even more than any change in the shifting scene of politics, induced the inquisitor Pope to fulminate his famous bull of excommunication and deposition. Henceforth the elements of confusion and mischief were let loose. Elizabeth's subsequent existence was one long struggle against open violence and secret treachery; and because we can now look back to a glorious and successful reign, terminated in peace at a ripe old age, we must not do her the injustice to forget that she lived in daily alarm. Pius V. was in personal correspondence with conspirators in England, and maintained an agent in London to supply them with money as well as with advice. No exertion was spared on his part to promote an European crusade in support of the plot, of which the unhappy Duke of Norfolk was the dupe and the victim. The failure of one scheme was the signal to plan another. Elizabeth was determined not to be murdered by a conscientious traitor or a crackbrained enthusiast—if she could help it. Her maxims of Government were those of her day. *But she did not persecute for conscience sake.* Her successor is entitled to the benefit of the same defence. Let us forget the squibs and crackens and the straw-stuffed figure on the fifth of November, which gave a ludicrous and mythical effect to the memory of Guy Fawkes, and honestly try to bring home to our imaginations the feelings of the most sober-minded Protestant on the discovery of such a treason. After its narrow failure, could any treason appear too wicked to be believed, or too extravagant to succeed?

We do not question that at the time itself the great body of Roman Catholics in this country viewed this project of wholesale murder with the abhorrence it would naturally inspire among Christians and Englishmen. The Archpriest Blackwell—to whom, on the death of the last Romish bishop, the direction of the Church in England had been committed—did not hesitate to take the abjuration oath, which, after such an attempt, it cannot be questioned James was fully justified in impos-

* Pius V. wrote perpetually to the Queen, to the King, and his brothers, to complain of their lukewarmness, and to condemn the Edict of Toleration. The Queen did not deceive him. In the long course of dissimulation by which she lulled the suspicions of the Protestant party previously to the massacre, she relied on the discontent of Rome as her best instrument of deception. Pius V. died very shortly before the massacre. The rejoicings with which the news was received at Rome have often been commented on; but it is important to remark that Gregory XIII., then on the throne, was a moderate man, whose personal feelings were not engaged in the quarrel, and that in ordering this jubilee he did no more than he conceived a strict regard to propriety and orthodoxy required.

ing; and, in consequence, the Archbishop was sternly rebuked by the Pope for his treason to the Holy See.* The English Roman Catholics had never held the extreme ultramontane opinions which were now urged upon them by Rome, and which they had no longer the support of the civil power to enable them to resist; and it is possible that by a vigorous and general protest against those doctrines at this time, they might have regained the confidence of the Government and their countrymen. But a fresh element of discord was at work, and every day made a mutual understanding more impossible. The aversion of the Puritans to Popery was too intense to acknowledge any gradations in what they considered idolatry of the blackest dye. With them toleration was a neglect of duty—a compromise with Satan; and Government, the constant object of Papal plots, incurred much unpopularity and grave suspicion for the favour shown to Papists.†

After the Restoration the public mind was haunted with the dread of Popery and harassed with suspicions of the King. The subsequent attempt of James II., while it justified the extravagance of their terrors, put a final bar to compromise and conciliation. The laws enacted at the Revolution were not so much intended to defend the King against the Pope as to protect the people against any future coalition of Pope and King. Severe enactments against the profession of the Roman Catholic faith were passed. All intercourse with Rome was prohibited under the heaviest penalties, and the door of accommodation was double-locked.

At this time, Rome, backed by the adherents of the exiled family, might seem more than ever a legitimate object of alarm; but, in fact, she had no longer the power to influence the politics of Europe. In 1745, when the last attempt to restore the Stuarts was hazarded, the wand of the enchantress had lost its charm. The pretensions of the See were unabated, its wealth undiminished, its outward splendour increased. The enlightened and virtuous Lambertini, and subsequently Ganga-

nelli, by their moderation concealed the loss of power, and affected to favour the movement they could not oppose. Liberty was the order of the day; but something more than the spirit of liberality was abroad. The Emperor reformed and robbed the Church—the Grand Duke of Tuscany insulted it. The most bigoted courts of Europe clamoured for the suppression of the Jesuits, rendered obnoxious by a power 'too great to keep or to resign.' Ganganelli struggled to save them, and Braschi plotted to restore them—alike in vain;—the Jesuits fell; and the age, as usual, was astonished at its own illumination.

Every year Rome showed fresh symptoms of decline. In England statesmen began to look about them with the redundant courage of men who discover they have been frightened at a bugbear. In the session of 1791 all the statutes prohibiting the exercise of the Roman Catholic religion were repealed; and the virtual toleration became a legal one. On that occasion Mr. Wyndham said in the House of Commons—

'At any rate it is impossible to deem them [the Roman Catholics] formidable at the present period, when the power of the Pope is considered as a mere spectre, capable of frightening only in the dark, and vanishing before the light of reason and knowledge.'—*Annual Reg.*, vol. xxxiii. p. 95.

And had the spread of sound religion in the world kept pace with the decline of popery—this language would have been justified;—but it was infidelity that finally triumphed—and when has infidelity afforded a safeguard against the return of superstition?

When Pius VI. died a captive at Vienne there was only one spot in Italy where the Conclave could assemble in freedom—Venice; and there, in the convent of S. Giorgio Maggiore, Pius VII. was elected. From this moment Popery rose like a phoenix from its ashes. The new Pontiff had soon an opportunity—nay, was in some sort compelled—to exert an act of authority, which, but for this appearance of compulsion, Hildebrand might have envied. Immediately on his accession he had notified his election to 'the Most Christian King, Louis XVIII.'—a then poor and all but hopeless exile,—and he had taken what steps he could to comfort and strengthen the oppressed Church in republican, and as yet infidel, France. But the First Consul desired to reconstruct social order. He saw at once the necessity of procuring for the State the support of the Church, and of imposing on the Church the control of the State—and he proposed to the Pope a concordat. The difficulty of his Holiness's situation was great. On

* Rapin, book xxvii.

† This opinion of the idolatrous guilt of Rome is not yet worn out, though there are few who would give it audible utterance. Protestants do not deny the possibility of salvation within the Romish Church, and even if they stigmatize some other practices as idolatrous, they do not contend that she is guilty, in the sense that the tribes of Canaan were guilty, and that to afford her full toleration is a sin. Yet many of the Protestant opponents of the payment of the Romish clergy, and other measures that have been proposed for the pacification of Ireland, will find that their arguments derive all their weight from the tacit assumption of the doctrine which they do not or cannot assert in direct terms.

the one hand he felt the importance of re-Christianizing France; on the other, the long-oppressed Church and the extruded Bourbons were his fellow-sufferers and his clients. What may have been his internal struggles we know not; he signed a concordat by which a new distribution of sees was carved out, and all bishops were displaced—if they did not accept the invitation to resign. Moreover their legitimate sovereign was virtually deposed, and their oath of allegiance dispensed with by the injunction to take the oath to the Republic and its rulers, whom the Pope, with pardonable hypocrisy, affected to believe to be Catholics; though little could be known of Buonaparte's religion, except that he had recently declared himself a Turk.

In thus reviving the despotism of the Pope, the First Consul probably did not look beyond the purposes of the hour. The union of papal bulls and consular bayonets must, he knew, cut off from the disaffected both the means of resistance and the hopes of martyrdom—and he was satisfied. Yet the statesmen employed to construct the concordat and the 'articles organiques,' embodied in them those provisions of the ancient ecclesiastical law of France which had been framed to prevent the encroachments of papal power—a piece of foresight for which they are deservedly eulogised by M. Dupin, and which may be advantageously contrasted with the indolence and self-deception of English legislators when employed on a similar subject. Buonaparte's acts continued to favour the growth of papal influence. In 1804 the Pope was dragged across the Alps in winter, from Rome to Paris, to crown the usurper. Such at least is the version we chose to give of the matter in England. The Pope himself, in an allocution to the cardinals, professes to go with joy—and assuredly the transaction admits of a construction as favourable to papal authority as the coronation of Charlemagne by Leo.* In the zenith of his triumph, however, the new Emperor was destined to discover that he had contributed to restore a power which he could not control. In 1809 the Pope, a prisoner at Fontainebleau and alone, on being urged with

menace to renew some concessions he had revoked, excommunicated his gaoler, the conqueror of the continent, and the most despotic of monarchs. To the arrogance of a Pope he added the firmness of a martyr, and, notwithstanding the mischief of the precedent, the sympathies of Europe flowed freely in favour of the oppressed Church and its persecuted Head.

Immediately on the downfall of Napoleon, the Pope availed himself of these favourable dispositions, and of the general confusion, to restore the Jesuits and to re-establish the Inquisition. Even now we look back with wonder at this proof how far he had actually advanced in reasserting the full-blown pretensions of Rome amidst the cold and scoffing nineteenth century. In the meantime it was not clearly perceived that the legalization of the Romish worship in this country had given importance to a variety of political questions—questions, indeed, which we have not yet seen fairly stated, much less solved. 'What are the necessary limits of toleration to a religion which itself enjoins intolerance? How is the just subordination to the State to be enforced on a body which in certain matters professes obedience to a foreign Head? What are the due limits of these matters? Can a Protestant Government safely neglect those precautions and restrictions with which, as long experience proves, a Roman Catholic Government cannot dispense? Is the duty of the Protestant Government to its Roman Catholic subjects fulfilled by merely enacting laws to punish their disobedience? Can it safely or justly abandon the laity of this creed to the encroachments of the clergy, and both to the ultramontane pretensions of the See of Rome?' Unfortunately, at the moment when these points might have been most safely discussed, the necessity of entertaining them was superseded by the apathy, or rather debility, which paralyzed the church of Rome in its head and its members. Moreover, at first the Roman Catholic body seemed aware of the relation which ought to subsist between them and the Government. In 1793, being anxious to supply the want of places of education for their clergy—(a want occasioned by the recent destruction of religious houses in France)—the Irish Roman Catholic bishops addressed a memorial to the Crown, petitioning for leave to found a college, and holding out the advantage of securing to the government a due control over the priesthood, as the sure result of compliance.* The prayer was more than granted. Maynooth was founded and endowed.

* Mr. Seymour's critics are angry with him for asserting that the Pope crowned the Emperor, 'because it is notorious the emperor put the crown on his own head.' This is a mere quibble. The crafty usurper sent for the Pope to give his coronation the sanction of unction and consecration, in order to secure the allegiance of those who would respect such sanction; while to gratify others, whose religious and political unbelief would be offended at this 'retrograde mummery,' he took the crown from the Pope's hand and placed it on his own head; but it has never occurred before to Protestant or Catholic to doubt that Buonaparte was crowned by Pius VII. in Notre Dame.

* This document is particularly well worth the reader's attention. It is quoted in a pamphlet entitled 'Case of Maynooth College considered.' Dublin, 1836.

The professions of gratitude were unbounded—a statue was voted—need we add, it was never raised? In 1799 the Irish bishops were still influenced by the same sentiments; they met and declared their willingness to allow the Government a veto on their appointments in return for emancipation. By them, however, the advantages of agitation were soon preferred—and the concession was revoked. The English Catholics in 1810 met and declared their willingness to give reasonable securities, in return for political privileges. A reference to Rome being proposed, their agent, Dr. Poynter, repaired thither to meet Dr. Milner, the agent of the Irish party. In the absence of the captive Pope, the Propaganda decided for the *veto*, but did not convince the Irish, who admire passive obedience only as a reason for taking up arms. On the return of the Pope the matter was again referred. Pius VII. feared to irritate his Irish subjects. It is not easy to persuade guerilla troops to submit to the routine of regular discipline; but he had learnt moderation from adversity, and he decided in favour of a qualified veto. During the long struggle that intervened between the Toleration Act and the Relief Bill, it need not have been difficult to repair past errors:—but on the one hand, our liberal statesmen assumed that the spirit of the Papacy still was and ever would remain what they wished it to be, or they persisted in believing so on the evidence of interested parties whom it was the height of simplicity to credit or even to examine on such a subject;* on the other hand, the aversion entertained by Protestants to all direct communication with the Pope, made it difficult, perhaps impossible, to propose the only method by which any adequate securities for the future could be obtained. In the ears of good Protestants the word ‘concordat’ suggested, and it still suggests, the ideas of compromise, surrender, subserviency. We beg leave to say, that when in a recent article we used the word, we meant none of these. We meant restrictions and regulations for the exercise of the Romish worship, imposed with the consent of the Head of the Romish Church; a consent which, after more or less of struggle, he has always given in Catholic as well as in Protestant States, and which he must always give, except where the folly of Government betrays that more is to be gained by withholding it. Let it be proved to us that regulations can be devised by hostile legislation, so as to attain the end proposed, and we will gladly wait Lord Derby’s two years to give him time to produce them. But where are

such laws to find their sanction? Who will enforce their penalties, if severe? If light, how many will be found to court them? How fine to be persecuted when persecution means only notoriety, applause, letters in the *Times*, and, perhaps, subscriptions and preferment? How pleasant to wear the crown of martyrdom when it is turned to a chaplet of bays! On the other hand, when we are determined to discontinue the war, where is the ‘compromise’ in making a convention with the only party who can ensure us peace? No agreement can be binding on the Roman Catholic body, unless sanctioned by their Head; and to insist that the terms shall be settled without his intervention is more absurd than to propose terms to marauding soldiers to the exclusion of their general-in-chief. The argument against ‘compromise’ has lost all its meaning since the days of so-called persecution. To treat with the Pope acknowledges no more than the *fact* of his claims—which no one denies—and gives no sanction to their validity. All toleration is a compromise—but it is one which we have deliberately resolved to make, and which no one wishes to revoke. As long as we attempted to dam up the torrent, principle, at least, was preserved; but having—wisely or unwisely—broken down the dam, where is the compromise of principle in cutting a channel for the passage of waters, rather than leaving them to flood the country in their overflow?

If it was a want of foresight to admit Romanists to toleration, without taking proper steps to secure the tranquillity of the State, it was madness to admit them to political privileges. That at the time of the Relief Bill terms satisfactory to the reasonable of both parties might have been obtained, is undoubted. That none can be proposed now in the height of the present conflict, and that none probably would be accepted, is equally true. But it is profitable to dwell on what might and ought to have been done then, because it suggests the only possible termination more or less remote, after more or less suffering and blundering, which we can anticipate for our difficulties. The Relief Act, bad as it was, was not altogether unaccompanied by restrictive clauses. All these have been openly and shamelessly set at naught. The consent of the country was with difficulty extorted to that measure by the assurance that the Roman Catholic Church could never be more aggressive than it then appeared. That assurance was believed to have all the force of a compact. The Romanists certainly did all they could by the most vociferous expressions, not merely of acquiescence, but of eternal gratitude, peace, and good-will, to persuade us that they considered it a compact of most sacred obligation. An-

* We could wish our statesmen would turn to some of the pamphlets and speeches then put forth on the question. The perusal might inculcate a lesson of humility, and so far of wisdom.

other statue was voted—but as before no steps were taken to erect it. We might forgive their versatility, however ungrateful; but what words can express our scorn in hearing the resolution-makers of the Rotunda assert that a compact made with them at the time of the Relief Act has been violated on the side of the State by the recent enactment?

Since the year 1829, the Pope has steadily increased his authority over the Romish clergy in these kingdoms; and they, on their part, have obtained fresh power over the laity and the legislature. Fashion and taste have combined to make attractive a subserviency which our predecessors would have thought degrading and ridiculous; and the priests, by their influence in elections, are enabled to domineer over those who, to secure a seat in Parliament, are willing to give up the independence which alone can make a seat desirable. It is needless again to point out how far the fatal policy of our present ministers has contributed to papal aggrandizement and encouraged papal aggression. But to complete our sketch of the resurrection of papal power, we must note the impulse that has been given to ultramontane doctrines of late years, and more especially since the convulsions of 1848. The discussion is profitable if not agreeable. Let us not again be led astray from undervaluing our adversary.

The position of the papacy at the present crisis presents some striking contrasts of strength and weakness, which call to mind its anomalous condition in the middle ages. The temporal power of Rome is shaken to its foundation. In her own strongholds, it is said, she is undermined by the disciples of the Reformation. In Florence, at this moment, a religious ferment exists, of which it is impossible to ascertain the extent, or to foresee the effects. On the other hand, never were ultramontane principles received with so much favour on this side the Alps. Austria, willing to avail herself of every support to prop the falling fabric of social order, has thrown herself into the arms of the repentant Pope, and has deprived herself of those safeguards against ecclesiastical encroachment which long experience had obtained.* In France, on the restoration of the Bourbons, the Roman Catholic had been declared the Religion of the State. In 1830, as a concession (perhaps unavoidable) to the republican and anti-religious party, it was degraded from this position, and, for a short time, were added certain regulations affecting costume and ceremonies, which were felt by the clergy to be insulting. This weakening of the union be-

tween the Roman Catholic Church and the Government had the worst effects. The Gallican Church, renouncing its liberties, seems disposed to throw itself into the arms of the Pope, more especially since the last Revolution, and may, perhaps, at no distant time become as effectual an organ of anarchy as the Romish Church of Ireland itself. It has been remarked by ingenious modern writers that there is no necessary connexion between popery and monarchy, and that the Roman Pontiff can accommodate himself with equal readiness to the caprices of any sovereign, whether many-headed or single. Certain it is that the Jesuits, at the close of the sixteenth century, professed the lowest democratic doctrines, and appealed from the thrones to the people of Europe. The thrones of Europe were at that time the great barrier to papal progress, and therefore their first point of attack; but we believe that the modern opinion is true only under certain restrictions. The spirit of democracy can be swayed only by apparent subserviency. If by power is meant merely the power of inflaming men's passions, of shutting out knowledge, and of subverting order, the Roman Catholic Church may for a time seem to rule despotically even in a social republic; but if by power are meant the sweets of power, such as rank, wealth, ease—these she can find only under the conditions of a well-ordered State; and the attempt to maintain the pride and pomp of her dominion in an anarchical republic would produce only a wilder anarchy—if wilder can be—and deeper *infidelity*, if a deeper can be feared than that inseparable from Rome's worst *superstitions*, received by an ignorant people and disseminated by an interested priesthood.

But, among not a few causes for suspicion and alarm, that which most strikes us is the sudden giving way of the barrier which the progress of mind seemed to have raised against the arrogance of papal pretensions, and which our immediate predecessors proclaimed to be insurmountable. They forgot that a time of zeal is also a time of extravagance, and they mistook their own lukewarmness for the calm of wisdom. With what incredulity would they have heard that the countrymen of Voltaire should, within half a century, advocate the uncontrolled despotism of Rome, and that English converts of education should rush headlong into superstitions derided even by Romanists themselves. If Dr. Newman's work on Development had been shown to one of our old divines, with what triumph would he have exclaimed, 'a house divided against itself cannot stand'—and how impossible would he have deemed it that such a work should make proselytes, and (though the Vatican has dexterously avoided giving a formal decision) be approved by the

* Mr. Bowyer infers that the royal 'exequatur' cannot be necessary, because Austria has resigned it. That is begging the whole question. Austria has but begun her experiment.

highest authorities of the Romish Church? Yet all this and much more has actually taken place—(let the thought bring with it a salutary mortification)—in an age which boasts of its enlightenment. In plain truth, these boasts are founded on fallacies, and savour of the pride that goes before a fall. It is a fallacy to assume that individual minds are advanced in anything like exact proportion to the aggregate progress of society, or that moral and intellectual progress bears any certain ratio to the advance of science and material civilization. The advantages of education are in some cases equivocal. If a man's imagination or his passions determine him to be deceived, his education only supplies him with more ingenious and surer means of deception. We doubt whether any work to be compared, for abject ultramontane servility or for dreamy and enervating superstition, with the Littlemore 'Lives of the English Saints,' had been issued from any foreign cloister even in the darkest period of monkery.

Moreover, there is a certain degree of actual strength which the Papacy derives from its past weakness. Men have lost their terrors of the idol they are endeavouring to raise—we might almost say their sense of its reality—and they are ready to bow down before the creature of their imagination. We cannot otherwise account for the appearance of such a theory of ecclesiastical supremacy—and that by a layman and a Frenchman—as Count de Maistre's volume sets forth. If we attempt to expose his sophisms, or protest against the perpetual begging the question which runs through all his arguments, we shall only incur the contempt of his admirers. The best, perhaps the only refutation of these theories, is practical. Let the admirers of unlimited power feel the weight of the Colossus they have restored—let the Pope's infallibility come into collision with the infallibility of its advocates—and then we do not doubt their conversion will be effected. But if there is much of selfishness and insincerity in the support which the See of Rome at present receives, so there was also, it must be remembered, in more ancient and more zealous days; nor had Rome ever disdained to profit by any resources, however tainted, that circumstances placed at her disposal.

We reach the latest chapter of the history of Papal supremacy. The re-erection of a hierarchy in England had long been desired by the ambitious among the Roman Catholic clergy here. It had long been agitated at Rome also (*Vide* Moroni, Art. 'Inghilterra'); but successive Popes, to whom the proposal was made, well knew the meaning and the nature of such an act. Even Gregory XVI., who was the author of the encyclical letter

condemning the absurdity (*deliramentum*) of Toleration, and who did not scruple to shake society to its centre in Germany, by reopening the question of mixed marriages, settled since the thirty years' war—Gregory himself, when urged to make this aggression on England, drew back and refused. This hesitation alone is a complete answer to the frivolous and Jesuitical evasions and excuses put forth in Mr. Bowyer's pamphlets. But an answer to these is no longer needed. Mr. Bowyer and his apologies are disclaimed by his clients, and he may stand aside till softness and civility are again in request. In truth, Dr. Wiseman's first policy was more worthy of the Vatican than that which has been forced upon him by his Irish allies. The embarrassment of ministers, who were in fact hardly sincere in their hostility, was extreme. Perplexed by the false position in which their own antecedents had placed them, they could not act with vigour. By their Bill they meant little more than a protest; and though they could not formally exclude Ireland, they purposed practically to exempt it from the operation of their law;—but providentially, as we trust it will turn out for this country, the selfish violence of Irish agitation soon disconcerted the plan of the campaign.

We have no time to waste in replying to Lord Shrewsbury's defence of the *manner* of the aggression. *Why* the Pope should choose to be insolent is a question that we are not bound to answer (though we think many motives of triumph and resentment might be assigned). The insolence, designed or not, we can afford to overlook or forgive, but it is important to observe that the insolence of the language conveys a real meaning; it could not be abated without diminishing the assumption of authority, and without limiting the sweeping effects of the bull. The Pope declares that—

'All regulations, constitutions, privileges, or customs in the ancient system of the Anglican churches are, by the plenitude of apostolical power, repealed and abrogated; and that all power whatsoever of imposing obligation or conferring right in those regulations, privileges, or customs, by whomsoever and at whatsoever most ancient and immemorial times brought in, shall be altogether void and of none effect for the future.'
—*Greenwood*, p. 124.

The two chief objects of this clause are to cut away, as far as a Papal bull can do so, the *apostolical succession* of the English Church—a point on which Rome had always shown much sensitiveness. The next is to abrogate the ancient canon law and usages of the Roman Catholic Church in this country, which must be cleared off before the pure

ideal of popery can be established. In truth, however, these words in their vague magniloquence will reach whatever it may hereafter be found convenient to apply them to; and thus, in a vacuum made 'by the plenitude of apostolical authority,' England begins her 'regularly adjusted action round the centre of unity.' But that action is adjusted as no revolving action, even in the Papal system, ever was adjusted before—the *centrifugal force is wanting*: and if our Roman Catholic countrymen do not take heed, their luckless planet will soon be engulfed in the 'centre of unity.'

Meantime, among the difficulties of our position must be numbered a certain degree of inconsistency and confusion of thought in the public mind, as to several subjects connected with the new audacity. The real strength of Rome consists in our weakness. The public temper, though it has shown itself able to resent, is utterly unfit to deal with aggression. Though the indignation of the country was roused to a degree which, in its unanimity, strength, and calmness, we have never seen equalled, and though its common sense could not be baffled by the flimsy sophistry with which it was at first thought fit to palliate the outrage; yet, from want of recent experience of Rome and her ways, there was much ignorance as to the nature of the weapons by which we had been assailed, and still more as to the fit mode of opposing them; a determination to repel aggression was combined with a desire for unlimited toleration;—there was a strong wish to make laws—the greatest reluctance to enforce them. In the midst of this perplexity it is not a little surprising that a party, consisting of some of the ablest men in both Houses of Parliament, employed their abilities to magnify every obstacle, and to aggravate every difficulty; they took no side—they defended no opinion; or, rather, they took every side and defended every opinion in turn; and as the composition of antagonist forces produces rest, so from their conflicting arguments they drew the moral of absolute inaction. The disappointment of the country, which proves how highly its expectations had been raised, may be highly complimentary to these statesmen,—but it was deeply felt. We own we share largely in this feeling. We cannot think that it required any great perspicacity to perceive that the volcano believed to be extinct, on the sides of which men had built and planted, is in a state of fearful activity; nor can we reconcile it with the character of a statesman to advise that a real peril should be met with contempt. Philosophy, when it insists on believing in spite of experience that the masses of mankind are actuated by its own motives and intelligence, turns its wisdom into foolishness. The case is far too

serious to be disposed of by parliamentary phrases and rhetorical incredulity. It may call forth a cheer when a distinguished Privy-Councillor, heretofore member of a Conservative Government, professes that

'he would not do the people of England and Ireland, in this nineteenth century, the injustice to suppose that they believed in the possibility of anything so fatal to their liberties as that any prelate could bless or curse them on account of temporal affairs, whether he bore the title of Archbishop of Dublin or of Timbuctoo.'—*Speech of the Right Hon. S. Herbert.*—(*Times, Tuesday, 18th March.*)—

but is this the way to deal with facts? Is it not notorious that in Ireland the parish priest is believed to hold the keys of heaven as certainly as he carries the key of his own house? Is it really an injustice to believe that the Roman Catholics of Great Britain have not all and each of them the knowledge, firmness, and sense of Boesuet? Would it not, a year or two ago, have seemed a much greater injustice to doubt, that if the high-minded and highly educated Roman Catholic gentry of England were to be insulted by the introduction of the Roman Canon law, they would rise as a body to resist the ultramontane popery thus fraudulently substituted for their ancient system? and yet, with a few noble exceptions, have they as yet done so?—The advocates of inaction must, however, shut their eyes not merely to what is passing before them, but to the whole testimony of history—that testimony which we have adduced to prove—not that the Pope's aggression is unjustifiable because in former days it would not have been permitted, but—that in former times it would not have been permitted because at all times it is incompatible with the free action of government. To discredit this testimony, no doubt, is pleaded the difference between the eleventh and nineteenth centuries—and resistance to the Pope has been called in Parliament a 'pure anachronism' (Debate, Friday, March 21st). This objection, we beg to say, might apply to the aggression, but hardly to the resistance. If a modern legislator were to ride about his estates in a steel jacket, maltreating and plundering his tenants, surely the blame of 'anachronism' would apply to him, and not to the magistrate who sent him to the assizes to improve his chronology. The advocates for inaction, under whatever pretence, have to show that a Protestant government can safely permit a dictation and interference which to a Roman Catholic government would be fatal. If they fail in this, the Protestants of the present day have, by the laws of self-defence, the same right (without violating the principles of toleration) to limit the exercise of

papal authority, which their Roman Catholic ancestors exerted.

But the great stumblingblock to our legislation, and the chief strength of our Romanist opponents, lies in the perplexity and confusion of thought which prevails on the subject of *toleration*. We have endeavoured to show that there have been from the earliest times two distinct modifications of Romanism, one as the Pope wished to make it, the other as the nations of Europe chose to admit it. How there can be this diversity in an infallible Church it is not our business to explain: happily men are not more logical in following out error to its legitimate consequences than they are in their dealings with truth. But such is the fact; there ever has been, and it seems is destined ever to be, a struggle between the principles in modern times called ultramontane, and the Roman Catholic faith as vindicated by the national churches. It is the latter to which we had extended privileges—it is the former which it is now intended to introduce. This is a fraud on the ignorance and tolerance of the Protestants. It is a fraud on the blindness of the Roman Catholics, who in their hostility to a rival church may be entrapped into a subserviency from which their forefathers would have recoiled, and of which they themselves will hereafter repent. There is no question of toleration as between Catholic and Protestant; it is simply a question between civil and ecclesiastical power. If in times anterior to the Reformation any analogous aggression had been attempted, the indignation of the country would have been not less than that which we have recently witnessed; or if to-day the whole nation were to be converted to Romanism, from the Queen on her throne to the beggar at the gate, it would be only so much the more necessary, to-morrow, for ministers to discover some efficient measures of repression. It is not, then, the mere existence of an Established Protestant Church which makes resistance to Papal encroachment a duty. The Church is rather the great bulwark against an attack of which she is the first, but by no means the sole or final object, and which, if she did not exist at all, would be as difficult to endure, and far more difficult to resist. If America is able to ridicule the idea of Papal aggression, the cause must be sought in the small proportion of her Roman Catholic population, her philosophical indifference to religious disputes, her want of centralization, and other distinctive peculiarities. In Belgium, where all religions are protected and none established, free institutions have already brought the Government into collision with the Roman Catholic clergy. And in this country, if the Church were at once swept away to make room for the voluntary system,

no government could permit a foreign ecclesiastic to agitate England and govern Ireland at his pleasure. No fallacy connected with the subject of toleration has contributed more to plunge us into our present difficulties, or is better calculated to keep us there, than the confusion in one common classification of the Romanists with 'other Dissenters.' It was the device of James and his Jesuit counsellors, when under the shelter of dissent they designed to introduce Popery—a fraud which the dissenters of that day detected and indignantly eschewed. It has been the resource of Whig administrations when they wished to introduce some concession as a bribe for Popish constituencies, and to make it pass in a thin and hungry House for the application of an old and acknowledged principle. The answer to this sophism is the plain matter of fact, that the Romanists differ from all other dissenters; they are placed in a relation to a Protestant government in which no other dissenters are placed; they stand in a relation to their own head which it requires the strong arm of civil power to regulate. The Romanist laity—as some very recent occurrences manifest—require the protection of law to restrain within certain limits even their own clergy; and are all these requirements supplied by ignoring their distinct and peculiar existence and position, and bringing in acts to 'put them on the level of other dissenters'?

Civil and religious liberty are terms easily understood in quiet times; but, when every one is determined to stretch his rights to the utmost, there is no more difficult problem in legislation than to fix their exact boundaries. Tens of thousands pass and repass daily in the Strand without confusion; but if all these or only a very small minority were to insist on walking with as little regard of others as if they were alone in the woods, who could legislate so as to prevent a tumult? Human law can only make a compromise between what is desirable and what is attainable. It is neither just nor generous to urge that because toleration has been carried already to a dangerous extent, it must be continued without limit to the toleration of intolerance. Many acts that are dangerous to order are allowed in a free constitution, in order to avoid the greater danger of prohibiting them. Many prohibited acts are tolerated by administration within certain discretionary limits; but in this balanced compromise it is difficult to legislate for more than the actually existing state of things. If a power of infinite development is claimed, and if one anomaly is to be the precedent for another in endless succession, universal anarchy must ensue. Mr. Greenwood (p. 154) gives a summary of the conclusions to which the argument for toleration, if followed out according

to our opponents' views, will tend. We think in the good old days of fable the cuckoo might have stated the matter to the hedge-sparrow more concisely thus: 'When you tolerated the depositing of my egg in your nest, you virtually tolerated all the consequences of its development. If my offspring ejects yours, no doubt he is the worthier. Do not blame me for your own shortsighted folly.'

It would be foreign to our subject to discuss the various defences which the papal advocates have set up. They are cobwebs, which, viewed through the medium of distance, are too flimsy to attract notice. If the mischief of papal interference is imaginary, they are not needed to justify it; if real, were they ten times more valid, they are insufficient.

We presume that the legislators who, on the pretext of contempt or toleration, preach the doctrine of passive endurance, have staked their reputation for political sagacity on the assumption that *there is no real mischief*. If their intention in so doing has been to steer clear of the difficulties which might beset their future tenure of office, we suspect they have created for themselves a much greater perplexity than that from which they would thus save themselves. The evil which has now risen to such a height as to make their position untenable, was, at the opening of the session, of a very formidable character. It is no slight nor imaginary evil that society in this country is disturbed in all its relations. Dr. Ullathorne, the most clamorous of martyrs, admits that his rhetorical and figurative persecution hurts no one whom it is aimed at—(*Letter to Lord John Russell in the Times*, dated *Bishop's House*, Birmingham, Feb. 10); but adds some mysterious hints that it affects the industrious and the poor. We presume he must mean that Roman Catholic servants find a difficulty in obtaining employment. We were not aware of the fact. But this is a practical matter of much interest, and we must pause to ask Dr. Ullathorne, if indeed Roman Catholic servants, as such, seem less trustworthy to Protestant masters, who is to blame for this? When the Hon. and Rev. Mr. Spencer—who, it seems, is called 'one Father Ignatius' (*Lord Shrewsbury*, p. 13)—wrote a letter in the newspapers to recommend that by every possible means servants even in the meanest capacity should be introduced into Protestant families, with a view to unsettle the faith of the inmates, did Dr. Ullathorne or his brethren raise one protest against this treachery? Even Lord Shrewsbury sees in this counsel only an 'active but perhaps a short-sighted zeal,' and in the indignant remonstrance of the Bishop of Oxford the noble Earl finds only a subject for unseemly banter at the supposed reluctance of the learned prelate to encounter the dialectics

of a polemical kitchen-maid. It is no small evil, socially, as well as politically, if the Roman Catholic faith professed in this country is to be converted into ultramontanism. We believe that the English Roman Catholic body *did* present the purest exemplar of their Church that has as yet existed. It was their loyalty and their virtues that supplied the advocates of emancipation with their most effective, though by no means their most logical, arguments. But from this moment an impetus is given to ultramontanism, which among the clergy must be all but irresistible; and among the laity, we fear neo-Catholicism will for a time be fashionable. A priestly yoke, when it is real, is intolerable—and it will be felt so in due time, we do not doubt; but as yet the yoke does not press heavily; to profess to bear it is enough; and even this compliance is repaid with much flattery. In the zeal of new conversion, in the presence of Protestant bystanders to astonish, the most exaggerated exhibitions of controversial humility are gratifying to a modern bigot. In public life, unqualified, passive, abject obedience cannot be without votaries, when its profession confers influence, and implies no submission; when it dignifies factious opposition, and dispenses from the trouble of reasoning and the duty of ever being reasonable. Moreover, the machinery for chronic agitation was immediately established, and vast increase of priestly influence was obtained at a time when a great addition of Irish immigration had made that influence peculiarly formidable. That this is no chimerical apprehension is proved by the riots of Birkenhead on occasion of a Protestant meeting; an outrage which Lord Shrewsbury, with a confusion of head which we presume to be the result of controversial zeal, lays to the charge of Protestants. We have reserved to the last the mischiefs of synodical action. Among the many gross frauds which it is sought to pass off on the ignorance of this country, none strikes us more forcibly than the attempt to introduce an *episcopate*—a hierarchy—as being merely an aggregate body of bishops. In Belgium, which is, perhaps, the most really pious Roman Catholic community in Europe, there are bishops, but there is no episcopate; and as late as the year 1845 the government steadily refused the application of the Archbishop of Malines to acknowledge one.* The difference lies in the power of collective, united action—and to compare it with a Wesleyan Conference is a simple mis-statement.

* On this subject, and indeed on all points of the actual state of relations between Rome and foreign Governments, the reader will find ample information in the admirable treatise of Dr. Twiss—in all respects the most valuable one called forth by the late controversy.

At the opening of the session the synod of Thurles had already frustrated the benevolent intention of the legislature and stopped education in Ireland. This decree has since been confirmed by Pius IX., a result which might have been anticipated, when we learn, on such authority as that of Lord Shrewsbury, by what men the feeble-minded Pope is surrounded and guided. Speaking of 'the party in the Roman Catholic Church of Ireland which had so long ruled and agitated in Conciliation Hall' (p. 108), the Earl says—

'that party reigned triumphant at Rome too—only, I am sure, because the immense majority of the Irish there were Repealers, and anti-English, and occupied the ground to the exclusion of others.'

He goes on to say that neither himself nor any of the respectable English there were consulted, nor would have been listened to if they had offered their advice, which, from motives of prudence or indifference, they declined doing.

'Hence (he proceeds) the views of Rome with regard to Ireland became the views of a faction. Rome was cajoled and betrayed, and the interests of all were sacrificed. These are not questions of dogma; they depend on the passions of men, and are swayed by human interests. None have felt this more than the Pontiffs themselves; for in matters of fact they are liable to error like other mortals.'

We do not doubt it; but does it not strike Lord Shrewsbury that they would do well to abstain from meddling in affairs where they are not directed by inspiration, and where they have so little chance of learning the truth by human means? The result is, that, under pretence of obedience to Rome, Conciliation Hall is to govern Ireland; and the only consolation Lord Shrewsbury offers is that the Protestants are to blame for it all. In this we own we agree with him. But can British statesmen tell us they consider this no evil?

Since the Recess the plot has indeed thickened. Father Cullen, anxious, no doubt, to make the Irish Roman Catholic Clergy forget the Papal encroachment by which he was intruded upon them, and to prove himself as worthy a son of their Church as election could have discovered for them, has pushed extravagance to a length which disconcerts Dr. Wiseman, who toils after him in vain. Law is openly defied, and how far the outrage will stop short of actual rebellion it is hard to say. The agitators will no longer accept connivance—they disdain equality. Their hierarchy must not only be tolerated, it must be acknowledged, it must be dominant, it must be sole. Mr. Bird Sumner cannot be acknowledged even as

doctor of divinity (vide *Tablet*, quoted in the *Times*, August 7, 1851). The laws of the royal succession must be repealed—the coronation oath changed—a Romanist must be eligible—why not alone eligible? It is desired to find as a matter for agitation some object supposed to be unattainable; and as the supineness of the country and the dishonesty of Government brings each such object successively nearer, another is to be sought. Who shall venture to prophesy? With what shouts of derision was poor Sir Harcourt Lees received when he ventured to foretell less than the tithe of what is passing before our eyes! A society is organised for the express purpose of disturbing the tranquillity of England, and of exacerbating the chronic ills of Ireland. All this, though more rapid and more violent in its progress, is in substance much what we expected. These agitators are not toiling for Rome: it is their own momentary advantage—the gratification of their own passions—they have in view. They are using the Pope merely as an instrument, and are betraying the cause of the Vatican—and in this mismanagement of the enemy is the only gleam we can discover on our own horizon. Less than these outrages would hardly open the eyes of the candid good-natured public, who, in the year of Grace 1851, think it necessary to make a formal application to the Pope for leave to build a Protestant church in his capital—in order that they may be convinced, by his refusal, of his intolerance. The course to be adopted by this country is plain. Before any other steps are taken, or even discussed, the authority of the law must be re-established. In the mean time we most earnestly caution the pious and honourable among the Roman Catholics how they lend their names to proceedings which they cannot approve, and which must tend ultimately to the injury of their Church; and, above all, how they make themselves participators in the heavy guilt incurred for years by the priesthood in Ireland.

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- ART. IX.—1. *Du Gouvernement de la France: précédé d'une Lettre à M. Guizot sur la Démocratie.* Par E. Dehaïs. Paris, 1851.
 2. *Réponse de M. Guizot à M. Emile Dehaïs.* Paris, 1851.
 3. *Parallèle Historique des Révolutions d'Angleterre et de France sous Jacques II. et Charles X.* Par le Comte Maxime de Choiseul-Daillecourt, Membre de l'Institut. Paris, 1851.
 4. *Histoire de la Restauration.* Par A. Lamartine. 2 tomes. Paris, 1851. ●

5. *Revision de la Constitution—République et Monarchie.* Par le Comte Ferd. de Bertier, Ancien Député, Ministre d'Etat, &c. Paris, 1851.
6. *De la Candidature du Prince de Joinville à la Présidence de la République.* Par M. Pr. Delarbre, Ancien Représentant à l'Assemblée Constituante. Paris, Août, 1851.
7. *L'Ere des Césars.* Par M. A. Romieu. Paris, 1850.
8. *Une Solution Militaire.* Par un Soldat. Paris, 1851.
9. *Idée Générale de la Révolution au XIXme Siècle; Choix d'Etudes sur la Pratique Révolutionnaire et Industrielle.* Par P. J. Proudhon. Paris, 1851.
10. *La Propriété sous la Monarchie, à propos de la Revision.* Par V. Guichard, Ancien Constituant. Paris, 1851.
11. *La Souveraineté du Peuple; Essai sur l'Esprit de la Révolution.* Par Paul de Flotte, Représentant du Peuple. Paris, 1851.
12. *Socialisme Conservateur; Essai de Fraternité Chrétienne et pratique.* Par Deux Soldats [G. de Leyssac et E. H. de Lupierre]. Paris, 1851.
13. *Des Principes de la Stabilité Sociale.* Par A. Marini, Ingénieur des Ponts et Chaussées. Paris, 1851.
14. *Les Clubs et les Clubbistes; Histoire Complète Critique et Anecdotique des Clubs et des Comités Electoraux à Paris depuis la Révolution de 1848, &c.* Par Alphonse Lucas. Paris, 1851.
15. *La République aux Enfers, par un Ami du Diable.*
16. *Politics for the People.* London, 1848.
17. *The Message of the Church to Labouring Men; a Sermon preached at St. John's Church, Charlotte Street, Fitzroy Square, on the evening of Sunday the 22nd of June, 1851.* By Charles Kingsley, jun., Rector of Eversley. Price 6d. 1851.
18. *Alton Locke, Tailor and Poet, an Autobiography.* 2 vols. 1851.
19. *Yeast: a Problem. Reprinted with corrections and additions, from Fraser's Magazine.* 1851.
20. *Reasons for Co-operation; a Lecture delivered at the Office for Promoting Working Men's Associations. To which is added 'God and Mammon,' a Sermon to Young Men; preached in St. John's District Church, St. Pancras.* By F. D. Maurice, M.A., Chaplain of Lincoln's Inn. 1851.
21. *Report of the Commissioner [H. S. Tremheere] appointed under the provisions of the Act 5th & 6th Victoria, c. 99, to inquire into the operation of that Act and the State of the Population in the Mining Districts, 1850. Presented to both Houses*

of Parliament by Command of Her Majesty. London, 1851.

THE works here enumerated, though so unusually numerous, and of such a very heterogeneous appearance, are substantially all on one theme, and but a very small proportion of those with which that theme has overflowed our table. We have selected them as specimens of the various and antagonist modes of treating the one great subject that now occupies and agitates throughout Europe—but especially in France and England—the pens of all who write—the passions of all who feel, and the earnest and anxious thoughts of all who concern themselves about either the political or the social systems under which we live or are to live. To advocate or to deprecate—to forward or to retard—to applaud for imitation or to expose in *terrorem* the progress of Revolution—such, wherever and to whatever extent a political press exists, is now its almost exclusive occupation.

And no wonder. For the European world finds itself in circumstances, for which neither history nor the experience of the last sixty years, so fruitful in revolutions, can afford any parallel and hardly any analogy. The first French Revolution, formidable as it soon became, did not at the outset create any serious alarm for the peace of other countries. Mr. Pitt even took that opportunity of diminishing our army and navy, thinking that France would find sufficient employment at home. Mr. Burke almost alone had the sagacity to foresee the future *Upas* in the seedling planted on the ruins of the Bastille. When by and by the Jacobinical principles began to overflow upon Europe; they were—as fortunately for the rest of Europe as unhappily for France—accompanied by such internal atrocities as served in a powerful degree to counteract their political and moral effect. From that time forward the danger to her neighbours changed its aspect altogether. They had to defend themselves from her arms, ambition, and usurpations, and, in short, from the very reverse of any disorganising or democratic influences. We need not say that France gave little or no cause for uneasiness during the fifteen years of the Restoration, at once the happiest and the freest that she ever enjoyed—halcyon days, under the indulgence and tranquillity of which were hatched the factions that, by the combined rashness and weakness of the Polignac ministry, were enabled to get up the July Revolution. Even that Revolution, however, had little direct effect on the state of Europe. The principles that prepared it and the mode in which it was executed were, no doubt, sufficiently alarming to all regular Governments, and were seriously felt in England;

but the accession of Louis Philippe and his adroit and vigorous kingcraft, soon counteracted those apprehensions, and seemed to strengthen the monarchical principle. It is true that sober-minded men saw—and we ourselves, as our readers may recollect, ventured to predict—that the deceptive principle and false basis of that apparently strong and popular monarchy would eventually overthrow it: but by the personal character of the King, and by a succession of conservative ministers and of bold measures, more decided than the Restoration had ever tried, it lasted eighteen years—not indeed of halcyon repose, for it was a series of *émeutes*, attempts at assassination, and general political *malaise*, derived from its origin—but of great material prosperity and of domestic and external peace.

But if the July Revolution was the work of a faction, helped onwards by the folly of the Polignac ministry—the February Revolution was a mere surprise, an accident, a collision—without design, without excuse, without motive, almost without object. And hence—from this very absence of any reasonable cause—the greater and deeper have become the difficulties and the dangers with which it has overwhelmed France and now menaces the world. ‘One never goes so far,’ said Robespierre, ‘as when one knows not where he is going.’ So it is of the February revolution—which was set agoing no one knew how, nor why, nor whither! MM. Thiers and Odillon-Barrot, its unconscious though not innocent authors, had little idea that the factious pretences, by which they hoped to change a ministry and get into their places, were in the twinkling of an eye to become a social and democratic revolution, of which their own ambition was to be the very first victim; but they ought to have known, and we believe did know, enough to deter them, had they been men of either candour or foresight, from making such perilous experiments on the popular temper. They must have known, for everybody knew, that ever since the July Revolution there had been growing up in France (it had even some offshoots in England) a new and more popular and dangerous element of political and social disorder, than had yet been brought into direct and avowed operation. All the causes or pretences, indeed, of former revolutions had been exhausted—there was no feudality to abolish as in 1789—no terror to overthrow as in 1794—no disasters and disgraces to repair as in 1800—no military despot to expel as in 1814—no violation of the charter to resist as in 1830. France had tried and *used up* all known forms of government—the old régime and a despotism—three constitutional monarchies—and four Republics, the Girondine, the Montagnarde, the Directorial, and the Con-

sular. The people were wearied, *blasé*, with such chances and changes; they felt them to be only outward *forms* of government, which concerned slightly and indirectly the masses, who under each of them had pretty nearly the same share of the hardships of life—conscription—taxation—hard work, or harder still, want of work—poverty—and too frequently *misère*.

There never has been, and never we suppose will be, wanting in human society that class of malcontent agitators who were so influential in our own great rebellion, and who are quaintly described as those ‘*who would not have things SO!*’ This class, whom nothing can please, though very much thinned in France by the lassitude consequent on so many revolutions, was still very numerous, especially amongst the students of both the metropolitan and provincial colleges—an over-educated but ill-taught youth, too numerous to make respectable livelihoods in the already overstocked professions, and who found a help to their arrow means and vent for their exuberant activity, morbid ambition, and mortified vanity, in journalizing, pamphleteering, organising secret and treasonable societies, and joining, whenever any opportunity presented itself, in every sedition and *émeute* against the constituted authorities of the day. These were the heads and hearts of the revolutionary party, and, to do them justice, ready enough to become the *hands*—but the main body of any effective movement must necessarily be composed of the working classes, who in every dense population in France, and especially in Paris, can afford an army ready, like that of Cadmus, to start out of the ground sufficiently armed and drilled for a revolutionary scuffle.

Even this army, however, must be paid; and after the grand deception, as they thought it, of the July Revolution, the leaders of the secret associations found that great bodies of the workmen, and especially the more thinking part of them, required some stronger excitement than the old incendiary topics which had burned themselves out, or mere political theories from which they had found by experience that *they* could derive no advantage; but there was a theme—a stirring theme—to which the hearts of the masses were sure to vibrate even to convulsion, and which—though it had been broached both in France and England* by one or two crazy theorists, and even attempted by one obscure sect, or rather club, in Paris on a narrow scale—had never been boldly promulgated as an incentive to insurrectionary action and as a principle for regenerating society. This was *Communism*—not the theoretic and illusory

* See Quarterly Review, on Socialism, Dec. 1839.

equality of the old republic, but a practical and personal community of all things, even to the extent implied in the axioms that '*Property is robbery*,' and '*Family ties an unnatural monopoly*.' Monstrous as such doctrines may seem, they became the basis of the new movement, and were greedily swallowed by the million, who really had but *little*, and fancied they had *nothing*, to lose and *everything* to gain by such a change of condition. There were still, however, many, even of the working class, who had a lingering prejudice in favour of their own *peculium*, small as it might be, and who had some old-fashioned domestic doubts about a *community of wives and children*; and so, though *Communism* was and is the real object and end, it was adroitly diluted into the less alarming form and name of *Socialism*—which had the advantage of seeming to recognise something of private right and voluntary compact, and of keeping in the background the immorality and violence suggested by the term *community*; but, however mystified in words, the principle was the same, and must, wherever and whenever practically attempted, arrive at the selfsame results. M. de Choiseul's view of this important feature of the late revolution is perfectly just and of general application.

* 'Socialism or Communism had first appeared amongst the religious commotions of the sixteenth century, under the title of Levellers, and under such leaders as Muntzter, John of Leyden, and Godfrey of Berlingen, and had covered Germany with wars, massacres, and confusion. Our modern dreamers, Fourier, Considérant, Cabet, and their followers, revived it—with the omission of the religious element; their ultimate object was to deprive *property* of that personal character which it had had ever since the foundation of human society, and to extend the same levelling process to all the operations of *industry*—for which latter purpose they proposed what was called *l'Organisation du Travail*. This system was propounded by M. Louis Blanc in a work so named, which had become a text-book in the workshops before it was so much as heard of in the world. All work and profit were to be in common. A great number of the working class—overlooking the radical defect of such a system, its utter impossibility—were seduced by its promises, and thought that they were to grow rich *pari passu* with their masters, while at the same time the hours of work were to be diminished, and the restraints and cares of industry and sobriety exchanged for a paradise of idleness and sensual enjoyment. By a striking coincidence, these principles, or rather these visions, exhibited themselves almost simultaneously through a great part of Europe. Democracy was not now conspiring against established governments, but *against society itself*. Communists, Socialists, Demagogues, Radicals, were united in one great conspiracy, which operated by the mechanism of *secret societies*, of which the number went on in-

creasing in a most alarming degree.'—*Parallèle Historique*, p. 330.

The fact is confessed even by the Socialist leaders. M. Jules Lechevalier, one of their *notabilités*, distinctly avows that—

'Socialism is only Communism in progress—Communism is the logical and *necessary conclusion* to which Socialism leads.'—*Les Clubs et les Clubbistes*, p. 84.

And again, M. Jules Descordes, '*homme de lettres*':—

'Socialism alone could not prevent some individuals obtaining more consideration than their fellows—the real object and good is Communism.'—*ib.* 229.

This had been going on ever since the July Revolution, which had, by anticipation, sapped the very foundations of the Government it seemed to establish; so that, when the reform faction called in the Socialists as tools of their ambition, the tools became their masters—the secondaries showed that they were really the principals. Louis Blanc and Albert, *ouvrier*, were in actual possession of their dictatorship at the Hôtel de Ville before the arrival of the mob-led Government from the Chamber of Deputies; and all the first measures of the Provisional Government—even the proclamation of the Republic itself—were direct concessions to that, at the moment, all-powerful influence. We need not recapitulate the false principles, the bad faith, and the disastrous results of the attempts of the Provisional Government to escape from the dishonest and terrible responsibility that they had both individually and collectively incurred. On this subject suffice it to say that one of these shifts was the adoption of *Universal Suffrage*. We call it a shift, because at the moment it really was a shift to reconcile the people to the postponement of their Communist hopes; but it was a substantial though circuitous advance to the desired object; for if a numerical majority are to be the interpreters of a general principle of Equality, it is very certain that they will not be satisfied with a mere theoretical 'equality in the eye of the law,' as the early French constitutions defined it, but will look for a tangible and substantial equality of personal comfort, consideration, and enjoyment—in short, the visionary equality of the Socialist school, which fancies that *bringing down the rich to the level of the poor* is the same thing as *bringing up the poor to the level of the rich*—and it is in this fallacy that the whole attraction of Socialism lies.

The defeat of the *red* insurrection in June, 1848—the rout of the same party in the fol-

lowing year—and the flight and imprisonment of its leaders, arrested the open progress of Socialism. The law of the 31st of May, 1850, by several restrictions on universal suffrage, has diminished by *one-half* the number of electors—has given in the few elections which have since occurred a preponderance to the '*friends of order*'—and has encouraged the Assembly and the Government to repress with a strong hand the very power to which they owe their own existence. The more immediate urgency of that great personal and party question—the approaching election of a President of the Republic—has also tended to withdraw the public attention from the more distant but deeper danger of Socialism. Yet, if we are not misinformed, and if we do not miscalculate the force and direction of popular feeling, it seems but too certain that Socialism is in vigorous advance in not merely the town but the country populations of France;—we fear that those wild but seductive principles of *social equality* and *universal suffrage*, promulgated and adopted as the true basis of National Government, can never be extinguished but by some awful convulsion; and in such a crisis certainly the Socialists will have to plead in behalf of their system the fundamental and indefeasible authority of the national will, so solemnly and irrevocably pronounced, and thus, *for the first time*, the masses of the people will have something tangible, and, as they will believe, of personal and paramount value, to fight for. Will they not also have logic and something like Constitutional law on their side? They will be doing no more than claiming from the Republic its fundamental principles and promises. By what powers can the seeds of mischief, when thus sown *broadcast* by the sovereign authority of a country, be ever eradicated?

We shall by and by apply that important question to our own domestic circumstances—but here, having shown how much deeper and more spreading the roots of the last revolution are likely to be than of any of its predecessors, we shall take a rapid view of the two more prominent, but, as we believe, less important questions that at this moment agitate the public mind of France: 1st, The definitive form of the National Government itself—Monarchy or Republic: 2ndly, Who is to be the Monarch or the President? We are far from thinking that the struggle on these points is not intimately connected with, and liable to be influenced by, the great Socialist question. On the contrary, our greatest alarm is that, although distinct for the moment, they are only *heats* of the same race, and that, whichever may win the first—Bourbon or Bonaparte—Monarchy or Republic—will have eventually a still more serious struggle with

the Socialist principle in probably a more formidable intensity.

There can be, as we have before said, no doubt that the February revolution was an accident—that the majority of the nation, and even of the class more particularly called the People, were satisfied with the monarchy; nor can there be any doubt that a vast majority of the educated and wealthy classes—all, in short, who have property, and most of those who have any political experience or foresight—are desirous of the restoration of that form of Government. It is true that the severity of the new republican legislation does not allow the Republicans fair play; their voices are either wholly repressed or severely restrained;—to such a degree indeed that—will it be believed?—we have lately seen in the law reports several cases of men convicted and condemned to severe punishments for uttering '*the seditious cry of Vive la République Démocratique et Sociale!*' Nay, that *Vive la République!*—even *sans phrase*—is looked upon as an offence. Still, after making all due allowance for this double influence of force and fear, we have abundant evidence—whether we look to the more solid works of men already eminent in literature and politics, or at the vast and fertile field of journalism, or the innumerable pamphlets that exhibit at least the activity and energy of strong convictions—we have, we say, abundant evidence that the educated majority of the nation is decidedly anti-republican. But so we cannot doubt that they were on the 24th February; and the violent course of repressive legislation which the National Assembly has adopted, affords, we fear, evidence but too conclusive that the same power which overthrew Louis Philippe is *ready*—and—but for these laws of necessary but unconstitutional rigour—*able*, to overthrow both Assembly and President.

We need not remind our readers of the many striking—indeed extraordinary—coincidences between the English Revolutions of 1642 and 1688, with that of France from 1789 to 1830. There has been, all through the latter case, so prevailing a spirit of imitation, that it may almost be said that Cromwell was as instrumental in cutting off the head of Louis XVI. as of Charles I., and that King William dethroned Charles X. by having expelled James II. This is a theme which M. Guizot, in all his later works, and the Count de Choiseul, have discussed with great ability, but from different if not opposite points of view. M. Guizot, by the republication of his '*Discours sur la Révolution d'Angleterre*,' his '*Etudes Historiques*,' his Biographical Essays on Monk and Washington, has obviously intended to suggest to his countrymen the restoration of the hereditary and legitimate monarchy;—and, no

doubt, if either example or experience, eloquence or reason, could prevail, such would be the result;—but unfortunately the premises are no longer the same. The accession of Louis Philippe completed, very inauspiciously, the parallel with the English case. There ended the analogy. We ourselves entirely agree with M. de Choiseul that the July Revolution had neither in justice nor policy anything like the same grounds as our Revolution of 1688, of which it may be most justly said *decipit exemplar vitiis imitabile*. We believe that the same faction which affected to imitate our great Rebellion in the first Revolution, made a similar deceptive use of our Revolution of 1688. In both cases the secret motive was to interrupt the legitimate succession. But however that may be, the February Revolution has overturned the July Revolution by means and on principles so entirely different from ours of 1688, that, instead of hoping that France may be persuaded to adopt a second time that sober example, we are seriously afraid, as we shall by and by more fully explain, that *we* are more likely to follow hers.

It is the melancholy but undeniable result of both moral and political experience, that bad examples and precedents are more powerful than good ones. Mobs have no memories—they always look forward, never behind.

‘Et qui mos populis venturus amatur.’

Deception and disappointment, therefore, afford them no instruction—the same stimulus will always produce the same intoxication. All the democratic revolutions of France were made by mobs, and each of the mob-created Governments began by prostrating itself before the ‘bravery, generosity, magnanimity, admirable good sense, and even good taste, of the *People*’; yet within a few weeks all these panegyrics and flatteries were not only annulled and forgotten but reversed, and the very same *People*, for the very same acts—now voted to be crimes—were condemned to prison, to exile, and even to death—by the bullet when not by the scaffold.

Have they been corrected by this experience? we hear and we fear not. The troops, whenever expected to act, inspire the prudence of fear—but we have reason to believe that the populace of all the great towns and a large proportion of the country populations are more depraved in political and moral principle than they ever were before. We therefore hesitate to build any very confident hopes on the *literary* majority that has declared itself for the cause of order and of monarchy, which at the present moment seem to be identified. The misfortune is that *il prêche les convertis*—it persuades those who are already convinced; but where its success would be most desirable

it finds itself, in spite of all the rigour of repressive laws, counteracted and overpowered by—for those who read—a cheaper and more intoxicating press, and, for the rest, by the oral seductions of ‘Clubs and Clubbists,’—of secret societies, and of missionaries of mischief. There can be, we trust, no doubt that in the long run the predominance both in talent and in good principles of the monarchical press will operate on the masses of the people; and we are still satisfied that monarchy must be the ultimate destiny of France—but we fear she has to undergo a severe preparatory struggle, or even more than one, with the Socialist Republic.

As to the *moderate Republic*—that is, one unmingled with Socialism or Jacobinism—it seems to be considered as a mere Utopia; there may be some wise and good men who still think it would be desirable; we doubt whether any of them think it possible. It finds very few advocates in the press. It is true that the graver socialist writers profess, in general terms, the justice, moderation, and practical good sense of their principles, but when they come to details they are totally at a loss to restrain them by rules and limits, and those who attempt to do so are forced to compromise them. The paradoxes of M. Proudhon himself seem a good deal sobered by his confinement in the Conciergerie. In a chapter of his new work, dated from that prison, treating of the ‘*great question of property*,’ he says,—

‘Whatever may be my personal convictions, whatever radicalism I may profess in my propositions, my readers will remark that I am always disposed to *admit and defer to a principle generally received*—to an acknowledged practice—to the judgment of respectable men; that I proceed indeed by deducing the full consequences of my propositions, but that the progress towards those consequences may be *as slow, as imperceptible, as you will*. The Revolution is with me one thing—its *execution another*. The former is an irrevocable fact, irretrievably pledged to its consequences; but as to the latter, if I individually think it prudent and useful to accelerate them rapidly, I shall not quarrel with a man who may not be of my opinion.’—*Idee Générale de la Révolution*, p. 217.

And then he proceeds to detail an absurd plan by which property may be distributed, and proprietors compensated. This is but a feeble reassertion—a very dissolving view—of the bold dogma, ‘Property is robbery.’

Again, M. Dehais, in a defence of Socialism and Democracy against M. Guizot, complains that the socialist principle is misrepresented, and that, in truth, it only means that the government should

‘be incessantly employed in devising all possible ameliorations for the most numerous classes of

the community, and thus to realize the principle of *public help* sanctioned by the Constitution.—p. 93.

But when, by and by, he, in his candour, comes to give the practical application of this principle, he throws his Louis Blanc overboard, and becomes stingier than any poor-law guardian.

“The government,” he says, “is bound to place more and more within the reach of the working classes, not absolutely work for every man, *as some madmen have pretended to understand it*, but the universal implement of work, that is to say, *credit*, and, above all, to take care that no man shall suffer a day’s hunger; and that, in short, the principal business of the Government should be the paternal care of the suffering classes. The Provisional Government, pressed upon by the anarchical element, and having no material force to restrain it, gave a great triumph to the adversaries of the principle of public assistance, by giving a great deal too much to those who wanted, or pretended to want, work—thus, as it was objected, giving a bounty on idleness. And so it would be if you give them bread, wine, meat, &c., but not so if you give them *only bread*. The State is bound to give to him who has nothing—*bread—nothing else*. Establishments at the expense of the State, the Department, or the Commune, should give to any individual who should come as much brown bread (*pain bis*) as would satisfy hunger—but not to carry away a morsel. Such establishments would be of an immense benefit—far beyond their expense: they would save many a strong and brave young man from the painful alternative of starving or begging. *Is it too much to ask for an honest man without work two or three meals of brown bread?*”—p. 95.

Certainly not—and we should be exceedingly surprised to hear that there is any man in France who adopts M. Dehais’ measure of Socialism; yet it is on this basis, so obviously both false and absurd, that M. Dehais builds his hypothesis of a *moderate republic*.

This, the work we suppose of a very young and we see a very superficial writer, is preceded by a long address to M. Guizot, in which the principles of his ‘*Essay on Democracy*’ were so essentially misrepresented as to induce him to answer M. Dehais. We do not suppose that M. Dehais’ very vague and visionary *utopies* would of themselves have engaged M. Guizot’s notice; but being so individually addressed, he was not, we presume, sorry to take the opportunity of justifying his former work, and still more perhaps of recalling to the minds of his countrymen that the undoubted share to which democracy has a right in all human institutions is limited, and must be tempered by other rights as natural and as indefeasible as any that democracy can pretend to.

‘Man considered as an individual has no doubt instincts, interests, ideas, passions, ostensibly democratic, and, though democratic, legitimate: the spirit of independence—pride—self-esteem—the inherent right of a man over himself, and his natural equality with his fellow-creatures, however greater they may be in the social scale—these are democratic elements with which it has pleased God to endow mankind; but he has equally endowed us with concomitant feelings of an entirely different and indeed contrary class: the sense of authority—the ambition of superiority—instincts which force men to admit, however reluctantly, the authority and superiority of other men—the longing, in this ephemeral scene, for a future existence—that respect for the facts and traditions of the past which men feel in spite as it were of themselves—these feelings are just as natural and universal as our democratic propensities Composed of men, society partakes of the conditions of men. It also contains naturally and legitimately democratic and anti-democratic elements, destined to co-exist and to develop themselves by mutual control and under antagonist conditions. The proportions of the force and influence of these divers elements have varied and continue to change in different ages and countries—the preponderance is sometimes on the democratic, sometimes on the anti-democratic side—but neither is ever totally extinguished, and a proportion, greater or less, is for ever working its way back to restore the balance when unduly disturbed. If you pretend to give to one of these elements an absolute and exclusive power, and to make it the sole force and principle of government, Providence soon avenges your rash impatience of its dispensations by inflicting on you one or other of the penal alternatives—tyranny or anarchy! This, Sir, is not an argument that I advance—it is only a fact that I record.’

His adversary had asked, why should society not be able to govern itself without monarchical or aristocratic control, as an individual man does his own affairs? M. Guizot answers by expressing his surprise at such an argument, which tells exactly the other way; for there is and can be imagined no society so democratic as not to prescribe rules for individual conduct and restraint of the indulgence of individual passions:—

‘But who shall control society itself if it consists of only one element? who is to hold the balance? Where is the appeal? . . . It is because there is no human power which can be invoked to guide and govern independent societies, that it becomes necessary that societies should be so constituted as to govern themselves—that the great elements of national sovereignty should be distributed into different forms of public authority, controlling the excesses of each other, and combining for the harmony of the whole.’

After showing, by reasons familiar to our readers (see *Q. Rev.* June, 1849), why the federative democracy of America cannot be

applied to such a country as France—or, we add, as England—he proceeds—

‘You say that “some may perhaps really think, and more pretend to think, democracy dangerous; but no one ventures to say that it is unjust.” I beg your pardon, Sir, but I will venture on that temerity which you suppose impossible: pure democracy, such as you advocate, is not only dangerous, but it is essentially and violently *unjust*, for it suppresses and oppresses the natural and necessary rights and elements of man and of society; and it is because it is thus unjust that it is dangerous—and dangerous not merely to the society it oppresses, but to its own existence; for the purer, that is, the more entire and exclusive, you make your democracy, the more rapidly will it hasten to extinguish itself in either anarchy or tyranny. . . . You attempt a distinction between, as you say, the different principles of *democrats* and “*demagogues*,” but common sense and experience pronounce that they are mere degrees of the same thing. As long as our country shall be on that fatal *incline* of Democracy, you will have neither *Republic* nor *Monarchy*—you will only have *Revolution*!’

These are wise and eloquent words, and we think our readers will agree that the defence—the *rationale* of mixed governments thus succinctly developed—is as true in substance as novel and happy in illustration and expression. It justifies the theories of M. Guizot’s works, and the course of his political life—but where is the power that shall arrest democracy when set in motion down the *incline*?—That M. Guizot seems unable to discover, and so are we!

We presume that we may class M. de Lamartine’s ‘History of the Revolution’ as another defence and recommendation of the *moderate Republic*. The success of his ‘History of the Girondins,’ instead of prompting, should have rather deterred him from another attempt to degrade history into the engine of faction—for it was a success that did no honour to either the work or the author. It is true that it created a great sensation—that it was eagerly read—that as successive volumes appeared people snatched them from the booksellers’ counters and from each other’s hands; but why?—because it was a surprise and an apostacy—not a book, but a signal—a flag, of which nobody cares whether the material be *silk* or *stuff*, provided it tells its errand. The Republic, which since the 18th Brumaire had for five-and-forty years lived only in the memories of a few obsolete Jacobins or in the secret hopes of some young and obscure enthusiasts, was galvanized into new life, by finding an advocate, a panegyrist, in the great poet—the eminent orator—the devoted Royalist. To M. Lamartine’s new allies it was no objection that his motive was offended vanity and personal spite, and his means misrepres-

entation and paradox; his accession was welcomed with the transports with which a despised sect receives a conspicuous convert, or a beleaguered army an important deserter. This is the true history of the first vogue of the ‘Girondins,’—which lasted just long enough to contribute one item to the chapter of accidents that placed Lamartine for three months at the head of the Provisional Government, but has since vanished into as much neglect as he himself did after his abdication, which so closely followed that of Louis Philippe. He has now reappeared, and may, in the whirl of French politics, personally regain some authority, which his attempts at writing history never will.

This new work is, no doubt, designed to serve the same sort of political purpose as the former; not that we suppose that either the fame or profits of authorship are indifferent to M. Lamartine; quite the reverse; we believe that profit was here his first object, and vanity the second. But he combines them with two other powerful motives,—an impulse to excuse his own strange conversion to Republicanism, and a calculation that it may tend to his reinstatement in the government of the Republic. The work promises to be very bulky, for the two volumes now published barely include the first year of the first Restoration. Neither his motives nor his object are as yet fully and expressly developed—it is, however, at once evident that he is an anti-Buonapartist, an anti-Carlist, an anti-Orleanist—but not quite an anti-Jacobin; and that in the chief characteristics of this portion of his work—his generous indignation at the tyranny of Napoleon, his contemptuous pity for the religious and political bigotry of Charles X., and his sarcastic sketches of the selfish and tortuous policy of Louis Philippe—he is actuated, not merely by a mere love of truth—even where he is most true—but still more by the desire of throwing a sinister shade over the pretensions of Henry V., of Louis Napoleon, and of any Orleanist candidate, be he the Count de Paris or the Prince de Joinville. Louis XVIII. alone finds a kind of favour in his eyes, because he was supposed to be a Liberal, and almost a Republican, and, moreover, left no issue, and hardly enough of a party to thwart any personal views M. Lamartine may have.

Whatever be the motive, M. de Lamartine exhibits the greatest zeal and diligence in exposing the despotism of the Emperor and the atrocities of his reign. We thank him for these wholesome and not unseasonable truths, which it had, for the last twenty or thirty years, grown into a kind of fashion to doubt about, if not to deny. The French people are naturally willing to forget that they had so long and so servilely submitted to such

a tyranny; and it was the, as we think, weak and narrow policy of Louis Philippe to endeavour to make common cause with the Buonapartists against the legitimate line. Of this feeling the most signal instance was the sending the Prince de Joinville for the bones of Napoleon—the bringing them in a post-humous triumph to the very port and along the very road and river, by which, (O Retribution!) he himself was three years after to make a disguised and perilous escape—and, finally, the encumbering, and, we might almost say, desecrating, the chapel of Louis XIV. by an ostentatious monument to the *murderer of the Duke d'Enghien*, to him whom he himself had in other days stigmatized as the '*Corsican Ogre*.' These were mistakes, to call them by the gentlest name, which have already borne bitter fruits to the House of Orleans, and may, we fear, be destined to bear more!

Though it is as a profession of political faith—a personal manifesto—that M. Lamartine's book excites most present attention, our readers may, perhaps, expect from us some appreciation and a few samples of its pretensions as a mere literary performance. These pretensions we can at once venture to pronounce very much greater than its merits, and especially than its merits *as history*. A poetical turn of mind is naturally uncongenial with precision and pedetentious investigation, and M. Lamartine's is peculiarly so. He belongs essentially to the dreamy school, and loves the visionary and conjectural more than the real. His style, too flowery and diffuse even in poetry, is always on stilts; and he is the reverse of poor M. Jourdain, for he never can talk prose. He is a painter rather than a narrator, and a painter with whom colour is so primary and almost exclusive an object that it at length becomes discolour.

As to the more important events which passed under the eyes of so many yet living, and which are familiar to everybody that reads, there can be of course no very serious misstatement of the great facts; but the narrative is in general diffuse and superficial, and in its smaller details trivial and inaccurate to a strange degree. He relieves himself in a great measure from the embarrassments of consecutive order and logic by cutting up his narrative into short paragraphs, or, as one of his French critics, in allusion to the poetic character of the work, pleasantly calls them, '*strophes*.' This we suppose is in imitation of the short chapters of Tacitus, but they remind us rather of the stanzas of Tasso; and indeed the whole account of the capture of Paris in 1814 has very much of the air of a canto of the *Gierusalemme Liberata*. Each of the fifteen books is broken into twenty, thirty, and even sixty

of these fragments, capriciously as it seems, and with no other visible reason than, here and there, the opportunity of closing them with something which the author thinks smart and striking—an epigrammatic point. For instance, he will begin a subject of an extent and interest which in ordinary writing might occupy a considerable chapter, but M. Lamartine will end it abruptly at the tenth line with a *coup de marteau* :—

'The cannon alone negotiated!'—b. 2, xviii. p. 56.

One of these epigrammatic epilogues has been particularly quoted and admired, and we may therefore venture to produce it as a favourable sample of this peculiarity. It is the wind-up of the story of the murder of the Duc d'Enghien, which M. Lamartine details, in his usual diffuse and pretentious style indeed, but with an indignant abhorrence which does him honour :—

• 'The murderer has but his hour—the victim has all eternity.'—b. 12, xxi.

Now we would humbly ask what this means? An hour of *what*? an eternity of *what*? Nothing certainly of the same category. Of whatever—we presume sympathy, pity, or commiseration—the victim has an eternity, the murderer has assuredly not half an hour. Of material success and guilty triumph the murderer had, not *one*, but ninety thousand hours, and the victim not an instant. The phrase is like hundreds of M. Lamartine's attempts at apophthegmatizing—pure nonsense: and something like the converse of what he has said would probably be nearer what he meant—that such a victim has but an hour of suffering, while the murderer has an eternity of infamy.

His ambitious anxiety to embroider a threadbare subject with something of novelty makes him fond of introducing minor accidents and anecdotes—a practice which we should not only make no objection to, but very much approve, if only the statements were in themselves always authentic, and if the reflections and commentaries with which he loves to gloss upon them were not so often futile and sometimes so untrue. We are almost ashamed to give specimens of the *niaiseries* to which he condescends—but we will venture to select two or three samples which relate to circumstances more likely to remain in the recollection of English readers than his foreign *gôbémoucherie*. His microscopic eye can see a system of policy in the cut of the old King's coat.

• Louis XVIII. exhibited to observation, in his external appearance, this *struggle of two nations and two tendencies* in his mind. His costume was that of the old régime, *absurdly modified* by the alterations which time had introduced in the

habits of men. He wore velvet boots reaching up above the knees, that the rubbing of the leather should not hurt his legs (frequently suffering from gout), and to preserve at the same time the military costume of kings on horseback. His sword never left his side, even when sitting in his easy chair—a sign of nobility and superiority of arms which he wished always to present to the notice of the gentlemen of his kingdom. His orders of chivalry covered his breast, and were suspended with broad blue ribands over his white waistcoat. His coat of blue cloth participated, by its cut, in the two epochs whose costumes were united in him.’—p. 289.

How poor would be this attempt at jumbling together Tacitus and a tailor, even if the facts were true!—but there are still many amongst us who remember the King, and can testify that he never wore a velvet imitation of jack boots, ‘such as kings wore on horseback.’ He wore gaiters, indeed, of the size and shape common to gouty gentlemen; and as he wore them in evening as well as morning dress, they were of black velvet. He never wore his sword on any occasion in which swords were not then—and are not still—generally worn, that is, in ceremonious costume. He wore his orders of chivalry no otherwise than any other knight of the St. Esprit and the Garter usually wore theirs; and we cannot but smile at M. de Lamartine’s wonder that the ribbons of these orders should be ‘broad and blue.’ Has M. de Lamartine never dined or spent an evening in the company of a knight of either of these orders, or does he believe that *cordon bleu* means really nothing but a good cook?

The triumph of his sagacity is to find motives and results where other folks only see the most common circumstances of life; even the house where one may happen to lodge is a theme for his philosophising. Louis XVIII. resided for a time in the style of an English private gentleman at Gosfield Hall, in Essex, a house lent him by the Duke of Buckingham—

‘But at length the fortune of Buonaparte broke down under its own weight, and the King, perceiving that its downfall would be as rapid as its elevation, drew nearer to London, to exercise a closer observation on forthcoming political events. He removed to Hartwell in Buckinghamshire.’—p. 284.

Gosfield happens to be about the same distance from London as Hartwell, and still nearer to the Continent, and the King’s removal, which was altogether a matter of private convenience to the Duke of Buckingham, took place two or three years before the march to Moscow, and of course while Buonaparte’s power was still in its ascendancy.

Again, in narrating the King’s approach to Paris in 1814, he describes him—

‘At the isolated château of St. Ouen, an old residence of M. Necker, in the plain of St. Denis, near the gates of Paris—as if he had wished, by his choice of this place of conference, to recall to the nation the memory of a popular minister whom he himself had formerly supported.’—p. 424.

Unluckily for this sagacious theory, the house that the King occupied on this occasion was not the old residence of M. Necker; and M. de Lamartine’s blunder is as if one were to confound Pope’s Villa with Strawberry Hill, because they are both near Twickenham. In great things a writer should endeavour to sketch broadly—in small things accurately. M. Lamartine does neither—but always affectedly. When the mere locality of an accidental residence is so pregnant with deep political meanings, we are not surprised that under his plastic hand the human physiognomy should be still more suggestive; but we do a little wonder at such *gallimatias*—such *phébus*—as his portraits of the two rivals for the throne of France. Of Napoleon he says—

‘An excess of bile mingling with the blood gave a yellow tint to his skin, which, at a distance, looked like a varnish of pale gold on his countenance. . . . His solid bony chin formed an appropriate base for his features. . . . His forehead seemed to have widened from the scantiness of thin black hair which was falling from the “moiteur” [mold—absurdly translated *moisiture*] of continual thought. It might be said that his head, naturally small, had increased in size to give ample scope between his temples for the machinery and combinations of a mind every thought of which was an empire. The map of the world seemed to have been incrustated on the orb of that reflective head.’—p. 6.

The profundity of the observation that ‘his chin was the base of his features’ can only be equalled by the rationality of discovering in the orb of his expanding head a map of the ‘world.’

Those only who are unluckily old enough to remember poor old Louis *des huitres* will be able to enjoy fully the following portrait of that rather plain and neither very expressive nor very attractive countenance:—

‘The beauty, the nobility, the grace of his features, attracted the regard of all. It might be said that time, exile, fatigue, infirmity, and his natural corpulence had only attached themselves to his feet and his trunk, the better to display the perpetual and vigorous youth of his countenance. His high forehead was a little too much inclined to the rear, like a subsiding wall, but the light of intelligence played on its broad convexity. His eyes were large, and of azure blue (*bleu du ciel*), prominent in their oval orbits, luminous, sparkling, humid, and expressive of frankness. . . . The healthy tint and the lively freshness of youth were spread over his countenance—he had the features of Louis XV in all their beauty, lit up with an intelligence more

expanded, and a reflection more concentrated, wherein majesty itself was not wanting. *His looks alternately spoke, interrogated, replied, and reigned, pointing inwards*, as it were, and displaying the thoughts and sentiments of his soul. At any expression displayed upon his countenance, at once pensive and serene, abstracted and present, commanding and gentle, severe and attractive, . . . one would say—'Tis a king, but 'tis a king who has not yet experienced the cares and lassitude of the throne—'tis a king who is preparing to reign, and who anticipates nothing but pleasure from the throne, the future, and mankind in general.'—p. 290.

If the 'high' forehead 'inclining like a subsiding wall,' and the 'eye of sky blue,' and the look 'that pointed inwards,' told all this, the countenances of Garrick or Talma were dumb in comparison. M. de Lamartine consistently enough adds that 'these looks once seen would be for ever engraved on the memory.' We think so too; and as our memory presents nothing at all like this description, we are obliged to take it for another of M. Lamartine's inexplicable rhodomontades. As he takes occasion to tell us that he has now only just attained the *middle of life*—which, at the Psalmist's computation of three score and ten for the whole life of man, may be set down at 35—and as the picture he is drawing professes to be that of 'Louis XVIII. at Hartwell,' that is 37 years ago, the natural conclusion indeed would be that M. Lamartine's appeal to *memory* could be nothing better than an appeal to his fancy. But so far from being only at the *mezzo termin*, according to the biographical dictionaries and heraldic manuals in our hands, M. Lamartine was born in October, 1791—so that he must well remember the King's return to France, though one might well doubt, from the portrait, whether he could ever have seen him.

Amidst these dreams of what he calls his own memory he sometimes mixes up his schoolboy recollections of antiquity, and becomes a pedant—*minus* the learning. He appears to have read in his early days, or at least to have heard, of one Hannibal, who, though he seems not to know much about him—*omne ignotum pro magnifico*—has the honour of being his favourite hero, and fills as many different characters in his drama as *Maître Jacques* in *L'Avaro*. Buonaparte it seems was—

'the *Hannibal* of the aristocracy,'—p. 247.

whatever that may mean;—hardly, we suppose, the same thing as—

'Mr. Pitt was the *Hannibal* of Anti-French European patriotism.'—p. 287.

Or as this—

'The Duke of Wellington is the English *Hannibal*.'—p. 389.

And by and by we find that this eternal Hannibal is no other than a noun of multitude representing the whole British people—in short, *John Bull*!

'Napoleon menaced England both by sea and land, and thus created the hatred of a *Hannibal* against his nation and his dynasty.'—p. 244.

When Master Elbow, in *Measure for Measure*, reviles his adversary as 'a most wicked *Hannibal*,' the commentators conjecture that he probably means *cannibal*—but we think the commentators would be sorely puzzled to affix any meaning to M. Lamartine's very promiscuous use of the name.

He has also a partiality for Alcibiades, which he shows by discovering that *he too* is *Hannibal* in disguise.

'M. Pozzo di Borgo was a veritable *Athenian Alcibiades* long exiled at the court of *Prussias*' (sic).—p. 522.

It has been hitherto supposed that King *Prusias* of Bithynia lived about two hundred years later than *Alcibiades*, and that it was the *Carthaginian* and not the *Athenian* hero that was exiled at his court; but M. Lamartine 'a *changé tout cela*'—and at best leaves us to guess which of the two it was that our old friend Pozzo resembled. And this question becomes still more puzzling when we find that in the gluttonous old lawyer Cambacérès M. Lamartine sees also

'*Alcibiades* grown old!'—p. 19.

He might just as well have said *Hannibal* again.

Though M. de Lamartine does not profess the vulgar prejudices of most of his countrymen against England, and even distinguishes us, as we have just seen, by the pet name of *Hannibals*, he knows very well that the chief pretensions of one of the rival candidates for the Presidentship is his supposed hostility to England; and, though an instinct of decency and good manners, and perhaps a little policy, prevent M. Lamartine from falling into any grossness on that topic, he takes now and then a sly opportunity of cultivating what he supposes to be the national feeling. For instance—when mentioning the presence of the Duc d'Angoulême at the Duke of Wellington's headquarters in 1813-14—the translation says that

'the Duc d'Angoulême followed the retreats and advances of the British army.'—p. 387.

* The translator absurdly makes Alcibiades 'an exile in *Prussia*,' being probably led into this blunder by M. Lamartine's misspelling of the name. We may here remark that the translation is a very poor one. M. de Lamartine's preface tells us that it was made under his auspices and partly by his own pen,—this makes its blunders the more noticeable.

This a little surprised us, for, though we recollect that there was a good deal of strategy and manœuvring on both banks of the Adour, we were not aware that the English army had *retreated* an inch in the whole campaign. On turning to the original we find more cause to admire M. Lamartine's dexterity than his candour. He says—

'Le Duc d'Angoulême suivait le flux et le reflux de l'armée Anglaise.'—tom. ii. p. 162.

He does not venture to say *retreats*, but *reflux*—a word somewhat less bold in sound, but in sense equally deceptive, and equally unworthy an honest historian.

Of the same class is a statement that

'Marshal Soult was appointed Minister-at-War by the King, in reward of his victory at Toulouse.'—p. 484.

Our readers know what that *victory* was, in which Marshal Soult was—to use the expression of one of his own followers and admirers—'*écrasé*,' and not only driven from the field of battle, but forced to abandon the city itself (though walled), in order to save the rest of his army from capture or destruction. His flight was so rapid that he marched 22 miles the first night, hotly pursued and suffering much loss. Next day he marched 17 miles, still pursued, and began to despair of escaping farther when the arrival of two commissioners from Paris suspended hostilities. (See the details in the Quarterly Review for June 1838.) We need not observe on the additional absurdity of Louis XVIII. being supposed to reward a victory won *against* himself. Those who know anything of the affairs of the time know what common sense itself would indicate, that the battle of Toulouse was a difficulty in Soult's way with the King, and not a recommendation.

We notice these petty misrepresentations with reference to M. de Lamartine's character as an historian, but there is a statement made, as far as we can see, on no authority but his own, and on which we are obliged to question directly his veracity and honour. He imputes to all the Foreign Ministers concerned in the peace of Paris in 1814, and to the French themselves, the most scandalous corruption.

'M. de Talleyrand, who wished to furnish an authority in his own favour at a later period, for the diplomatic allowances assigned by usage to the negotiators of treaties of territory, distributed six or eight millions—[from 250,000*l.* to 300,000*l.*]—in ransom to the European diplomatists who signed the treaty of Paris. Prince Metternich, the Austrian Minister—Lord Castlereagh, Plenipotentiary of the British Government—M. de Nesselrode—M. de Hardenberg—the one especially in the name of Russia, the other in that of Prussia, received each a million [40,000*l.*]. The

ministers of the secondary powers received considerable sums in proportion to the importance of the courts they represented. This ransom, offered and accepted as the *price of peace*, produced it more promptly, but made it more humiliating. As a precedent it was shameful—as a bargain it was advantageous, for every day of continued occupation cost France more than eight millions.'—p. 456.

Of this strange statement we also suspected the translation of being erroneous; but it is very exact, except only that the French word '*rançon*' does not always mean what *ransom* does in English, but sometimes an exorbitant or fraudulent overcharge. But in whatever shade of obloquy M. Lamartine may have used the term, the assertion remains that Prince Metternich, Lord Castlereagh, and their colleagues, sold their earlier acquiescence in the treaties for a bribe of 40,000*l.* each, and that this was given them by that arch-knave M. de Talleyrand, as a precedent, on the strength of which he was by and by to reap a similar harvest. We should not have thrown away a thought on such a statement from one of the ordinary class of revolutionary scribblers, but—recollecting that M. de Lamartine was for a season at the head of the Republic, holding especially the ministry of Foreign Affairs, and having all its secrets within its reach—we have taken the trouble—though almost ashamed of such a work of supererogation—of enabling ourselves to contradict, on the highest and best authority, and in the most direct and absolute manner, every point and circumstance of the assertion. We spare M. de Lamartine—though he does not deserve it—the indignant terms in which this denial is conveyed to us by the most distinguished survivors of the statesmen who signed the treaty of Paris; but we call upon him in the face of his own country and of Europe to produce his authority for so scandalous an imputation against men whom it may be natural that he should envy, but whom it is unpardonable that he should, whether from negligence or malevolence, thus and now, calumniate.

The literary success of the work has been, we believe, very small, and will probably grow gradually less. The success of its political objects, we think, will be decidedly negative:—it has not directly reached any of the stirring topics of the day; and the honesty and truth with which he has reproduced his earlier exposure of the tyranny of Buonaparte, though mixed up with much mawkish adulation of his '*genius*' and his '*glory*,' will certainly not recommend it to that very large proportion of the French people who hate, as we have said, to hear even a whisper of truth on any period of their abject and disgraceful subjection to all the successive tyrannies from

1792 to 1814. We are, for the same reason, sorry for the defects of the work—for, however personal may have been the motive, and however objectionable the taste and style in which it has been written, it contains an important exposition and appreciation of the *imperial* system, which would have been of still more value both for present use and as historical authority, if it had been presented in a soberer form and with a less auspicious, or at least ambiguous, object.

We have also another reason, which may at first sight surprise our readers, for wishing that M. Lamartine had made a more statesmanlike appearance at this juncture. The February republic was, as we have said, a surprise—an accident; it was, however, an *accident* not merely acquiesced in, but we must honestly say adopted by the whole nation. It is now the fashion to say—'*La France n'a pas accepté la république—elle l'a subie.*' This, no doubt, fairly enough represents the secret opinions of a large portion—probably the majority—of the people—certainly so of all the better informed classes; but ostensibly, practically, in all the forms and for all the purposes that the national will can be expressed, she *has accepted the Republic!* No one hand was raised, no single voice protested against it. Two republican Assemblies and a republican President have been elected by the individual concurrence of a greater proportion of the whole living population than ever before, in the history of human society, concurred directly in any public settlement. Is it not, then, the height of absurdity to refuse to the form of government so *subie*, if you please, but so adopted, so ratified, so sanctioned, a fair trial? Has it had anything like a fair trial? What prospect can there be for the stability of any government in France, and above all for that which we believe to be her ultimate destiny and refuge, the legitimate monarchy, if the republican experiment be juggled away by either fraud or force—not tried—not judged—not subdued—not annihilated—but evaporated, to be again condensed, and suspended like a thunder-cloud over the head of any and every government that may endeavour to escape it? It will be always imminent—strong in all the unrefuted reasoning—powerful in all the untested hopes—rich in all the unfulfilled promises with which the fictions of ingenuity and the fancies of enthusiasts, and, let us add, a misunderstanding of the American precedent, have inoculated the minds of so powerful a portion of mankind. For our own parts, we repeat, we have no doubt of the ultimate failure of the experiment, and that France will eventually return to legitimate and constitutional monarchy—but she will probably not become, and certainly

not remain a monarchy, until she has fairly and honestly balanced her account with the republic; she has incurred that responsibility, and she must liquidate it before she can have credit for another. And, if this be the case, we have no hesitation in adding that, of the three foremost candidates for the presidency, we see but one eligible—namely, Lamartine. We know that he is light and vain, and wanting in most of the higher qualities of a statesman. We admit that the most powerful party in France would be deeply mortified at the success of his selfish and shameless apostasy. We feel, moreover, that his '*candidature*' seems almost ridiculous; but we must be allowed to say that it is not, on that account, less in harmony with the Republic itself—and that, nevertheless and on the whole, he is the person who would afford the experiment the fairest play. But, if this idol cannot be set up again, why not try General Cavaignac—or the Vice-President, Boulay—or Marshal Soult (who, old and broken as he is in health, might still lend his *name* to his country in such a crisis) or in short *any one*, in preference to either Louis Napoleon or the Prince de Joinville—who are both utterly incompatible with the Republic; and who, by the only legality now existing in the country, are alike ineligible—the former expressly by the Constitution, the latter by a special law of incapacity?—In law-breaking *il n'y a que le premier pas qui coûte*, and indeed it is avowed that this first infraction, in either case, is proposed with a view to the ulterior step of restoring the empire of Napoleon or the royalty of July. Now, how the nephew of the prisoner of St. Helena—how the son of the exile of Claremont, or their adherents—can for a moment suppose (even setting aside all moral and personal considerations) that such grossly illegal usurpations could be *maintained*, is to us astonishing.

But what are their chances? There is one, a powerful one we admit, which is common to both—that restless enmity to all legitimate authority—that wayward spirit which recalcitrates against whatever looks like establishment or seems to claim anything of intrinsic superiority. This sour element of the human temper is by no means peculiar to France. With all Christianity before them to choose from, London and Greenwich have elected two Jews, with no other recommendation than their being forbidden; and the party in France the most hostile to kings, emperors, and presidents, are ready to adopt him who may have the strongest taint of illegality; and they would even prefer M. de Joinville to the Buonaparte, because his illegal election would be additionally flavoured to their palates by having something more of immediate insult and

defiance to the legitimate head of his family. The Prince de Joinville has also the reputation of being hostile to England, and of having been a party to M. Thiers' attempt, in 1841, to set the two countries by the ears. In this point he would probably have an advantage over both Louis Napoleon and Lamartine, who have not yet *affiché* any such Anglophobia. Yet with all these, as we venture to think them, discreditable advantages, we cannot believe that the Prince de Joinville will consent to be made the catspaw of M. Thiers' intrigues—but if he does, it will, we venture to predict, be a signal as well as deserved failure. If the attempt were to be made *on his own behoof*, for his own individual aggrandisement, it would be at the expense of his nephews, his brothers, and of his own honour, and he would have against him all the right and most of the wrong feelings of the nation. If the intention were to hold and handle the chief magistracy for the purpose of passing it away to his nephew, as a pickpocket does a watch to an accomplice, we think that this, however cleverly set about, could not fail to bring blushes of blood into the cheeks of France. M. Thiers, who has got up this intrigue, promotes it with great activity, and endeavours to attract the Montagnards into it—and not (as we are informed and can readily believe) without some success. What better can the Revolutionists desire? It is a new element of division in the monarchical party—it would be a revival of all of bad and dangerous that there was—a realization of all the trickery and bad faith that was ever alleged to have been—in the July revolution—and without any of its compensations. We therefore, though sorry to learn that such a proposition was for a moment entertained at Claremont, hope and believe that it has not been adopted; and respecting, as we do, the private character of the members of that House, and appreciating its probable destinies, we cannot imagine its concurrence in a proceeding so manifestly injurious to both, and so decidedly at variance with what is known of the last wishes of the wise old man who bequeathed to his children, not a crown, but a lesson against irregular efforts to obtain one.

The re-election of Louis Buonaparte would be more unconstitutional, though somewhat less personally discreditable. The *je le jure* with which he accepted his position and the Constitution might perhaps be no great weight on his conscience—but, loosely as France is accustomed to deal with political oaths, it would afford a powerful topic against his authority, and it seems pretty certain that the continuance of his power cannot, for a moment, be accomplished without violence, nor permanently with it. He has no root whatsoever in the

country: his claims are—first, that he is not a Bourbon; that gives him the class we have just mentioned: secondly, that he has a name which everybody far and near has heard of, and about which the most illiterate or ignorant can make no mistake—the value of which in the intricacies and confusion of a ballot, and amidst the remote populations, is greater, we are informed, than could have been imagined beforehand; thirdly, he has, during his three years of power, had the opportunity of connecting with his own a great many other personal interests—supporters who would have him President for their own sakes—creatures and tools enjoying thousands of offices, and whetting the appetites of triple the number ambitious of being creatures and tools also. He has too for the moment in his hands, and appears to be using it lavishly, a very powerful engine—the Legion of Honour. The *furor* for this decoration seems to have increased in intensity under the Republic, and it is, we believe, after office, the strongest, if not indeed the only motive of gratitude or attachment that any not legitimate Government can possess in France. We recollect, in the account of Louis Philippe's escape, the confidence with which he trusted, and the devotion with which he was served by persons, gentle and simple, of whom he knew nothing but that he had happened in former days to give them the cross. This, however, may cut both ways, and hope will probably be found at least as strong as gratitude.

If the National Assembly takes a resolute stand on the Constitution, they may, we think, get through the present difficulty. One of the embarrassments is, that the Presidency expires but a few days before the Assembly itself—so that, in order to counteract the illegal election of Buonaparte, the Assembly would have to attempt an illegal prolongation of its own powers; and then—illegality for illegality—the President, should the army adhere to him, might for the moment prevail. But it seems that the constitutional difficulty is not insuperable. In the case of the candidate who has the greatest number of votes being legally disqualified, the Assembly is authorized to elect one of the five next highest names on the list, and it appears that there would be just time for that operation; and we cannot but think that, personally distasteful to all parties as Lamartine must be, the friends of the legitimate monarchy and of the moderate republic—whether looking to their own ulterior objects or to the immediate peace of the country—ought to avail themselves of such an opportunity—in short; make up their minds to accept him, or even General Cavaignac, as a refuge against Louis Napoleon or the Prince de Joinville, neither of whom, as we have before said, can be chosen without illegality nor

maintained without bloodshed—*nor with it!* Lamartine's Presidency appears to us the mode least dangerous to the peace and well-being of France herself, and of the whole European world in which the republican experiment can be tried and brought to a rational issue. Lamartine is both personally disposed and politically pledged to moderate, anti-socialist, and anti-propagandist measures—and he, having no pretensions to a crown either royal or imperial—would, in all likelihood, were it but from motives of vanity, make a real endeavour to work the machine so peculiarly his own creation to the greatest advantage. If it is capable of working at all, it is most likely to be so in his hands, and France will have at least a breathing-time of comparative quiet to consider and revise, and, if necessary, prepare for a change of, her condition.

If some such course as this be not adopted we see no possible extrication from the *fix* of 1852, but some illegal violence; and nobody can doubt that nothing but the unconstitutional intervention of the army can effect, or, at all events, maintain, any such usurpation: but—when once the Army shall be brought into play, who shall tell where it is to end?

M. Romieu, with the important experience derived from having been successively *Préfet* of three départements, and evidently a man of considerable ability, has ventured to examine that contingency in a very celebrated pamphlet entitled *L'Ere des Césars*, which, however visionary it may be, and as we hope is, in some of its conclusions, is but too well founded in its premises. His thesis is, that after so many revolutions, such a vicissitude of sovereigns, such a rupture of all ties of tradition, habit, loyalty, or reverence, there is no longer in France any moral authority sufficient to constitute a government, and that nothing is left but the barbarism of brute force. Legitimist by his reason—Orleanist by his feelings—he is hopeless of the success of any party *now*—nay, despairs of anything like stability during this century—except by the *sword*—the *ultima ratio* of people as well as of kings!

'The first and most solid base on which authority could be reconstructed amidst the ruins of society is the restoration of the legitimate sovereign. No one can doubt that if there be a principle of peace for a people and permanence for a Government, it is *there*.—But it requires, as the first condition of its existence and its force, that the country must have faith in it. Its source is a prescriptive and indefeasible right. It is popularly called the *right divine*—and in truth there is no other name to give it, as it derives from a course of nature antecedent to and independent of human authority; argue it in any other sense, you destroy it. Lawyers and journalists attempt to subject this principle to the liberal notions of a constitutional—that is in fact an elective

—monarchy. . . . You kill the principle when you submit it to the adhesion of the people, and the adhesion of the people—that is the great body of the nation—you would not obtain. They hate anything like an aristocracy, and are indifferent as to all the rest.*

Here we pause to observe that M. Romieu overstates this portion of the case. The adhesion of the people is far from defeating the ancient hereditary right—in fact they are of coeval 'authority.' The Coronation at Westminster, and the *Sacre* at Rheims, give the people a larger share in the ceremony even than adhesion. But it is true—and so the Count de Chambord seems, from his recent correspondence with his friends in France, to understand it—that acceptance and adherence is one thing, and popular election, as between rival candidates, another.

'As to a constitutional monarchy represented by the House of Orleans—it is a solution proposed by men who are interested in it, not only looking to their own restoration to place and power, but really believing in its efficiency for the public good; it would unite, they think, our ancient and instinctive love of monarchy with the new principles of constitutional government. I was honoured with the favour of the late Duke of Orleans, whose memory will be ever dear to me, and I have personal reasons to honour and to love the Prince de Joinville. I feel, therefore, some embarrassment in speaking of a subject that so seriously affects their family interests; but I write historically, and when, out of the little circle of intrigue that is trying to produce a movement in this direction, I am asked if it can be successful, I answer—no.

'As to the Prince Louis Napoléon—he has his name, and the advantage over his rivals of being on the spot, and in possession of power—but that is only one chance out of the many on which the approaching struggle must turn. A *coup d'état*, of which we have heard so much, would have no permanent result—the submission of the Assembly, even if obtained, would only awaken an early reaction—and after a short interim we should find ourselves again the victims of the inevitable earthquake that is fermenting under our feet.

'As to the nominal Republic under which we live, it is but the ledge of a precipice where we stop for a moment to take breath. The real Republic, and what the people understand by that term, is the personification of the grand error of modern times—which believes in the possibility of removing that inequality of human conditions which God himself has ordained—it is an engagement to abolish the diversities of social life, not by opinion, but by law—it is a combination of an arrogant and vain attempt to abolish poverty and misery with the fiendish satisfaction of plunder-

* Our limits have obliged us to abridge throughout M. Romieu's text, but our summary represents his meaning.

ing and humiliating the rich and happy. That is the people's idea of the Revolution of February. They will think themselves defrauded till this be accomplished, and they will know no better till they have been disciplined by a cruel experience—they, like the incredulous Apostle, will not believe till they can put their finger into the bleeding wound. They must be taught repentance and wisdom, by sufferings, by hunger, and by tears. The visions of equality have displaced the humbler lessons of religion. They are filled with bitter hate, and wait for an occasion of revenge. They have lost their humility, and are become the most intolerant aristocrats; and they consider the republic such as they find it a juggle and a cheat. It is in fact too monstrous a lie to be endured!

'How is this to end? . . . I imagine that in 1852 the proletarian masses will rise, regardless of your laws that limit universal suffrage; and, justly considering them as mere waste paper, will record their prohibited votes in spite of your prefects and gendarmes, and will proclaim to the country—*There is the will of the People—obey!*

'Then you will awake to the true meaning of the Revolution of February—a miserable surprise, I admit, at the moment—but an explosion which has been long preparing. Then you will be driven to the necessity of girding yourselves up for the deadly struggle between rich and poor, between enjoyment and privation, between comfort and misery.'

In this confusion M. Romieu sees no surviving force but the Army, and the Army must, he thinks, inevitably, as in the decline of the Roman Empire, degenerate into mere Prætoriana, alternately the creators and destroyers of a rapid series of puppet sovereigns! What is to follow this new '*Ere des Césars*'—to arise out of this chaos of *Cæsarism*—M. Romieu does not venture to prophesy further than that there can be neither order, security, nor rational liberty, till a new generation shall have been trained to an abandonment and abhorrence of the principles of Socialism in which the living population have been fatally miseducated.

We are sorry to concur in most of M. Romieu's practical views of the present state of his country, and we believe with him that ultimately the army will have to play a preponderating part in the restoration and maintenance of regular government. We think it very probable too that France may have to pass through perhaps more than one terrible crisis:—but we have no expectation of anything like an *Ere des Césars*: the great modern element of the public press, which M. Romieu has omitted from his parallel, will prevent any protracted state of chaos. We do not know—and we cannot guess, nor indeed does M. Romieu—how the proletarian masses are to be reclaimed from Socialism, and shorn of the real essence of their strength—universal suffrage. But we again repeat our decided

opinion that the best chance of immediate tranquillity and future stability would be to give the present constitution a fair trial. We are aware the answer will be that this is impossible—that the monarchical parties are too rash and too jealous, the Socialists too fierce and too powerful, and the general feeling of the public too irritable and uneasy—to endure a postponement of their respective objects:—but we think that no sober-minded man of any party will deny the truth—however he may dislike the motive—of M. Thiers' dictum—'*the republic is that which divides us the least.*' Let the Republic then be honestly tried, and in the interval of calm that it may probably afford, the country will have time to form, and will find means to express, a more matured opinion on its future government.

We may seem to have dwelt in unnecessary detail on the literary evidence of the state of the public mind in France. Our apology is, that the general interest which we cannot but feel for so great a branch of the European family is very much heightened by many analogous circumstances in our own position—*Proxi-mus ardet Ucalegon*. We have more than appears to cursory observers of the same social difficulties—and have almost, nay, we fear, quite as deep an eventual interest in the great problem of their solution. We shall show, presently, some proof of the immediate and direct influence of the socialist principles of the French Revolution in this country, even after they had been checked, and, for a moment, subdued in Paris.

We begin, however, by recognizing one most essential difference in the two cases. England has had no practice nor even precedent of merely popular revolutions; the Great Rebellion was a military one; the Revolution of 1688, a religious and aristocratical, and—as nearly as could be—a legal one. We have had for 160 years nothing that approached insurrectionary dictation to established authority except the agitation for the Reform Bill—and even that agitation was but factitious, excited by the ministers themselves, and not really a popular ebullition. Neither has our people been, to any serious extent, as yet familiarised with insurrectionary movements, nor poisoned and perverted to revolutionary principles—nor our populace till recently drilled to revolutionary tactics, as our neighbours unhappily have been. There is also another most weighty consideration. The people of England have been for nearly eight centuries in the enjoyment of as much individual liberty as is consistent with the general safety of society, and with a direct share in the Government, which has expanded in proportion to the wealth, population, and civilization of the country. Three hundred years ago our Poor Law system anti-

ipated, and has since been gradually improving, all there is of rational and practicable in the Socialist principle. As far as real benefits are concerned, 'the nations not so blessed as we' are only struggling to reach what we have long enjoyed; the thinking part of our people therefore see little room either to envy or imitate our continental neighbours. Moreover, when a new excitement and agitation happens to arise, our heads are better seasoned to stand a momentary intoxication. Our feelings and our opinions are inclined to be traditional; we live very much by memory; the new lights that cast such a lurid blaze in darker regions are but smoke in the broad day of our popular habits and constitution. Our people, therefore, may indulge themselves in a riot, where France would be in danger of a revolution; and our Government can afford to tolerate agitations, which, in a people less habituated to public discussion, would soon take the character of rebellion.

Yet, notwithstanding this most important safeguard and counterbalance, of which we certainly do not undervalue the value, it is not to be denied that we are daily becoming more deeply implicated in the general danger. Our Constitution has within the last five and twenty years received several serious shocks. The long impunity and scandalous success of the Roman Catholic and Anti-Corn Law Associations have familiarized men's minds to the perilous anomaly of agitations stronger than legislation, and conspiracies bolder than parliament. But the most serious of all was the Reform Bill—not merely from the disturbance of the old balance by throwing so much additional weight into the democratic scale, but—from the deplorable, however unexpected, result of lowering in public estimation the House of Commons itself, and, with it, all constituted authority. The insult to the character of Parliament was deeper than even the injury to its composition, and greater than the Reform—if its personal results had been better than they have turned out—could have compensated. It is not as mere party opponents of the Reform Bill that we lay this to its charge, for we admit that its authors never intended any such consequence; but we appeal to public notoriety whether it is not the fact! We ask any man who can remember twenty years, whether the House of Commons is now held in anything like the same respect that it used to be? Is its reform ever mentioned without a sneer? Have its decisions their former weight on public opinion? Is it not rather like a mercantile house that, having declared itself insolvent, starts again under the same name, but never with the same credit? Let us give one short but very significant instance of this. The 'Observer'

newspaper has for some years done its best to be considered as *the Court Journal*. It bears in an ostentatious style, her Majesty's arms, and affects to be peculiarly favoured with royal patronage. In this paper (quoted in the 'Times' of the 25th August) there is given a tabular view of the changes made by death, resignations, &c., since the last general election, in the

'(so-called) representation of the people.'

So-called! and this in a Court journal! We shall have to recur to this subject by and by; we only notice it here as a short but conclusive proof how little the Reform—*so called*—of the House of Commons has added to its own dignity or to the confidence of the country; and we think we may assert, without fear of contradiction, though we abstain from details, that all the other Authorities of the State have suffered something of the same diminution of political weight. When M. de Talleyrand came over here ambassador from the July government, he intimated his opinion of the cause of the fall of the ex-government of France, and his apprehensions that the new one would be liable to the same embarrassments, by saying, that the misfortune was *qu'il n'y a d'autorité nulle part*. He was right. Louis Philippe experienced it; France is now suffering under it; and even amongst ourselves, under our monarchy of a thousand years, we cannot shut our eyes to the rapid growth of the same evil.

We believe that few of our readers are aware of the extent to which these disorganizing and demoralizing principles are propagated in England. We have heretofore taken several occasions to notice their progress even before the late French Revolution, since which they have assumed a greater intensity, a wider development, and in every respect a more alarming character.

The number and infamy of the cheap publications in which these principles are preached to the people, forbid our entering into any detailed examination of them; we rather choose to borrow a rapid, but able and accurate sketch of their general aspect, which appeared in the leading article of the 'Times' of the 3rd September last. Though it was then read, no doubt, by most of our readers, as well as by thousands of others, we are glad to reproduce and recall it to a somewhat less ephemeral existence. After some observations on the subject of national education, not dissimilar in general from those we have heretofore ventured to suggest as to education in Ireland, the writer proceeds:

'At the present moment, in the very heart of

this apparently well-ordered community, there is an amount of evil-teaching actively going on quite enough to startle, if not to alarm, the most firm-minded man among us. Systems the most destructive of the peace, the happiness, and the virtue of society, are boldly, perseveringly, and without let or hindrance, openly taught and recommended to the acceptance of the people with great zeal, if not with great ability. Cheap publications containing the wildest and most anarchical doctrines are scattered broadcast over the land, in which religion and morality are perverted and scoffed at, and every rule of conduct which experience has sanctioned, and on which the very existence of society depends, openly assailed, while in their place are sought to be established doctrines as outrageous as the maddest ravings of furious insanity—as wicked as the most devilish spirit could by possibility have devised. Murder is openly advocated—all property is declared to be robbery—the rules by which marriage is declared sacred and inviolate are treated as the dreams of dotage; obedience of every description is denounced as a criminal cowardice; law, as at present constituted, is asserted to be a mere device for enslaving mankind; and morality is described as an efficient auxiliary to law, for the same mischievous purpose. This horrible farrago is accompanied by flattering pictures of a new state of things, every suffering of the poor being ascribed to mischievous legislation, and happiness without stint promised as the consequence of the destruction of all existing society.

These observations are suggested by various papers now lying before us relating to what may be termed the Literature of the Poor, and certainly a more terrible literature can nowhere be found. We are not anxious to give it circulation by naming its writers, or the works of which it is composed; but, in order to give a sample of it, to show that such a thing exists among us, we will quote a few of the doctrines which it endeavours to promulgate; and we will quote them in the words of their authors, hoping that a knowledge of the existence of this terrible evil will tend to put an end to the disputes hitherto carried on respecting national education, and to induce all who wish well to their country and their kind to forego their differences, and in a wise, generous, and tolerant spirit to oppose these, the real enemies of truth and virtue.

"If I were living in Ireland," says one of these teachers of the people, "I should certainly be under temptations to shoot the agents of the law-monopolies. I should certainly be under no conscientious restraints in the matter. I might fear for my life, but I should never feel as if I were doing an immoral act in shooting either a tyrant landlord, or a tyrant landlord's agent, when I saw them throwing down the houses and laying waste the cultivated patches of the poor industrious people. So far as conscience is concerned, I could shoot one of the common sort of Irish landlords as freely as I could shoot a wolf or a tiger."

"A 'tyrant landlord' in this system means any man who owns land. The following passage sets forth the new philosophy on this matter; murder having been openly justified, that robbery should also find favour is not wonderful.

"To you, my brother owners of the soil, it must be obviously clear and indisputable that there is not, there cannot be, any other title to LAND than EXISTENCE IN THE WORLD; there can be no other natural, or rational, or legitimate mode of descent and succession, because inevitable, than the one pointed out; and while such is, and ever must remain, indisputable, and applying equally to every one living and to live, LAND MUST BE THE JOINT PROPERTY OF THE PEOPLE NOW AND FOR EVERMORE!!!"

"The people cannot commit any robbery in taking possession of that which is legitimately their own. Mark! THEY cannot steal.

"You reproach us, then, that we aim at the abolition of a species of property (i. e. private property) which involves as a necessary condition the absence of all property for the immense majority of society. In a word you reproach us that we aim at the destruction of your property. This is precisely what we aim at."

'Community of women follows, as an almost necessary consequence, the community of goods.

"We do not require to introduce community of women; it has always existed. Your middle-class gentry are not satisfied with having the wives and daughters of their wage-slaves at their disposal—not to mention the innumerable public prostitutes—but they take a particular pleasure in seducing each other's wives. Middle-class marriage is, in reality, a community of wives."

'That the very existence of law should to such persons be distasteful is natural.

"Men call their own-made artificial laws laws of justice, while they are laws only of gross ignorance and glaring injustice. They are calculated to destroy the minds of lawyers who study to expound them; to divide man from man; to cultivate universal disorder and confusion; and to aid the priest in keeping the world in a lunatic asylum."

'These are but slight specimens of this Literature for the Poor.'

All this seems, to use the eloquent writer's expression, so terrible as to admit of no aggravation, and yet there is something worse behind—not to be sure in the doctrines themselves—worse is impossible—but in the means by which they are propagated.

Incredible as it may appear, there is, it seems, a clique of educated and clever but wayward-minded men—the most prominent of them two clergymen of the Church of England—who, from, as it seems, a morbid craving for notoriety or a crazy straining after paradox—have taken up the unnatural and unhallowed task of preaching, in the press and from the pulpit, not indeed such open, undisguised Jacobinism and Jacquerie as we have just been quoting, but—under the name of 'Christian Socialism,'—the same doctrines in a form not the less dangerous for being less honest. The first productions of this sect, or school, that attracted our notice, were the periodical tracts (since collected into a volume) called 'Politics

for the People.' We are informed that the names of most of the contributors to this work are no secret any more than their respective shares in it. But we shall only mention those of the Rev. Frederick Maurice and the Rev. Charles Kingsley, who have affixed their names to other publications which seem to us of similar character and principles. Mr. Maurice, we understand, is considered the founder and head of the school, and it certainly adds to our surprise to find the reputed editor of 'Politics for the People,' and the avowed author of other works, theological as well as political, of a still more heterodox character, occupying the Professorial Chair of Divinity in *King's College, London*.*

That the political movement of this party emanates directly from the French Revolution of 1848 is evident. The first number of 'Politics for the People, price 1d.', was issued while Louis Blanc and Albert *Ouvrier* were still on the joint throne of the Luxembourg, and while the visionary 'Organisation of Labour,' and the practical anarchy of universal suffrage, were fermenting in the mind of the working population of Paris, to an insanity which six weeks later it cost the blood of tens of thousands to abate—but not to cure. The Prospectus, attributed to the pen of Mr. Maurice, says:—

'It is proposed in this paper to consider the questions which are most occupying our countrymen at the present moment, such as—[1.] The extension of the suffrage; [2.] The relation of the capitalist to the labourer; [3.] What a Government can or cannot do to find work or pay for the poor.'—*Politics for the People*, p. 1.

Our readers see that these propositions, as we have numbered them, are a mere transcript of the programme of the French Provisional Government—1. 'Universal Suffrage;' 2. 'Organisation of labour;' 3. 'The State guarantees work and a livelihood by work to every man.'

* The second article of the same number begins with a still more direct reference to France.

'The three words that form the motto of the new French Republic are—FRATERNITY—LIBERTY—EQUALITY. We shall hope to speak of each in their turn.'—p. 2.

Yes; and throughout the rest of the work they inculcate—under the emollient phrases

of Christian love and charity, humanity, justice, sympathy, and the like—the doctrines of Socialism, as broadly in principle, though not so boldly in terms, as any of the French visionaries. One large contributor, who writes under the pseudonym of *Parson Lot*, is said to be Mr. Kingsley. His opinions are certainly to be found in Mr. Kingsley's acknowledged works. Parson Lot thus out-Herods both Louis Blanc and the Chartists:—

'I am a radical reformer. I am not one of those who laugh at your petition of the 10th of April; I have no patience with those who do. . . . My only quarrel with the Charter is that it does not go far enough. It disappointed me bitterly when I read. It seemed a harmless cry enough; but a poor bald constitution-mongering cry as ever I heard. That French cry, "Organisation of Labour," is worth a thousand of it, and yet it does not go to the bottom by a mile.'—p. 28.

There is a series of reports of a Mr. Scott's Lectures on the Development of the Principle of *Socialism in France*—of which the main object, after defending and corroborating Louis Blanc, is to show that the same principle is equally applicable, and in fact equally in progress, in England:—

'The experience of the advantages of association will soon lead (M. Louis Blanc thinks) to a voluntary community in necessities and enjoyments!'—p. 89.

And to this the Editor adds, that he has reported

'these outlines of Mr. Scott's lectures as a brief history of the development of Socialism in France, and an illustration of the feeling in our country of the same want, which led them to those attempts at remedy.'—p. 91.

We should not have taken the superfluous trouble of thus establishing the identity of French and English Socialism, but for the strange spectacle of two clergymen of the Church of England coming forth as the apostles of a doctrine fraught with such terrible consequences, and—stranger and more lamentable still—attempting to invest these miserable delusions with the authority of Christianity and the sanction of the Gospel.

The 'Politics for the People' failed. In the 11th weekly number the paper boasts of having been as well received as its founders 'had any right to expect, better than many of them expected'—but, with an inconsistency that we find some difficulty in reconciling with veracity, it adds, 'that it did not pay its expenses and probably never would.' It lingered for a few numbers more and closed at the

* Professor Maurice has also the department of 'Biblical Instruction' in *Queen's College, London*, an institution for the intellectual improvement of governesses; and Mr. Kingsley likewise is, or lately was, the lecturer on 'English Literature' in the same school. We gave some account of their lectures there in our Number for March, 1850.

17th with a plainer avowal that it was a signal failure. In accounting—not, as it carefully distinguishes, ‘*apologising*’—for this failure it states—

‘We are glad to say that we have offended some men of all parties: we intended to do it; and if we speak again shall do it again: we believe that honest, firm, free discussion is the proper safety-valve for excitement—that cordial sympathy with sufferers is worth all the patronising help in the world—that *Christianity is a dream and a lie* if there is not a language in which all men may be addressed as carrying the same evil nature, as sharing the same deliverance from it.’—p. 178.

Divested of its soft sawder the meaning of this passage is syllogistically thus. If the language of ‘Politics for the People’ be not acceptable, *Christianity is a dream and a lie*. But it is not acceptable—ergo —!

And then follows:—

‘We do not apologise for having referred continually to the government of God in a way which we believe is as offensive to those who cant with these words, as to those who think they mean nothing.’—p. 178.

What these latter words may themselves mean we do not precisely understand; but so much is certain, that they and the whole publication are meant to be offensive to those who cant about the government of God, and that, if the writers are not to be indulged in being thus offensive, ‘Christianity is a dream and a lie.’ They conclude by confessing that the cause of their signal ‘failure’ has been, that they did not preach their Socialism more boldly: and this we dare say is true—for, being men of education and a kind of tact, who had still some measure to keep with the world, they did not venture to push their doctrines to their full consequences;—while, therefore, they alarmed and disgusted those who think, they did not sufficiently captivate the masses that can only feel.

These gentlemen will, no doubt, protest with all their energy and all their ingenuity—and they are well provided with both—that they are actuated by no motives but the pursuit of benevolence towards all classes, the tenderest charity for the poor, the most affectionate reverence for the divine volume. All that is, we admit, in their mouths, and we will not take upon ourselves to say that it may not be in their minds also. We do not pretend to have any measure for the hallucination of human intellects; but we can say that, whatever they may intend, the effect of what they do is in every view deplorable—dangerous for the rich, still more dangerous for the poor, and a perversion of Christianity, offensive alike to good sense, piety, and truth.

They promised us that if they were ‘to speak again,’ they would take care to be again offensive;—they have kept their word—and in more attractive forms than this puny periodical—in novels and in sermons.

In ‘Alton Locke, tailor and poet,’ the avowed work of Mr. Kingsley, we have all the morbid interest with which a clever writer can invest the case so easily imagined of a youth endowed with genius and sensibilities above his condition, struggling through the trials, hardships, and miseries with which it requires little invention to surround him. Far be it from us to complain of an honest, or even a stern anatomist, who dissects human nature for sanitary purposes, or of the poet or the novelist who endeavours to touch the heart, and soften and amend, while he amuses the mind, with pathetic pictures of the natural ills that flesh is heir to. But it is a different thing to accumulate and exaggerate and add artificial grievances to those natural ills, and to do so for such purposes as are notoriously professed by the Socialist school—that of charging all the guilt and misery of the world, not on their natural, and to a great extent irremediable causes, but against the political constitution of society, which is especially framed for the purpose of counteracting those natural, and repressing those moral, evils that are of themselves too certain and too painful to need any adventitious aliment from incendiary writings.

The theme of Alton Locke is a defence of Chartist Socialism in such language as this:—

‘Society has not given me my rights. And wee unto the man on whom that idea, true or false, rises lurid, filling all his thoughts with stifling glare as of the pit itself. . . . while our little children die round us like lambs beneath the knife of cholera, typhus, and consumption, and all the diseases which the good time can and will prevent, which, as science has proved, and you, the rich [thus apostrophised as the executioners] confess might be prevented at once. . . . Is it not hard to men who smart beneath such things to help crying aloud—“Thou cursed Moloch-Mammon take my life if thou wilt; let me die in the wilderness, for I have deserved it; but these little ones—in mines and factories, in typhus-cellars and Tooting pandemoniums—what have they done? If not in their father’s cause, yet still in theirs, were it so great a sin to die upon a barricade?”’—Alton Locke, i. 71.

We beg our readers to observe here the un-English menace of the ‘barricade,’ which reveals at once the source of these doctrines and the end to which they point. They will also notice that this catalogue of horrors, imputed as the guilt of the rich, is composed of items every one of which—as far as there is the slightest particle of truth in them—has ob-

tained notoriety by the efforts of the rich to force the remedies for them on the reluctant and often refractory poor. The statement is as utterly false in fact as it is nefarious in its import. The same contradiction reigns through the whole book. Whatever of real honesty, charity, good sense, or good feeling the story evolves, is (with an almost, if not quite, single exception—an old Scotch bookseller) among the Rich—all the contrary qualities are amongst the Poor; and yet every page is full of the merits of the poor and of the follies and crimes of the rich. Of the taste and temper in which the author labours this point, as well as of his style, we have an almost ludicrous illustration in his everlasting sneers and sarcasms at every form of property and at all the business of the world, under the personification of *Mammon*—the single string of the monotonous lyre—on which they harp with the hope of sheltering and concealing their detestable principles under that misrepresented and misapplied Scriptural expression.—‘Thou cursed Moloch-*Mammon*’ (i. 71).—‘A sham gentleman, a parasite, a *Mammonite*’ (74).—‘Hopeless struggles against *Mammon*’ (137).—‘The venal *Mammonite*’ (155).—‘Serve God and *Mammon* at once’ (269).—‘Not *Mammon* but Venus’ (269).—‘Serve God and *Mammon* too’ (279).—‘Smooth things to *Mammon*’ (281).—‘Codicils of *Mammon*’s making’ (305).—‘*Mammon* triumphant in iniquity’ (ii. 150).—‘*Mammon*, the fiend, devouring the masses’ (152).—‘*Mammon*, that accursed system of competition’ (155).—‘Lowest embodiment of *Mammon*, the money-gamblers,’ (55).—‘The bane of *Mammon*’ (156).—‘Read, thou self-satisfied *Mammon*, a prophecy and a doom’ (156).—‘*Mammonite* middle class’ (165).—‘Thou Frankenstein *Mammon*’ (168).—‘To meet *Mammon* with his own weapons’ (259).—‘Serving *Mammon* and myself’ (274).—‘Enabling *Mammon* to draw fresh victims to his den’ (276).—‘The hour of *Mammon*’s triumph’ (285).—‘Fight manfully the battle against *Mammon*’ (285).—And so forth.

There is hardly anything more peculiar in this school than its combined penury of ideas and tautology of language. Never before did we meet two such *Socias* as these two Socialists. Mr. Kingsley preaches a sermon; Mr. Maurice edits it, with a vindictory preface. Mr. Maurice delivers a lecture; Mr. Kingsley edits it with a prefatory vindication. Mr. Kingsley writes two or three volumes against *Mammon*—very ungratefully indeed, for, if it were not for *Mammon*, he could hardly have got through two or three pages. So Mr. Maurice, in a sermon preached early in the year on the text ‘Ye cannot serve God and *Mammon*,’ repeats, with more propriety of place, no doubt, but with less originality and

more passion, all the tailor’s denunciations against the ‘worship of *Mammon*’; but the Professor discriminates even less than the tailor what, exactly, it is that he denounces under that form of words. The only distinct definition that we find of what these writers mean by *Mammon* is that he is ‘the *Money God*’—(p. 35). Do they mean then to abolish money?—It seems so, and, as a preliminary, all money’s worth. We have seen that Mr. Kingsley includes ‘merchandize’ as *Mammonite*, and Mr. Maurice’s sermon inculcates, that if a farmer is anxious about his ‘crops’—or, if ‘work’ is given to labourers, or if ‘servants’ be hired, *Mammon* is at the bottom of all. Nor does either of them, as far as we have been able to understand them, ever attempt to distinguish between this ‘*demon* worship of *Mammon*,’ and a lawful and innocent possession and enjoyment of any degree of wealth or property whatever. By this convenient and elastic application of the term *Mammon*, they confound the use and the abuse of riches—the bad and unchristian spirit which our Saviour reprobated and the honest and profitable exercise of those energies and faculties which it has pleased God, not merely to endow us withal, but, to render necessary even to our animal existence. We beg leave to ask these Reverend gentlemen, whether the acceptance of a Chaplain’s or a Professor’s salary is *Mammon*?—Whether the receipt of a tithe rent-charge is *Mammon*?—Is it *Mammon* to wear a coat?—Is it *Mammon* to pay for it?—Is it *Mammon* in the tailor to make it that he may feed a wife and half-a-dozen children who cannot feed themselves? What, in short, do they mean by *Mammon*? In all their voluminous but tautological disquisition on the subject, they have never distinctly told us that—but we can tell them:—they mean any and every thing that is not *Communism*—for no other word—not even *Socialism*—will meet and satisfy all the various complaints that they make against the influence of *Mammon*, which are condensed in the following vaticination put by Mr. Kingsley into the mouth of the most authoritative character in *Alton Locke*—

‘The Babel tyranny of Rome fell, even as the more fearful, more subtle, and more diabolical tyranny of *Mammon* shall fall ere long—suicidal—even now crumbling by its innate decay. Yes,—Babylon the Great—the commercial world of selfish competition, drunken with the blood of God’s people, whose merchandise is the bodies and souls of men—her doom is gone forth. And then—then—when they—the tyrants of the earth, who lived delicately with her, rejoicing in her sins, the plutocrats and the bureaucrats, the money-changers and devourers of labour—are crying to the rocks to hide them, and to the hills to cover them from the wrath of Him who sitteth on the

throne—*THEN the Poor shall eat and be satisfied.*—ii. p. 295.

And these ravings of rapine, blasphemy, and nonsense are the epilogue—the moral, if we may so misuse the term, but, in short, the summary—of this manifesto of Kingsley-Maurician Socialism!

Another novel, entitled '*Yeast*,' is from the same pen; and, in truth, is in its most remarkable feature a reproduction of the other, only that a poetical gamekeeper is substituted for a poetical tailor, and that the poetry, with which both are *peppered*, is still more incendiary. Take, for instance, a song, sung by a gipsy boy at a revel of discontented labourers:—

'I seed a vire o' Monday night,
A vire both great and high;
But I wool not tell you where, my boys,
Nor I wool not tell you why.
The varmer he came screeching out
To save un's new brood mare,
Zays I, You and your stock may roast
Vor aught us poor chaps care.

And the chorus burst out—

Here's a curse on varmers all
That toll and grind the poor,
To reap the fruit of all their works
In **** for evermoor—r—r!

A blind old dame came to the vire,
Zo near as she could get;
Zays, Here's a luck I was n't asleep,
To lose this *blessed hell*.
They robs us of our turfing rights,
Our bits of chips and sticks,
Till poor folks now *can't warm their hands*
Except by varmer's ricks.

Chorus, Here's, &c. *Yeast*, p. 249.

It is in vain that the author of this poor but mischievous extravagance calls the feelings that actuated the crowd 'ferocious,' and that his hero seems to be 'sickened' at the scene: what is the song, but a versification of the principles that all his writings tend to propagate—nay, of the very expressions which he produces amongst the excuses for the insurrection that Alton Locke headed!—

'Blockheads! (says one of the speakers) to stand shivering here with empty bellies! You just go down to the farm and burn the stacks over the old rascal's head.'

'I've got no fire,' says an old woman; 'how can I give one and sixpence an hundred for coals? and if I dared break a hedge for a knitch of wood, they'd put me in prison.'—ii. p. 92.

After some more such speeches, enforced by an equally inflammatory harangue from the author's hero, the mob rush forward, break

into, plunder, and burn to the ground the farmer's house, furniture, and rick-yard, and thus avenge themselves of the '*tyrants of the earth*'—the '*devourers of labour, drunk with the blood of God's people.*' And that we may be in no doubt of the ultimate design of such publications, this, the crowning one, is entitled '*YEAST*'—a suggestion that it is meant to *ferment* in the minds of the people and prepare them to *rise* under the heat of the Socialist oven. May we not fairly ask the writers, who clothe such mischievous provocations in the oily phrases of peace and charity and brotherly love, the same question that they asked the Chartists before they adopted them as allies:

'What is the use of brilliant language about peace and the majesty of order and universal love, though it may be printed in letters a foot long, when it runs in the same team with *ferocity, railing, mad, one-eyed excitement?*'—*Pol. for the People*, p. 29.

But we have a still more recent, more direct, more offensive adoption and exposition of these detestable doctrinations.

In the spring of this year Mr. Drew, minister of the district church of St. John's, Fitzroy Square, invited Mr. Kingsley to take a part in some evening lectures to be delivered in that church in the months of June and July; this Mr. Drew did, as Professor Maurice states, 'because he had, he said, read and admired his books.' Accordingly, on Sunday evening the 22nd of June, Mr. Kingsley preached such a sermon, that, as soon as it was over, 'Mr. Drew stood up in the reading-desk, and declared to the congregation that he believed the doctrine of a great part of the discourse was untrue.' The sermon has been since published, with a prefatory explanation to the foregoing effect, by Professor Maurice, through whose intervention Mr. Drew had obtained Mr. Kingsley's co-operation. We have not heard what answer Mr. Drew has made to the charge of having invited, *after having read their works*, the assistance of these gentlemen; but no one will doubt he acted rightly and manfully in repairing his error at the earliest moment by his immediate condemnation of the preacher's doctrines, which are, as our readers will see, nothing but a part, and a bad part, of the tenets of Mr. Maurice's penny paper, and Mr. Kingsley's not-worth-a-penny novels—the same subversive doctrines, inculcated in the same misrepresented and misapplied language of the Scriptures: thus—

'I assert that the business for which God sends a Christian priest in a Christian nation is to preach and practise *liberty, equality, and brotherhood*, in the *fullest, deepest, widest*, simplest meaning of those three great words.'—*Sermon*, p. 6.

"If there was one expression of the Lord Jesus on that day which must have given hope to the oppressed poor of Judea, and struck terror into the hearts of those who had been enslaving their countrymen—adding house to house and field to field, and making a few rich at the expense of many poor—it must have been the last sentence which he quotes of Isaiah, "The spirit of the Lord has anointed me to preach the acceptable year of the Lord." . . . If these words of the Lord of all the earth mean anything, my friends, they mean this: that all systems of society which favour the accumulation of capital in a few hands—which oust the masses from the soil which their forefathers possessed of old—which reduce them to the state of serfs and day-labourers, living on wages and on alms—which crush them down with debt, or in any wise degrade or enslave them, or deny them a permanent stake in the commonwealth, are contrary to the kingdom of God which Jesus proclaimed. . . . And therefore I hold it the duty of every Christian priest, upon the strength of that single text—even if the same lesson did not run through the whole of Scripture from beginning to end—to lift up his voice like a trumpet and cry aloud as I do now—"How hardly shall they that have riches enter the kingdom of God!" "Woe unto you that are full, for ye have received your consolation already!" "Woe unto you that add house to house and field to field, that ye may stand alone on the land till there be no room left!" "Woe unto you who make a few rich to make many poor! Woe unto you that make merchandise out of the needs of your brethren!"

Thus Scripture—with the additional patches of the tailor, which our readers have not failed to recognise—is wrested to downright Communism—that there shall be no individual property—no capital—no merchandise—no daily labour—no wages—in short, no rich! but there these reverend expounders have the grace to stop; they do not venture to promise what they mean to insinuate, and what alone their dupes hope for or care about—that there shall be no Poor. Alas! no; under such a system there would be nothing but Poor, and the universal Poor nothing but brutes and savages, worse than the Foolahs or Esquimaux, who, if not cursed with capital and wages, have at least some ideas of individual property. And we beg our readers to observe that an invidious and reproachful use of the word '*alms*' is the only allusion made by this candid expounder of our social system to the grand and comprehensive National Charity of nearly six millions a-year, contributed by the richer to the relief of the poor.

We will not insult the sense or feeling of our readers by entering into any argument to prove that Christianity is no such code of barbarism, nor the Scriptures such a mystical manual of plunder and disorganization. We shall not stop to debate the theology of a church of which John of Leyden and Jack

Cade are the *fathers*; but there are one or two practical points of their teaching on which it is our duty to say a few words. The first is, that, next to the propagation of Socialism, or, indeed, we should rather say, as a prominent feature of it, their greatest anxiety seems to insult and degrade the Church to which they belong, and to their personal positions in which they owe by far the greater part of any effect they may produce. If Mr. Kingsley had really been a tailor, the style and sentiments of *Alton Locke* would have excited little surprise or even notice; it is the strangeness and incongruity of the exhibition which creates by much the larger share of its attraction.

'The things themselves are neither new nor rare—

We wonder how the mischief they came there.'

It is only as falling from the pulpit and the professorial chair that such trash could make any impression—could excite even curiosity; but no doubt curiosity and wonder are awakened by such a poem to a sermon as this:—

'The notion of the Christian Church is associated in the minds of many with the notion of *priestcraft* and *kingcraft*, of the slavery of the intellect, persecution and tyranny; and it would be ridiculous to deny that they have cause enough for connecting the thought of it with those fearful sins of man against man. The history of the Church in every age is full of sad tales of the sins of the clergy against the people.'—Sermon, p. 1.

He thus admits, we see, the charge to its fullest extent, and without suggesting any exception. All he can advance in the way of palliation is to ask whether

'these tyrannies, persecutions, enslavements of the intellect—trucklings to the rich and powerful of the earth—were in accordance with the spirit of the Church, or were they contradictory to it?'

He asserts the latter; and then follows the passage we have already quoted, as to the duty of a Christian priest to preach *liberty, equality, and fraternity*, in the fullest and deepest meaning of those *three great words*. He goes on to say of the Clergy—

'If you wish to know what the Church really is, you must put out of your heads what the *Clergy of this time*, or the Clergy of any other particular time, may happen to say it is. . . . Let the Clergy for the time being, or the laity either, be what they will—ay, let them be what they will—let them be as *tyrannical, luxurious, bigoted, ignorant, careless* as they may—those three great God-given facts—the Bible, Baptism, and the Supper of the Lord—will witness against them and witness for the people.'—p. 12.

And this denunciation of the Clergy is made, as we have said, without any limitation, any point of exception, unless, indeed, when at the close of the sermon he says there is

'at least *one man* who has awakened from the luxurious and selfish dreams of his youth'—

meaning, of course, not good Mr. Drew, who was sitting under him and wondering, as well he might, 'what manner of man he had got there,' but his own excellent self, *Mr. Charles Kingsley, jun., Rector of Eversley*.

After this exhibition of the opinions preached by Mr. Kingsley and edited with an eulogistic preface by Mr. Maurice, we may be excused from quoting the similar and hardly more scandalous libels against the Clergy and the Church which in their other works are put into the mouths of imaginary characters; and all this, forsooth, under the insulting pretence of Christian charity. We feel justified in calling it a pretence, because we have a definition of real charity, which, eloquent and admirable as it is for all occasions, happens to afford a most opportune and striking contrast to that of the Rector of Eversley:—

'Though I speak with the tongues of men and of angels, and have not charity, I am as *sounding brass*. Charity suffereth long and is kind. Charity *envieth not*. Charity *vaunteth not itself*—is not *puffed up*—doth not behave itself *unseemly*—is not easily provoked—*thinketh no evil*—*beareth all things*.

The authority that we quote had also his *three great words*—not those of Mr. Kingsley's Republican gospel—the French Constitution—but 'faith, hope, and charity; and,' he adds, 'the greatest of these is charity;' but not assuredly such sour and censorious charity as Mr. Kingsley deals in. To whom also, as we have got into texts, we beg leave to recommend a more accurate study of the admirable view that St. Peter takes and inculcates of our social duties—that all should submit themselves to the ordinances of governors—honour the King—love one another—that servants should be subject to masters—and that, being 'free, liberty should not be used as a cloak for maliciousness.'—1 Peter ii. 13–18.

There is also another point which we cannot refrain from exposing to, as we expect, very general disapprobation—the irreverent familiarity with which this school affects to treat those divine and holy personages for whom all the rest of the world have certain conventional forms of respect. For example—in Mr. Kingsley's sermon we find our Saviour introduced as—

'a poor young man, the son of a village girl,

professing to be the Son of God—one with the Almighty Father of heaven and earth. This strange man, going into one of the churches of the country village in which he was brought up, asserts that the presence of the Lord is upon him to preach good news to the poor.'—p. 7.

This is in imitation of Mr. Maurice, who tells us that—

'A society arose in the days of Philo which said it was the expansion and fulfilment of the polity, the beginnings of which are recorded in the Hebrew histories.'—*Mor. and Metaph. Philosophy*, p. 236.

This 'society' was Christianity, and 'the days of Philo' are a Mauricean version of the Christian era.

Then he adds,—

'A teacher who had lately become one of the officers of that society was accused,' &c. &c. . . . 'that witness was stoned,' &c.

Again:—

'Another Jew, who was present at his death and took a part in it, shortly incurred the hatred of his countrymen by inviting heathen citizens of Corinth, Ephesus, and Thessalonica to become members of the society which had been commenced in Palestine,' &c.

And again:—

'Finally, an aged Galilean fisherman saw a city descending out of heaven,' &c.

Our readers will appreciate both the taste and decorum of this mystical mode of investing St. Stephen, St. Paul, and St. John with the Socialist livery, in a work affecting to be a 'History of Philosophy;' and who, we will ask, professing not merely Christianity but decency—who but one of the same school—would have taken the opportunity of a boat-race between two colleges in Cambridge to put into print such a phrase as—

'that d * * * d Jesus?' (*Alton Locke*, 188.)

He makes, indeed, as he does with the incendiary song, an awkward attempt to palliate this outrage by hinting that even his infidel tailor disapproved of it as 'blasphemous'—an hypocritical and futile excuse which—though the writer, as illogical as irreverent, may not see it—fixes the guilt of blasphemy on himself, and not on the imaginary character to whom he has attributed the odious combination of words.

It is a greater anomaly in our present state of society than any that these pretended reformers have as yet produced, that the reli-

gion and morals of the country should be in any degree committed to such teachers; but our more immediate concern with them is to awaken the minds of both the Government and the country to the additional proof which they afford of the variety and extent of the deceptions and exertions by which Socialism is propagated amongst us, and to warn them that this poisoned chalice with which England originally, we believe, disordered France, has been, since the February Revolution, returned to our own lips, with such additional strength and venom, that we fear, as we said at the outset, that the battle preparing between society and the Socialists in France concerns us as certainly as them—though, perhaps, somewhat more remotely. The interval which we shall probably have between their experiment and our trial may, if well employed, save us; although we cannot doubt that large masses of the people have been profoundly corrupted—not by such weak masters as Maurice and Kingsley, who reach but a short way down, but by thousands of deeper, more intelligible, and more practical organs of disaffection and sedition. Let us not flatter ourselves that, while committees of foreigners, congregating in London, are agitating and disturbing to their inmost recesses all the nations of the Continent, the same sort of intrigue and influence is not working, both directly and by contagion, on our own population. The fact is notorious and indubitable.

This danger is clearly developed in the very able Report of Mr. Tremenheere, which, though especially concerning the mining districts, contains most valuable, and, we regret to add, most fearful information as to the disposition of the working classes in general. We earnestly recommend this Report to the consideration of all those who may be disposed to inform themselves accurately of the state of the country. We can only find room for one or two extracts, from which, however, our readers will easily infer how great the danger is, and how peculiarly culpable are the writings with which we have just occupied so much of their attention:—

‘There have been in all times a certain class of periodicals of a low grade circulating amongst the poor, conveying to their minds the worst doctrines and inspiring them with a distrust of the institutions of society and a feeling of enmity against those above them. But the new feature in the present agitation is the extreme bitterness of its spirit and the violence of language against all classes but the lowest, its crusade against wealth [mammon], its advocacy of infidelity, and its open adoption of the principles of Socialism. . . .

‘It would be unwise to treat lightly the possible effect of writings of this character, especially as so many of them present themselves to the

minds of the working classes with the claim of being *exclusively their friends*, and their only faithful and sound advisers; and are conducted with an ability quite capable of making them attractive. Such appeals to the pride, the jealousy, the cupidity, the ill-feelings of human nature, find ready access to the minds and passions of the ill-informed, and to all who are suffering in any way either from the injustice of others, from misfortune, or from their own vices. . . . A period of excitement might bring to light the fact that the poison had been widely and effectively disseminated, and the objects of its propagators attained in *endangering the peace of society*.—pp. 29, 30.

The mysterious and sudden but well-organised attack on General Haynau at Barclay’s brewery last year was a slight, but most significant, indication of foreign influence and discipline even amongst our own people, where no one *a priori* could have suspected their existence; and if the Great Exhibition has brought considerable masses of the continental nations into closer intercourse with ours, let us not be blind to the fact that we must accept together whatever of good or evil the contact may produce. The foreign revolutionists, to whom the present state of our law affords not merely a personal asylum, but the means of disturbing their native countries, do not content themselves with that indulgence. They announce that their mission is the overthrow of *all existing Governments*. ‘*La Voix du Proscrit*’—a journal published in London by Ledru-Rollin and his friends, Ribeyrolles, ex-editor of the *Réforme*, and Delescluse, ex-*Commissaire* in the *Département du Nord*, all men of the highest consideration in their party—does not conceal the universality of their designs. After threatening their French antagonists with the vengeance of the ultimately irresistible Republic—the *Red* one—it insultingly asks them—

‘If by emigration you should happen to escape the just severities of the Republic, where—in what country, will you hide your guilty heads?’

This question, be it observed, is dated from London, where the questioners are enjoying an asylum, which they go on to warn their adversaries will, by the time that their turn comes, have ceased to exist, for it is announced that—

‘1852 VERRA LA SUPPRESSION DEFINITIVE ET GENERALE DES TRONES.’

‘1852 will witness the final and general suppression of THRONES’—especially that of England, the present shelter of those who thus denounce and doom her. ‘Europe’—it is added, becoming universally republican—‘will refuse these new emigrants refuge, and no

other resource will remain to them than *America*. And this denunciation concludes with a perversion of the Gospel worthy of Mr. Kingsley:—

‘The remnants of feudality and of usury [*Mammon*] shall vanish before the *King-People*—the *King-Workman*. The Sovereign-People, like the *Son of Man*, has prophesied his own RESURRECTION—1852 will witness his ascension!’

In the face of this menace, we venture to think that there is a body of good sense in this country, a rational as well as traditional attachment to our ancient political and social institutions, that, under the guidance of a wise, honest, and resolute Government, would be strong enough to resist, and, whether with or without an actual struggle, overcome the revolutionary movement.

But what prospect have we of a wise and honest and resolute Government, willing and able to grapple with such a danger? Ay, there's the rub! With the anxious view which we take of our internal condition, it grieves us to be forced to admit, that not only have we little hope, but that our most immediate fear is from the Government itself. We will say nothing of its antecedents; we will not reproach it with having promoted to high dignities in the Church and important offices in the State persons known—and, we believe, only known—for their connexion with the revolutionary party. We will not recapitulate instances of their successive surrender of every constitutional point that their democratic allies have chosen to attack. We know that a weak Government, and, above all, one that owes its elevation to popular faction, is forced, as the price of precarious power, to follow out indiscreet and dangerous engagements, and to reward discreditable associates, to which and to whom their poverty and not their will assents. We are prepared to see such a Government living by shifts and expedients; but we confess that, after all we had seen of their weakness and indiscretion, we did not expect that after the example, the warning—may we not say the *menace*?—of the French Revolution, we should find the Ministers of a Monarchy less conservative, less anxious for the monarchical principle, than even the Ministers of the Republic of the Barricades? Ever since the sudden and wild adoption of universal suffrage in France, and in spite of its unexpectedly innocuous and even salutary result in constituting an Assembly friends of order and property, the extension of the suffrage has become more decidedly the object of the English republicans. It is the watch-word of all the Socialists, from the mystical Maurice down to the beastly incendiaries of Holywell-street and its purlieus, whose name

is legion. But although the first operation of universal suffrage was so moderate, it exhibited its true character so soon and so strongly that the very Assembly to which it gave birth has found itself forced to amputate it to full one half of its extent; and the struggle that is now going on in France is less whether to have a President or a King, or who shall be either, than for the maintenance or repeal of the electoral law of the 31st of May; *that* is the real question, to which all the others are, in truth, secondary; and till we see whether universal suffrage wins the day—as nobody doubts that, if the sword does not intervene, it must—it is idle to conjecture what is in reserve for France and the world, and particularly that portion of it which—like this country—is within the immediate reach of her influence.

And it is at this moment—this awful moment of doubt—while not monarchy only, but even republics, are trembling before an invading democracy, that Lord John Russell has had the weakness, or the rashness, to announce—contrary, we conscientiously believe, to his own convictions—contrary, we know, to his own declarations when he proposed the Reform Bill—contrary to his subsequent ‘finality’ pledge—and contrary, in our view of the matter, to his sworn duty as First Minister of the Crown—a *new Revolution*—his own strong and prophetic expression when declining, some years since, to submit to some extension of the suffrage, which he now volunteers to propose! This fatal menace—fatal to the ministry if not executed—fatal to the monarchy if it is—was thrown out, as it is said, without the sanction of the Sovereign or the concert of his colleagues, for no better reason, and with no higher motive, than to help him through a paltry party scrape; to rally, on a pinching vote, a few Radicals back to his standard; or, if he should fail in doing that, and be turned out of office, to leave behind him a mine to be at his future opportunity exploded under the seats of his successors. He did not tell us what his measure was to be. We cannot blame him—for we are convinced he did not know himself. It would depend on events. If he found that he was to be ousted, his measure would be formidable; the mine that was to blow up his enemies would be full charged. If, however, as has happened, he should have to redeem his pledge as Minister, he would, and now probably will, endeavour to do it at the cheapest rate; and he may, perhaps, try to conceal from the Queen and the country, and perhaps even from himself, the danger of his principle by the apparent tenuity and insignificance of his details. But again, that will depend on the aspect of parties at the particular moment when he is forced to take his ground—on the compromise

which he may then find it possible for him to make between his Radical and his constitutional supporters.

If we are surprised that Lord John Russell's own experience has not taught him the difficulty of reconciling the democratic action, even as it now exists in the House of Commons, with the constitutional power of the Crown, we still more wonder that he does not see in the aspect of the party that he means to propitiate that his attempt will only raise that difficulty into an absolute impossibility, and that any step which he may take in that direction must tend to revolution. The last number of the Westminster Review, the most accredited organ of a not inconsiderable section of his supporters, tells him this in plain and no complimentary language. First, it asserts that Lord John himself, though it admits him to be 'on the whole the most capable of the Whig leaders', is already notoriously incompetent.

to the arduous part of a Minister of England. In Lord Grey's Government he received a subordinate appointment commensurate with his talent. Before Sir Robert Peel the noble Lord was always obliged to succumb; on him he was glad to lean for support and guidance; and from the blundering and vacillation we have witnessed in the [late] session we are able to judge of the unaided strength as well of Lord John himself as of his immediate colleagues.—W. R. cix.

'Boastful vanity'—'presumptuous claims'—'stubborn and supercilious spirit'—'imprudent and unstatesmanlike meddling'—'blind bigotry'—'profound ignorance'—'utter futility'—and 'guilty tamerity,'—are the qualities attributed to the godfather of the first Reform Bill—with possibly something of personal feeling, and which we therefore should not repeat, but for the important consequences they suggest—that even *such* a minister is not only endured but supported on the prospect of what he is expected to do for the cause of radical reform. The pretence of the present ministry to office

'had become a by-word of scorn and reproach, and at length, when its exclusion and party annihilation seemed imminent, forth comes Lord John Russell with a promise of a New Reform Bill for the year 1852. "Keep me in office," he in effect says, "till that time, and I will satisfy your longings by a large and liberal measure of reform." . . . The reformers of the House of Commons have yielded themselves up to that reasoning.'—*ib.*

And it then proceeds to express more than suspicion of the sincerity of the ministers, and prophesies (as we have also suggested) that the measure of his reform will be in exact proportion to the danger of being displaced—if the danger be great he will be desperate—if small he will endeavour to evade the pledge.

We are then led, and we hope Lord John may be led, to consider what measure will be large and liberal enough to 'satisfy those longings.' Of course our contemporary does not venture to work out the whole problem—but he has the candour to state the two most immediate improvements to which he and his party—or, as he calls it, the country—look :—

'When the House of Commons shall become, as we anticipate it soon must, the complete and accurate expression of the national will, the next step of our history becomes inevitable. The narrow interests of the nobles as represented by the House of Peers will be found directly opposed to those of the country at large. If this difference of interests should induce the peers to exercise obstinately the veto which the constitution gives them upon the deliberations of the Legislature [scil. the Commons], steps will be immediately taken to deprive them of this obnoxious privilege. Just as the two houses were able to silence for ever the veto of the King, and reduce it to an empty form—so will the predominant power of the Commons extinguish this obstructive prerogative of the peers.'—*ib.*

We do not quote this passage for either its reasoning or its history—it is manifestly very deficient in both. It admits the constitutionality of a power that it proposes to destroy, and talks of the regal veto as an empty form, it being in fact and in the writer's own view *no form at all*—but, if he will, an empty right—never of late exercised in *that form*. He himself elsewhere admits that both those vetoes really, though covertly, existed—that of the Lords being preliminarily exercised in the House of Commons, and that of the Crown in both Lords and Commons; so that direct collisions between the three great powers of the state were either avoided or mitigated: but if the House of Commons is to be a full, complete, and entirely independent expression of the will of the People, it is evident that, if we are to have anything like the British Constitution, the Lords and the Crown must also be called upon to exercise their equally independent authority. But we only notice this to show the inconsistency of the writer's views and statements, for in point of fact we entirely agree with him that, whenever the House of Commons shall be what the writer understands by 'the complete expression of the national will,' the deliberative and legislative veto of either the Lords or the Crown will become—not an empty form, but—a nonexistence, and the Crown and the Peerage will become as nonexistent as their veto.

Lord John Russell may learn the same lesson from humbler but more popular teachers than his friends in the 'Westminster Review.' 'The People's Almanack for 1852' is already published, with a prefatory notice of Lord John's promised reform :—

• 'Lord John Russell has intimated his intention of amending his Reform Bill. If he brings in a complete measure, it will be the duty of the people to support him; as without such support he cannot carry it in the present House, and in the face of the aristocracy. If the measure is not complete—if it does not carry with it full justice to the industrious classes—it will then be the duty of the people to insist upon a more thorough bill. If the people are true to themselves, we shall have, in our next year's Almanack, to record the triumph of—reform in our representative system. That will be the first step in bringing about reform in Church and State.'—*The People's Almanack for 1852.*

And in a popular and extensively circulated newspaper of the Reform party we find still plainer speaking:—

• Lord John Russell said last session [in announcing his measure] that, "whatever extension of the suffrage was given must be compatible with the existence of an hereditary monarchy, an hereditary aristocracy, and the Established Church." Now, as for the hereditary monarchy, we say nothing; but this we do say and know, that, if universal suffrage became the law of the land, the hereditary aristocracy would be swept away, and the Church Establishment would be annihilated.'—*Reynolds's Newspaper*, 21 Sept. 1851.

And we find in another weekly periodical, one of the most respectable of its class, called 'The Workman's Friend and Family Instructor,' a form of petition which it proposes should be universally signed (altering one point to the taste of the locality) and presented to the House of Commons at the opening of the ensuing session:—

'Humbly sheweth,
'That it has been announced by the First Lord of the Treasury, that it is the intention of the Government, this session, to bring in a bill for the Extension of the Franchise; . . .

'That in the opinion of your Petitioners—after the high hopes excited in the breast of the nation—anything short of—Household Suffrage, Universal Suffrage, as the case may be—will greatly disappoint the majority of non-electors, and beget feelings of distrust and discontent, which might be dangerous to the safety of society;

'That your Petitioners trust that this, their claim for justice, will receive that due consideration which the fairness of the demand and the promise of her Majesty's Prime Minister lead them to expect.'—Vol. vii. No. 90, Sept., 1851.

Thus, then, 'Her Majesty's Prime Minister' is put forward as the instigator of a new 'Revolution,' by which the 'hereditary aristocracy and Church Establishment are to be swept away,' and the 'hereditary monarchy' is a matter for future consideration when the other two institutions have been 'annihilated.'

This, then, is what Lord John Russell—and we go even higher—this is what the QUEEN has to look to from the introduction of a

'New Reform Bill.' Its details will be of little other importance than the hastening or delaying the catastrophe. If, in the present state of the world, the Minister of the Crown—who is already unable to manage the popular constituencies—shall propose any extension of the suffrage, we believe that it will be fatal and irretrievable move down what M. Guizot has justly characterized as the *incline of democracy*—or, in other words, towards the experiment of a British republic.

We have already stated strongly our points of hope and resistance; they are powerful, but they will be weak, and, at all events, ineffectual, if the authority and influence of the Crown be thrown into the adverse scale. There will be found, no doubt, some brave old English spirits who will still hope against hope, and endeavour to protect the Crown even against itself; but the majority of even the well-wishers of monarchy will not be very forward to incur the trouble, the risk, and the ridicule of being more royalist than the Sovereign herself. If her Majesty sees her own interest and that of her son and her family in the same light that we—and, we presume, the majority of mankind—do, and shall forbid her ministers to begin a Revolution, the end of which it is fearful to look at, yet hardly possible to doubt—if, we say, the august Mother of the Prince of Wales shall take her stand against any further encroachment of democracy on the Constitution—the country, we have no doubt, would stand gladly and gallantly by her. But if a ministry, in the desperation of either spite or weakness, shall be permitted to abuse the name and influence of the Crown to forward revolutionary reform, God help all—prince or people—who have anything to lose by a REPUBLIC!

Erratum in our last Number.

The account we gave of the affair at St. Philip's, Birmingham, in our last number was, as we stated, derived from the 'Ecclesiologist' of June. The dates not having been there given, we supposed that they were very recent, but we find from the original correspondence since published that the Bishop of Worcester's decision was delivered on the 30th of last November, and therefore not, as we had been led to suppose, subsequently to the address of the Prelates from Lambeth. We must add that we have been surprised to find ourselves misunderstood on a more important point. We were at pains to guard ourselves against being supposed to impute Puseyism either to the Rector of St. Philip's or to his Diocesan; and are at a loss to conceive how our language should have been misunderstood—we referred exclusively to one special innovation; which we are glad to hear has been now abandoned.

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| On the Treatment of the Farmer's Saddle and Harness Horse in Winter. | On the Forming of Dunghills in Winter. |
| On the Fattening of Swine in Winter. | On the Forming of Composts in Winter. |
| On the Treatment of Fowls in Winter. | On Liquid Manure. |
| On the Rationale of the Feeding of Animals. | On Seaweed as Manure. |
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| On the Calving of Cows. | On the Sowing of Oats. |
| On the Milking of Cows. | On the Lambing of Ewes. |
| On the Rearing of Calves. | On Cross-ploughing Land. |
| On the Sowing of Spring Wheat. | On Ribbing Land for the Seed-Furrow. |
| On Drilling up the Land. | On the Sowing of Grass-Seeds. |
| On the Sowing of Beans. | On the Sowing of Barley. |
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| On the Sowing of Tares. | On the Planting of Potatoes. |
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